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THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

A HISTORY BY

THOMAS CARLYLE

EDITED BY

J. HOLLAND ROSE, LITT.D.

VOL. II

THE CONSTITUTION

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Mauern seh' ich gestürzt, und Mauern seh' ich errichtet,
  Hier Gefangene, dort auch der Gefangenen viel.
Ist vielleicht nur die Welt ein grosser Kerker? Und frei ist
  Wohl der Tolle, der sich Ketten zu Kranzen erkiest?

GOETHE.

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THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

THE CONSTITUTION

BOOK FIRST

THE FEAST OF PIKES

CHAPTER I

IN THE TUILERIES

THE victim having once got his stroke-of-grace, the catastrophe can be considered as almost come. There is small interest now in watching his long low moans: notable only are his sharper agonies, what convulsive struggles he may make to cast the torture off from him; and then finally the last departure of life itself, and how he lies extinct and ended, either wrapt like Caesar in decorous mantle-folds, or unseemly sunk together, like one that had not the force even to die.

Was French Royalty, when wrenched forth from its tapestries in that fashion, on that Sixth of October 1789, such a victim? Universal France, and Royal Proclamation to all the Provinces, answers anxiously, *No.*[1] Never-

[1] [If Louis had been an able man and had had a competent chief Minister, he might have saved the monarchy. Most people were alike disgusted and alarmed by the orgies of October 5th and 6th, and would have rallied around a constitutional monarchy, had the

theless one may fear the worst. Royalty was beforehand so decrepit, moribund, there is little life in it to heal an injury. How much of its strength, which was of the imagination merely, has fled; Rascality having looked plainly in the King's face, and not died! When the assembled crows can pluck up their scarecrow, and say to it, Here shalt thou stand and not there; and can treat with it, and make it, from an infinite, a quite finite Constitutional scarecrow,—what is to be looked for? Not in the finite Constitutional scarecrow, but in what still unmeasured, infinite-seeming force may rally round it, is there thenceforth any hope. For it is most true that all available Authority is *mystic* in its conditions, and comes "by the grace of God."

Cheerfuller than watching the death-struggles of Royalism will it be to watch the growth and gambollings of Sansculottism; for, in human things, especially in human society, all death is but a death-birth: thus if the sceptre is departing from Louis, it is only that, in other forms, other sceptres, were it even pike-sceptres, may bear sway. In a prurient element, rich with nutritive influences, we shall find that Sansculottism grows lustily, and even frisks in not ungraceful sport: as indeed most young creatures are sportful; nay, may it not be noted further, that as the grown cat, and cat species generally, is the cruelest thing known, so the merriest is precisely the kitten, or growing cat?

But fancy the Royal Family risen from its truckle-beds on the morrow of that mad day: fancy the Municipal inquiry, "How would your Majesty please to lodge?"—and then that the King's rough answer, "Each may lodge

King frankly declared for it. But Paris was the danger. Mirabeau, always royalist at heart, besought his friend La Marck, a very influential officer, to get the King and Queen away from Paris to Rouen, whither the Assembly must then have followed. La Marck took a Memorandum to this effect, drawn up by Mirabeau, to the Comte de Provence, who replied that the King's resolves had no more cohesion than a pile of oiled billiard balls. (For Mirabeau's relations to the Court see Appendix to this volume.)—ED]

as he can, I am well enough," is congeed and bowed away, in expressive grins, by the Townhall Functionaries, with obsequious upholsterers at their back; and how the Château of the Tuileries is repainted, regarnished into a golden Royal Residence; and Lafayette with his blue National Guards lies encompassing it, as blue Neptune (in the language of poets) does an island, wooingly. Thither may the wrecks of rehabilitated Loyalty gather, if it will become Constitutional; for Constitutionalism thinks no evil; Sansculottism itself rejoices in the King's countenance. The rubbish of a Menadic Insurrection, as in this ever-kindly world all rubbish can and must be, is swept aside; and so again, on clear arena, under new conditions, with something even of a new stateliness, we begin a new course of action.

Arthur Young has witnessed the strangest scene: Majesty walking unattended in the Tuileries Gardens; and miscellaneus tricolor crowds, who cheer it, and reverently make way for it: the very Queen commands at lowest respectful silence, regretful avoidance.[1] Simple ducks, in those royal waters, quackle for crumbs from young royal fingers: the little Dauphin has a little railed garden, where he is seen delving, with ruddy cheeks and flaxen curled hair; also a little hutch to put his tools in, and screen himself against showers. What peaceable simplicity! Is it peace of a Father restored to his children? Or of a Taskmaster who has lost his whip? Lafayette and the Municipality and universal Constitutionalism assert the former, and do what is in them to realise it. Such Patriotism as snarls dangerously and shows teeth, Patrollotism shall suppress; or far better, Royalty shall soothe down the angry hair of it, by gentle pattings; and, most effectual of all, by fuller diet. Yes, not only shall Paris be fed, but the King's hand be seen in that work. The household goods of the Poor shall, up to a certain amount, by royal bounty, be disengaged from pawn, and that insatiable *Mont de Piété* shall disgorge;

[1] Arthur Young's "Travels," i. 264-280.

rides in the city with their *Vive-le-Roi* need not fail: and so, by substance and show, shall Royalty, if man's art can popularise it, be popularised.[1]

Or, alas, is it neither restored Father nor diswhipped Taskmaster that walks there; But an anomalous complex of both these, and of innumerable other heterogeneities: reducible to no rubric, if not to this newly-devised one: *King Louis Restorer of French Liberty*? Man indeed, and King Louis like other men, lives in this world to make rule out of the ruleless; by his living energy, he shall force the absurd itself to become less absurd.[2] But then if there *be* no living energy; living passivity only? King Serpent, hurled into its unexpected watery dominion, did at least bite, and assert credibly that he was there: but as for the poor King Log, tumbled hither and thither as thousandfold chance and other will than his might direct, how happy for him that he was indeed wooden; and, doing nothing, could also see and suffer nothing! It is a distracted business.

For his French Majesty, meanwhile, one of the worst things is, that he can get no hunting. Alas, no hunting henceforth; only a fatal being-hunted! Scarcely, in the next June weeks, shall he taste again the joys of the game-destroyer; in next June, and never more. He sends for his smith-tools; gives, in the course of the day, official or ceremonial business being ended, "a few strokes of the file, *quelques coups de lime*."[3] Innocent brother mortal, why wert thou not an obscure substantial

[1] "Deux Amis," iii. c. 10.

[2] [Those who knew Louis well assert that he *approved* of constitutional monarchy and was not sorry to be rid of absolute power and of the reactionary *émigrés*. Thus Count La Marck wrote of him: "Never greedy of power, he was not at all jealous of keeping his authority as it was exercised by him up to 1789. Not only did he resign himself, but, in his constant love for his people, he believed constitutional government more suitable for them, and he desired it" ("Corresp. de Mirabeau et La Marck," vol. i., p. 6).—Ed.]

[3] "Le Château des Tuileries, ou récit," etc., par Roussel (in "Hist. Parl.," iv. 195-219).

maker of locks; but doomed in that other far-seen craft, to be a maker only of world-follies, unrealities; things self-destructive, which no mortal hammering could rivet into coherence!

Poor Louis is not without insight, nor even without the elements of will; some sharpness of temper, spurting at times from a stagnating character. If harmless inertness could save him, it were well; but he will slumber and painfully dream, and to *do* aught is not given him. Royalist Antiquarians still show the rooms where Majesty and suite, in these extraordinary circumstances, had their lodging. Here sat the Queen; reading,—for she had her library brought hither, though the King refused his; taking vehement counsel of the vehement uncounselled; sorrowing over altered times; yet with sure hope of better: in her young rosy Boy has she not the living emblem of hope? It is a murky, working sky; yet with golden gleams—of dawn, or of deeper meteoric night? Here again this chamber, on the other side of the main entrance, was the King's: here his Majesty breakfasted, and did official work; here daily after breakfast he received the Queen; sometimes in pathetic friendliness; sometimes in human sulkiness, for flesh is weak; and when questioned about business, would answer: "Madame, your business is with the children." Nay, Sire, were it not better you, your Majesty's self, took the children? So asks impartial History; scornful that the *thicker* vessel was not also the stronger; pity-struck for the porcelain-clay of humanity rather than for the tile-clay,—though indeed *both* were broken![1]

[1] [It is generally admitted that Louis had more "common sense" than his Queen. Count La Marck, who knew them both, wrote: "In fact, Marie Antoinette had no taste for public affairs"; and he shows that she had little influence in politics—except the bestowal of "places" ("Correspondance," vol. i., pp. 156-158). But Louis lacked foresight and resolution. Droz ("Hist. du règne de Louis XVI," vol. i., p. 117) well says: "His good qualities, his uprightness, and love of the public weal, became useless or hurtful because he could not in the least see the way to lead to the desired end. It has not been sufficiently observed that his weakness

So, however, in this Medicean Tuileries, shall the French King and Queen now sit for one-and-forty months; and see a wild-fermenting France work out its own destiny, and theirs. Months bleak, ungenial, of rapid vicissitude; yet with a mild pale splendour, here and there: as of an April that were leading to leafiest Summer; as of an October that led only to everlasting Frost. Medicean Tuileries, how changed since it was a peaceful Tile-field! Or is the ground itself fate-stricken, accursed: an Atreus' Palace; for that Louvre window is still nigh, out of which a Capet, whipt of the Furies, fired his signal of the Saint Bartholomew! Dark is the way of the Eternal as mirrored in this world of Time: God's way is in the sea, and His path in the great deep.

resulted from his upbringing still more than from his disposition. When a man feels himself deficient in intelligence, the more he wishes to do well, the more he hesitates in making up his mind: he temporises, changes his plans, because he wishes to take the best course and cannot discern it. The weakness of this unfortunate prince was especially irresolution and distrust of himself. A different education would have strengthened his character by widening the circle of his ideas."—ED.]

CHAPTER II

IN THE SALLE DE MANÉGE

TO believing Patriots, however, it is now clear that the Constitution will march, *marcher*,—had it once legs to stand on. Quick, then, ye Patriots, bestir yourselves, and make it; shape legs for it! In the *Archevêché*, or Archbishop's Palace, his Grace himself having fled; and afterwards in the Riding-hall, named Manége, close on the Tuileries: there does a National Assembly apply itself to the miraculous work. Successfully, had there been any heaven-scaling Prometheus among them; not successfully, since there was none! There, in noisy debate, for the sessions are occasionally "scandalous," and as many as three speakers have been seen in the Tribune at once,—let us continue to fancy it wearing the slow months.

Tough, dogmatic, long of wind is Abbé Maury; Ciceronian pathetic is Cazalès. Keen-trenchant, on the other side, glitters a young Barnave; abhorrent of sophistry; shearing, like keen Damascus sabre, all sophistry asunder,—reckless what else he shear with it. Simple seemest thou, O solid Dutch-built Pétion; if solid, surely dull. Nor lifegiving is that tone of thine, livelier polemical Rabaut. With ineffable serenity sniffs great Sieyès, aloft, alone; his Constitution ye may babble over, ye may mar, but can by no possibility mend: is not Polity a science he has exhausted? Cool, slow, two military Lameths are visible, with their quality sneer, or demi-sneer; they shall gallantly refund their Mother's Pension, when the Red Book is produced; gallantly be wounded in duels. A Marquis Toulongeon, whose Pen

we yet thank, sits there; in stoical meditative humour, oftenest silent, accepts what Destiny will send. Thouret and Parlementary Duport produce mountains of Reformed Law; liberal, Anglomaniac; available and unavailable. Mortals rise and fall. Shall goose Gobel, for example,—or Göbel, for he is of Strasburg German breed,—be a Constitutional Archbishop?

Alone of all men there, Mirabeau may begin to discern clearly whither all this is tending. Patriotism, accordingly, regrets that his zeal seems to be getting cool. In that famed Pentecost-Night of the Fourth of August, when new Faith rose suddenly into miraculous fire, and old Feudality was burnt up, men remarked that Mirabeau took no hand in it; that, in fact, he luckily happened to be absent. But did he not defend the *Veto*, nay *Veto Absolu*; and tell vehement Barnave that six hundred irresponsible senators would make of all tyrannies the insupportablest? Again, how anxious was he that the King's Ministers should have seat and voice in the National Assembly;—doubtless with an eye to being Minister himself! Whereupon the National Assembly decides, what is very momentous, that no Deputy shall be Minister; he, in his haughty stormful manner, advising us to make it, "no Deputy called Mirabeau."[1] A man of perhaps inveterate Feudalisms; of stratagems; too often visible leanings towards the Royalist side: a man suspect; whom Patriotism will unmask! Thus, in these June days, when the question, *Who shall have right to declare war?* comes on, you hear hoarse Hawkers sound dolefully through the streets, "Grand Treason of

[1] "Moniteur," Nos. 65, 86 (September 29th, November 7th, 1789). [Early in September, 1789, Mirabeau had shown the need of Ministers sitting in the Assembly, as in England, so as to bring the legislative and executive powers into close touch. But the theory of the "division of powers" held sway. On October 27th Pétion suggested that Ministers be ineligible for seats in the Assembly, and on November 7th it was definitely proposed and carried by a large majority. Mirabeau, seeing the case hopeless, scornfully proposed an amendment that Mirabeau and the mover of the motion, an obscure member, should be ineligible.—ED.]

Count Mirabeau, price only one sou";—because he pleads that it shall be not the Assembly, but the King! Pleads; nay prevails: for in spite of the hoarse Hawkers, and an endless Populace raised by them to the pitch even of "*Lanterne*," he mounts the Tribune next day; grim-resolute; murmuring aside to his friends that speak of danger: "I know it: I must come hence either in triumph, or else torn in fragments"; and it was in triumph that he came.[1]

A man stout of heart; whose popularity is not of the populace, "*pas populacière*"; whom no clamour of unwashed mobs without doors, or of washed mobs within, can scare from his way! Dumont remembers hearing him deliver a Report on Marseilles; "every word was interrupted on the part of the *Côté Droit* by abusive epithets; calumniator, liar, assassin, scoundrel (*scélérat*): Mirabeau pauses a moment, and, in a honeyed tone, addressing the most furious, says: 'I wait, Messieurs, till these amenities be exhausted.'"[2] A man enigmatic, difficut to unmask! For example, whence comes his money? Can the profit of a Newspaper, sorely eaten into by Dame Le Jay; can this, and the eighteen francs a-day your National Deputy has, be supposed equal to this expenditure? House in the Chaussée d'Antin; Country-house at Argenteuil; splendours, sumptuosities,

[1] [Carlyle here leaps forward to the events of June, 1790. It then seemed likely that war would break out between England and Spain over a dispute about Nootka Sound (north of California); for by the Family Compact France was bound to take up the cause of Spain, that is, if Louis XVI. had the sole right of declaring war. Mirabeau, now secretly pledged to support the King (see Appendix), did not carry his point completely as Carlyle asserts. A compromise was arrived at, to the effect that, while the King should conduct negotiations and conclude treaties, the Assembly should control the negotiations and ratify the treaties. The Assembly also passed a decree (which formed Article VI. of the Constitution of 1791) that the French nation renounced all wars of conquest, and would never employ its forces against a free people (see Sorel, "L'Europe et la Rév. Fr.," vol. ii., p. 89). —Ed.]

[2] Dumont "Souvenirs," p. 278.

orgies ;—living as if he had a mint! All saloons, barred against Adventurer Mirabeau, are flung wide-open to King Mirabeau, the cynosure of Europe, whom female France flutters to behold,—though the Man Mirabeau is one and the same. As for money, one may conjecture that Royalism furnishes it; which if Royalism do, will not the same be welcome, as money always is to him?

"Sold," whatever Patriotism thinks, he cannot readily be: the spiritual fire which is in that man; which shining through such confusions is nevertheless Conviction, and makes him strong, and without which he had no strength, —is not buyable nor saleable; in such transference of barter, it would vanish and not *be*. Perhaps "paid and not sold, *payé pas vendu*": as poor Rivarol, in the unhappier converse way, calls himself "sold and not paid"! A man travelling, comet-like, in splendour and nebulosity, his wild way; whom telescopic Patriotism may long watch, but, without higher mathematics, will not make out. A questionable, most blamable man; yet to us the far notablest of all. With rich munificence, as we often say, in a most blinkard, bespectacled, logic-chopping generation, Nature has gifted this man with an eye. Welcome is his word, there where he speaks and works; and growing ever welcomer; for it alone goes to the heart of the business: logical cobwebbery shrinks itself together; and thou seest a *thing*, how it is, how it may be worked with.

Unhappily our National Assembly has much to do: a France to regenerate; and France is short of so many requisites, short even of cash. These same Finances give trouble enough; no choking of the Deficit; which gapes ever, *Give, give!* To appease the Deficit we venture on a hazardous step, sale of the Clergy's Lands and superfluous Edifices; most hazardous. Nay, given the sale, who is to buy them, ready-money having fled? Wherefore, on the 19th day of December, a paper-money of "*Assignats*," of Bonds secured, or *assigned*, on that Clerico-National Property, and unquestionable at least

in payment of that,—is decreed: the first of a long series of like financial performances, which shall astonish mankind.[1] So that now, while old rags last, there shall be no lack of circulating medium: whether of commodities to circulate thereon, is another question. But, after all, does not this Assignat business speak volumes for modern science? Bankruptcy, we may say, was come, as the *end* of all Delusions needs must come: yet how gently, in softening diffusion, in mild succession, was it hereby made to fall;—like no all-destroying avalanche; like gentle showers of a powdery impalpable snow, shower after shower, till all was indeed buried, and yet little was destroyed that could not be replaced, be dispensed with! To such length has modern machinery reached. Bankruptcy, we said, was great; but indeed Money itself is a standing miracle.

On the whole, it is a matter of endless difficulty, that of the Clergy. Clerical property may be made the Nation's, and the Clergy hired servants of the State; but if so, is it not an altered Church? Adjustment enough, of the most confused sort, has become unavoidable. Old landmarks, in any sense, avail not in a new France. Nay literally, the very Ground is new divided; your old particoloured *Provinces* become new uniform *Departments* Eighty-three in number;—whereby, as in some sudden shifting of the Earth's axis, no mortal knows his new latitude at once.[2] The Twelve old Parlements

[1] [The confiscation of Church lands (November 3rd, 1789) was due, not only to the financial needs of the State, but also to the resolve of deputies to demolish every powerful body that impaired the authority of the "general will" (see Appendix I. to vol. i. on Rousseau's doctrines and their influence on the Revolution). The priests were thenceforth to be paid by the State; but this lapsed in 1793-1801. The *Assignats* were first suggested by Clavière to Mirabeau, who warmly adopted the plan. The dissolution of monasteries was decreed on February 13th, 1790. This led to the Jacobins and other monastic buildings coming into use for secular purposes. In March, 1790, four million francs of *assignats* were issued, to be received as purchase money at the sales of Church property.—ED.]

[2] [Departments. These were nearly uniform in size and popula-

too, what is to be done with them? The old Parlements are declared to be all "in permanent vacation,"—till once the new equal-justice, of Departmental Courts, National Appeal-Court, of elective Justices, Justices of Peace, and other Thouret-and-Duport apparatus be got ready. They have to sit there, these old Parlements, uneasily waiting; as it were, with the rope round their neck; crying as they can, *Is there none to deliver us?* But happily the answer being, *None, none*, they are a manageable class, these Parlements. They can be bullied, even, into silence; the Paris Parlement, wiser than most, has never whimpered. They will and must sit there, in such vacation as is fit; their Chamber of Vacation distributes in the interim what little justice is going. With the rope round their neck, their destiny may be succinct! On the 13th of November 1790, Mayor Bailly shall walk to the Palais de Justice, few even heeding him; and with municipal seal stamp and a little hot wax, seal up the Parlementary Paper-rooms,—and the dread Parlement of Paris pass away, into Chaos, gently as does a Dream! So shall the Parlements perish, succinctly; and innumerable eyes be dry.[1]

tion, and were so designed as to dull the old provincial spirit (Sieyès had even proposed to divide France into eighty districts known *solely by numbers*!). Whereas the old provinces represented historic diversities and the privileges of classes and localities, the new Departments cut through the diversities, abolished the privileges, and remained a standing symbol of the unity of France as a nation, with liberty of action for local affairs. They were subdivided into districts and cantons. These, as well as the parishes, or *communes*, received extensive rights of self-government, and had their own elective bodies, with the result that in the whole of France one man in thirty-four was an official (Von Sybel, vol. i., p. 153, Eng. edit.).—ED.]

[1] [The last protest of the Parlement of Paris is printed by Mortimer-Ternaux, "Hist. de la Terreur," vol. i., p. 306. It laments the outcome of a movement which was largely due to its initiative. M. Flammermont in the introduction of his work, "Remontrances du Parl. de Paris au XVIII[e] Siècle," shows that this body had kept alive the desire for a charter of rights, as also the notion of the supremacy of law over the King's will. See too Rocquain's "The Revolutionary Spirit before the Revolution."—ED.]

Not so the Clergy. For, granting even that Religion were dead; that it had died, half-centuries ago, with unutterable Dubois; or emigrated lately to Alsace, with Necklace-Cardinal Rohan; or that it now walked as goblin *revenant*, with Bishop Talleyrand of Autun; yet does not the Shadow of Religion, the Cant of Religion, still linger? The Clergy have means and material: means, of number, organisation, social weight; a material, at lowest, of public ignorance, known to be the mother of devotion. Nay withal, is it incredible that there might, in simple hearts, latent here and there like gold-grains in the mud-beach, still dwell some real Faith in God, of so singular and tenacious a sort that even a Maury or a Talleyrand could still be the symbol for it?—Enough, the Clergy has strength, the Clergy has craft and indignation. It is a most fatal business this of the Clergy. A weltering hydra-coil, which the National Assembly has stirred up about its ears; hissing, stinging; which cannot be appeased, alive; which cannot be trampled dead! Fatal, from first to last! Scarcely after fifteen months' debating, can a *Civil Constitution of the Clergy* be so much as got to paper; and then for getting it into reality?[1] Alas, such Civil Constitution is but an agree-

[1] [The chief items of this very important decree (July 12th, 1790) were: that each Department should form a Diocese having the same limits (this reduced the number of bishoprics to eighty-three); that there should be ten archbishoprics; that no church in France and no citizen might acknowledge the authority of a bishop or archbishop whose see was under the supremacy of a foreign power or of its representatives; that a new arrangement of the parishes should be made in concert with the bishops and the administration; that all bishops and parish priests should be chosen by popular election (by ballot). The following articles were the cause of the schism: "The new bishop may not apply to the Pope for any form of confirmation, but shall write to him as to the visible Head of the Catholic Church as a testimony to the unity of faith and communion maintained with him." Also the exaction of an oath (to be taken before consecration) "to be loyal to the Nation, the Law, and the King, and to support with all his power the Constitution decreed by the National Assembly and accepted by the King." Those who refused to take

ment to disagree. It divides France from end to end, with a new split, infinitely complicating all the other splits:—Catholicism, what of it there is left, with the Cant of Catholicism, raging on the one side, and sceptic Heathenism on the other; both, by contradiction, waxing fanatic. What endless jarring, of Refractory hated Priests, and Constitutional despised ones; of tender consciences, like the King's, and consciences hot-seared, like certain of his People's: the whole to end in Feasts of Reason and a War of La Vendée! So deep-seated is Religion in the heart of man, and holds of all infinite passions. If the dead echo of it still did so much, what could not the living voice of it once do?[1]

Finance and Constitution, Law and Gospel: this surely were work enough; yet this is not all. In fact, the Ministry, and Necker himself, whom a brass inscription, "fastened by the people over his door-lintel," testifies to be the "*Ministre adoré*," are dwindling into clearer and clearer nullity. Execution or legislation, arrangement or detail, from their nerveless fingers all drops undone; all lights at last on the toiled shoulders of an august Representative Body. Heavy-laden National Assembly! It has to hear of innumerable fresh revolts, Brigand expeditions; of Châteaus in the West, especially of Charter-Chests, *Chartiers*, set on fire; for there too the overloaded Ass frightfully recalcitrates. Of Cities in the South full of heats and jealousies; which will end in crossed sabres, Marseilles against Toulon, and Carpentras beleaguered by Avignon;—of so much Royalist collision in a career of Freedom; nay of Patriot collision, which a mere difference of *velocity* will bring about! Of a Jourdan Coup-tête, who has skulked thitherward, to those southern

this oath were termed non-jurors or "orthodox" priests; those who took it were called constitutional priests, and were regarded as schismatics by the faithful.—ED.]

[1] [The fact that about one-half of the "orthodox" priests suffered persecution for conscience' sake and were supported by a very large part of rural France sufficiently refutes Carlyle's taunt that Catholicism was a canting half-belief.—ED.]

regions, from the claws of the Châtelet; and will raise whole scoundrel regiments.

Also it has to hear of Royalist *Camp of Jalès*: Jalès mountain-girdled Plain, amid the rocks of the Cevennes; whence Royalism, as is feared and hoped, may dash down like a mountain deluge, and submerge France! A singular thing this Camp of Jalès; existing mostly on paper. For the Soldiers at Jàles, being peasants or National Guards, were in heart sworn Sansculottes; and all that the Royalist Captains could do, was, with false words, to keep them, or rather keep the report of them, drawn up there, visible to all imaginations, for a terror and a sign,—if peradventure France might be reconquered by theatrical machinery, by the *picture* of a Royalist army done to the life![1] Not till the third summer was this portent, burning out by fits and then fading, got finally extinguished; was the old Castle of Jalès, no Camp being visible to the bodily eye, got blown asunder by some National Guards.[2]

Also it has to hear not only of Brissot and his *Friends of the Blacks*, but by and by of a whole St. Domingo blazing skyward; blazing in literal fire, and in far worse metaphorical; beaconing the nightly main.[3] Also of the shipping interest, and the landed interest, and all manner of interests, reduced to distress. Of Industry everywhere manacled, bewildered; and only Rebellion thriving. Of sub-officers, soldiers and sailors in mutiny by land and water. Of soldiers, at Nanci, as we shall see, needing to be cannonaded by a brave Bouillé. Of sailors, nay the

[1] Dampmartin, "Evénemens," i. 208.

[2] [Michelet and other historians give facts to show that the Camp of Jalès was not a mere phantom, but that many of the National Guards were gathered there by royalist and religious zeal.—Ed.]

[3] [The Assembly passed a decree declaring that all slaves in French colonies were thenceforth free. The masters denied the right of the Assembly to legislate for the colonies. The blacks rose and massacred Europeans in San Domingo, and gave trouble in the smaller French islands. See Morse Stephens, "Fr. Rev., vol. i., chap. xvi.—Ed.]

very galley-slaves, at Brest, needing also to be cannonaded, but with no Bouillé to do it. For indeed, to say it in a word, in those days there was *no King* in Israel, and every man did that which was right in his own eyes.[1]

Such things has an august National Assembly to hear of, as it goes on regenerating France. Sad and stern: but what remedy? Get the Constitution ready; and all men will swear to it: for do not "Addresses of adhesion" arrive by the cartload?[2] In this manner, by Heaven's blessing, and a Constitution got ready, shall the bottomless fire-gulf be vaulted in, with rag-paper; and Order will wed Freedom, and live with her there,—till it grow too hot for them. O *Côté Gauche*, worthy are ye, as the adhesive Addresses generally say, to "fix the regards of the Universe"; the regards of this one poor Planet, at lowest!—

Nay, it must be owned, the *Côté Droit* makes a still madder figure. An irrational generation; irrational, imbecile, and with the vehement obstinacy characteristic of that; a generation which will not learn. Falling Bastilles, Insurrections of Women, thousands of smoking Manorhouses, a country bristling with no crop but that of Sansculottic steel: these were tolerably didactic lessons; but them they have not taught. There are still men, of whom it was of old written, Bray them in a mortar! Or, in milder language, They have *wedded* their delusions: fire nor steel, nor any sharpness of Experience, shall sever the bond; till *death* do us part! On such may the Heavens have mercy; for the Earth, with her rigorous Necessity, will have none.

Admit, at the same time, that it was most natural.

[1] See "Deux Amis," iii. c. 14; iv. c. 2, 3, 4, 7, 9, 14. "Expédition des Volontaires de Brest sur Lannion"; "Les Lyonnais Sauveurs des Dauphinois"; "Massacre au Mans"; "Troubles du Maine" (Pamphlets and Excerpts, in "Hist. Parl.," iii. 251; iv. 162-168), etc.

[2] [See Michelet's "French Rev.," bk. ii., chap. i., for the touching character of many of these addresses, drawn up by the unlettered officials of the new "communes." He calls them "the love-letters of rural France to *la patrie*."—ED.]

Man lives by Hope: Pandora, when her box of gods'-gifts flew all out, and became gods'-curses, still retained Hope. How shall an irrational mortal, when his high-place is never so evidently pulled down, and he, being irrational, is left resourceless, part with the belief that it will be rebuilt? It would make all so straight again; it seems so unspeakably desirable; so reasonable,—would you but look at it aright! For, must not the thing which was continue to be; or else the solid World dissolve? Yes, persist, O infatuated Sansculottes of France! Revolt against constituted Authorities; hunt out your rightful Seigneurs, who at bottom so loved you, and readily shed their blood for you,—in country's battles as at Rossbach and elsewhere; and, even in preserving game, were preserving *you*, could ye but have understood it: hunt them out, as if they were wild wolves; set fire to their Châteaus and Chartiers as to wolf-dens; and what then? Why, then turn every man his hand against his fellow! In confusion, famine, desolation, regret the days that are gone; rueful recall them, recall us with them. To repentant prayers we will not be deaf.

So, with dimmer or clearer consciousness, must the Right Side reason and act. An inevitable position perhaps; but a most false one for them. Evil, be thou our good: this henceforth must virtually be their prayer. The fiercer the effervescence grows, the sooner will it pass; for, after all, it is but some mad effervescence; the World is solid, and cannot dissolve.

For the rest, if they have any positive industry, it is that of plots, and backstairs conclaves. Plots which cannot be executed; which are mostly theoretic on their part;—for which nevertheless this and the other practical Sieur Augeard, Sieur Maillebois, Sieur Bonne Savardin, gets into trouble, gets imprisoned, and escapes with difficulty.[1] Nay there is a poor practical Chevalier

[1] [Augeard, the Queen's Keeper of the Seals, was arrested on October 25th, 1789, and papers were found relative to a scheme for carrying off the King to Metz. Augeard in his Memoirs claims to have advised Marie Antoinette to flee alone and disguised so as to

Favras, who, not without some passing reflex on Monsieur himself, gets hanged for them, amid loud uproar of the world. Poor Favras, he keeps dictating his last will "at the Hôtel-de-Ville, through the whole remainder of the day," a weary February day; offers to reveal secrets, if they will save him; handsomely declines since they will not; then dies, in the flare of torchlight, with politest composure; remarking, rather than exclaiming, with outspread hands: "People, I die innocent; pray for me."[1] Poor Favras;—type of so much that has prowled indefatigable over France, in days now ending; and, in freer field, might have *earned* instead of prowling,—to thee it is no theory!

In the Senate-house again, the attitude of the Right Side is that of calm unbelief. Let an august National Assembly make a Fourth-of-August Abolition of Feudality; declare the Clergy State-servants, who shall have wages; vote Suspensive Vetos, new Law-Courts; vote or decree what contested thing it will; have it responded to from the four corners of France, nay get King's Sanction, and what other Acceptance were conceivable, —the Right Side, as we find, persists, with imperturbablest tenacity, in considering, and ever and anon shows that it still considers, all these so-called Decrees as mere

make a personal appeal to her brother Leopold, the Emperor. Augeard had an interview with Leopold at Aix-la-Chapelle in the early autumn of 1790, when Leopold is *said* to have suggested that Louis should declare war on him.—ED.]

[1] See "Deux Amis," iv. c. 14, 7; "Hist. Parl.," vi. 384. [Favras was an agent of *Monsieur* (the Comte de Provence) and was supposed to be concerned in a plot for carrying off the King from Paris, whereupon *Monsieur* was to have been Regent. Lafayette asserts in his Memoirs that Favras meant to begin by killing him and Bailly. When Favras was arrested (December 25th, 1789), *Monsieur* took the strange step of going to the Municipality of Paris to justify himself. The mystery of this affair has never been cleared up. Many believe Favras to have been guilty only of folly in boasting that he would bring up the Swiss Guards and other troops to rescue the King. Lafayette says that his papers were secretly sent to *Monsieur* when he became King in 1814, by the daughter of the magistrate who received them, and that they were at once burnt.—ED.]

temporary whims, which indeed stand on paper, but in practice and fact are not, and cannot be. Figure the brass head of an Abbé Maury flooding forth jesuitic eloquence in this strain; dusky D'Esprémênil, Barrel Mirabeau (probably in liquor), and enough of others, cheering him from the Right; and, for example, with what visage a seagreen Robespierre eyes him from the Left. And how Sieyès ineffably sniffs on him, or does not deign to sniff; and how the Galleries groan in spirit, or bark rabid on him: so that to escape the Lanterne, on stepping forth, he needs presence of mind, and a pair of pistols in his girdle! For he is one of the toughest of men.

Here indeed becomes notable one great difference between our two kinds of civil war; between the modern *lingual* or Parliamentary-logical kind, and the ancient or *manual* kind in the steel battlefield;—much to the disadvantage of the former. In the manual kind, where you front your foe with drawn weapon, one right stroke is final; for, physically speaking, when the brains are out the man does honestly die, and trouble you no more. But how different when it is with arguments you fight! Here no victory yet definable can be considered as final. Beat him down with Parliamentary invective, till sense be fled; cut him in two, hanging one half on this dilemma-horn, the other on that; blow the brains or thinking-faculty quite out of him for the time: it skills not; he rallies and revives on the morrow; tomorrow he repairs his golden fires! The thing that *will* logically extinguish him is perhaps still a desideratum in Constitutional civilisation. For how, till a man know, in some measure, at what point he becomes logically defunct, can Parliamentary Business be carried on, and Talk cease or slake?

Doubtless it was some feeling of this difficulty; and the clear insight how little such knowledge yet existed in the French Nation, new in the Constitutional career, and how defunct Aristocrats would continue to walk for unlimited periods, as Partridge the Almanac-maker did, —that had sunk into the deep mind of People's-friend

Marat, an eminently practical mind; and had grown there, in that richest putrescent soil, into the most original plan of action ever submitted to a People. Not yet has it grown; but it has germinated, it is growing; rooting itself into Tartarus, branching towards Heaven: the second season hence, we shall see it risen out of the bottomless Darkness, full-grown, into disastrous Twilight,—a Hemlock-tree, great as the world; on or under whose boughs all the People's-friends of the world may lodge. "Two hundred and Sixty thousand Aristocrat heads": that is the precisest calculation, though one would not stand on a few hundreds; yet we never rise as high as the round Three hundred thousand. Shudder at it, O People; but it is as true as that ye yourselves, and your People's-friend, are alive. These prating Senators of yours hover ineffectual on the barren letter, and will never save the Revolution. A Cassandra-Marat cannot do it, with his single shrunk arm; but with a few determined men it were possible. "Give me," said the People's-friend, in his cold way, when young Barbaroux, once his pupil in a course of what was called Optics, went to see him, "Give me two hundred Naples Bravoes, armed each with a good dirk, and a muff on his left arm by way of shield: with them I will traverse France, and accomplish the Revolution."[1] Nay, be grave, young Barbaroux; for thou seest there is no jesting in those rheumy eyes, in that soot-bleared figure, most earnest of created things; neither indeed is there madness, of the strait-waistcoat sort.

Such produce shall the Time ripen in cavernous Marat, the man forbid; living in Paris cellars, lone as fanatic Anchorite in his Thebaïd; say, as far-seen Simon on his Pillar,—taking peculiar views therefrom. Patriots may smile; and, using him as bandog now to be muzzled, now to be let bark, name him, as Desmoulins does, "Maximum of Patriotism" and "Cassandra-Marat": but

[1] "Mémoires de Barbaroux" (Paris, 1822), p. 57. [For examples of Marat's homicidal mania see Michelet's "French Rev.," pp. 544-551, Bohn edit.—ED.]

were it not singular if this dirk-and-muff plan of his (with superficial modifications) proved to be precisely the plan adopted?

After this manner, in these circumstances, do august Senators regenerate France. Nay, they are, in very deed, *believed* to be regenerating it; on account of which great fact, main fact of their history, the wearied eye can never be permitted wholly to ignore them.

But, looking away now from these precincts of the Tuileries, where Constitutional Royalty let Lafayette water it as he will, languishes too like a cut branch; and august Senators are perhaps at bottom only perfecting their "theory of defective verbs,"—how does the young Reality, young Sansculottism thrive? The attentive observer can answer: It thrives bravely; putting forth new buds; expanding the old buds into leaves, into boughs. Is not French Existence, as before, most prurient, all *loosened*, most nutrient for it? Sansculottism has the property of growing by what other things die of: by agitation, contention, disarrangement; nay in a word, by what is the symbol and fruit of all these: Hunger.

In such a France as this, Hunger, as we have remarked, can hardly fail. The Provinces, the Southern Cities feel it in their turn; and what it brings: Exasperation, preternatural Suspicion. In Paris some halcyon days of abundance followed the Menadic Insurrection, with its Versailles grain-carts, and recovered Restorer of Liberty; but they could not continue. The month is still October, when famishing Saint-Antoine, in a moment of passion, seizes a poor Baker, innocent "François the Baker";[1] and hangs him, in Constantinople wise;—but even this, singular as it may seem, does not cheapen bread! Too clear it is, no Royal bounty, no Municipal dexterity can adequately feed a Bastille-destroying Paris. Wherefore, on view of the hanged Baker, Constitutionalism in sorrow

[1] October 21st, 1789 ("Moniteur," No. 76).

and anger demands "*Loi Martiale*," a kind of Riot Act; —and indeed gets it most readily, almost before the sun goes down.

This is that famed *Martial Law*, with its Red Flag, its "*Drapeau Rouge*," in virtue of which Mayor Bailly, or any Mayor, has but henceforth to hang out that new *Oriflamme* of his; then to read or mumble something about the King's peace; and, after certain pauses, serve any undispersing Assemblage with musket-shot, or whatever shot will disperse it. A decisive Law; and most just on one proviso: that all Patrollotism be of God, and all mob-assembling be of the Devil;—otherwise not so just. Mayor Bailly, be unwilling to use it! Hang not out that new Oriflamme, *flame* not *of gold* but of the want of gold! The thrice-blessed Revolution is *done*, thou thinkest? If so, it will be well with thee.

But now let no mortal say henceforth that an august National Assembly wants riot: all it ever wanted was riot enough to balance Court-plotting; all it now wants, of Heaven or of Earth, is to get its theory of defective verbs[1] perfected.

[1] [For this phrase see vol. i., bk. vi., chap. i., note.—ED.]

CHAPTER III

THE MUSTER

WITH Famine and a Constitutional theory of defective verbs going on, all other excitement is conceivable. A universal shaking and sifting of French Existence this is: in the course of which, for one thing, what a multitude of low-lying figures are sifted to the top, and set busily to work there!

Dogleech Marat, now far-seen as Simon Stylites, we already know; him and others, raised aloft. The mere sample these of what is coming, of what continues coming, upwards from the realm of Night!—Chaumette,[1] by and by Anaxagoras Chaumette, one already descries: mellifluous in street-groups; not now a seaboy on the high and giddy mast: a mellifluous tribune of the common people, with long curling locks, on *bourne*stone of the thoroughfares; able sub-editor too; who shall rise, —to the very gallows. Clerk Tallien,[2] he also is become sub-editor; shall become able-editor; and more. Bibliopolic Momoro, Typographic Prudhomme see new trades opening. Collot d'Herbois, tearing a passion to rags, pauses on the Thespian boards; listens, with that black

[1] [Chaumette (1763-1794) first came into notice as a member of the Cordeliers' Club; advocated extreme socialistic and atheistic views; was allied with Hébert in the Cult of Reason, and guillotined with him.—ED.]

[2] [Tallien (1769-1820), clerk to a notary, became associated with the Paris Commune in 1792; went as a *représentant en mission* (Commissioner) to Bordeaux during the Terror, but his own and his wife's hatred of Robespierre led him to attack that leader in 1794.—ED.]

bushy head, to the sound of the world's drama: shall the Mimetic become Real? Did ye hiss him, O men of Lyons?[1] Better had ye clapped!

Happy now, indeed, for all manner of *mimetic*, half-original men! Tumid blustering, with more or less of sincerity, which need not be entirely sincere, yet the sincerer the better, is like to go far. Shall we say, the Revolution-element works itself rarer and rarer; so that only lighter and lighter bodies will float in it; till at last the mere blown-bladder is your only swimmer? Limitation of mind, then vehemence, promptitude, audacity, shall all be available; to which add only these two: cunning and good lungs. Good fortune must be presupposed. Accordingly, of all classes the rising one, we observe, is now the Attorney class: witness Bazires, Carriers, Fouquier-Tinvilles, Basoche-Captain Bourdons: more than enough. Such figures shall Night, from her wonder-bearing bosom, emit; swarm after swarm. Of another deeper and deepest swarm, not yet dawned on the astonished eye; of pilfering Candle-snuffers, Thief-valets, disfrocked Capuchins, and so many Héberts, Henriots, Ronsins, Rossignols, let us, as long as possible, forbear speaking.

Thus, over France, all stirs that has what the Physiologists call *irritability* in it: how much more all wherein irritability has perfected itself into vitality, into actual vision, and force that can will! All stirs; and if not in Paris, flocks thither. Great and greater waxes President Danton in his Cordeliers Section;[2] his rhetorical tropes are all "gigantic": energy flashes from his black brows, menaces in his athletic figure, rolls in the sound of his

[1] Buzot, "Mémoires" (Paris, 1823), p. 90. [Collot d'Herbois (1750-1796), an actor; deputy to the National Convention in 1792, and Commissioner to the army which captured and sacked Lyons (1793).—ED.]

[2] [Danton was, four times running, elected president of the Cordeliers' Club, which now began to propel both the populace of Paris and the Jacobins' Club. In January, 1790, he was elected to the Paris Municipality, but had no wide influence until the illegal Commune seized power on August 10th, 1792.—ED.]

voice "reverberating from the domes": this man also, like Mirabeau, has a natural *eye*, and begins to see whither Constitutionalism is tending, though with a wish in it different from Mirabeau's.

Remark, on the other hand, how General Dumouriez has quitted Normandy and the Cherbourg Breakwater, to come—whither we may guess. It is his second or even third trial at Paris, since this New Era began; but now it is in right earnest, for he has quitted all else. Wiry, elastic, unwearied man; whose life was but a battle and a march! No, *not* a creature of Choiseul's; "the creature of God and of my sword,"—he fiercely answered in old days. Overfalling Corsican batteries, in the deadly fire-hail; wriggling invincible from under his horse, at Closterkamp of the Netherlands, though tethered with "crushed stirrup-iron and nineteen wounds"; tough, minatory, standing at bay, as forlorn hope, on the skirts of Poland; intriguing, battling in cabinet and field; roaming far out, obscure, as King's spial, or sitting sealed up, enchanted in Bastille; fencing, pamphleteering, scheming and struggling from the very birth of him,[1]—the man has come thus far. How repressed, how irrepressible! Like some incarnate spirit in prison, which indeed he *was*; hewing on granite walls for deliverance; striking fire-flashes from them. And now has the general earthquake rent his cavern too? Twenty years younger, what might he not have done! But his hair has a shade of gray; his way of thought is all fixed, military. He can *grow* no further, and the new world is in such growth. We will name him, on the whole, one of Heaven's Swiss; without faith; wanting above all things work, work on *any* side. Work also is appointed him; and he will do it.

[1] Dumouriex, "Mémoires," i. 28, etc. [Dumouriez (1739-1823), in command at Cherbourg, became Minister of War for a short space in 1792; gained Battle of Jemappes over the Austrians (November, 1792); deserted to them in 1793; fled to England and gave advice to our Government in ensuing wars.—ED.]

Not from over France only are the unrestful flocking towards Paris; but from all sides of Europe. Where the carcass is, thither will the eagles gather. Think how many a Spanish Guzman, Martinico Fournier named "Fournier *l'Américain*," Engineer Miranda from the very Andes, were flocking or had flocked. Walloon Pereyra might boast of the strangest parentage: him, they say, Prince Kaunitz the Diplomatist heedlessly dropped; like ostrich-egg, to be hatched of Chance,—into an ostrich-*eater*! Jewish or German Freys do business in the great Cesspool of *Agio*; which Cesspool this *Assignat*-fiat has quickened, into a Mother of dead dogs. Swiss Clavière could found no Socinian Genevese Colony in Ireland; but he paused, years ago, prophetic, before the Minister's Hôtel at Paris; and said, it was borne on his mind that *he* one day was to be Minister, and laughed.[1] Swiss Pache, on the other hand, sits sleek-headed, frugal; the wonder of his own alley, and even of neighbouring ones, for humility of mind, and a thought deeper than most men's:[2] sit there, Tartuffe, till wanted! Ye Italian Dufournys, Flemish Prolys, flit hither all ye bipeds of prey! Come whosesoever head is hot; thou of mind *ungoverned*, be it chaos as of undevelopment or chaos as of ruin; the man who cannot get known, the man who is too well known; if thou have any vendible faculty, nay if thou have but edacity and loquacity, come; They come; with hot unutterabilities in their heart; as Pilgrims towards a miraculous shrine. Nay how many come as vacant Strollers, aimless, of whom Europe is full, merely towards *something*! For benighted fowls, when you beat their bushes, rush towards any light. Thus Frederick Baron Trenck too is here;

[1] Dumont, "Souvenirs sur Mirabeau," p. 399. [Clavière, a Genevese banker; acted as collaborator of Mirabeau, especially on financial matters, and suggested the plan of *assignats*; became Finance Minister in the Girondist Ministry of 1792.—ED.]

[2] [Pache was befriended by Roland, Minister of the Interior in 1792, but proved false to him after he (Pache) was chosen War Minister. As Mayor of Paris in 1793 he also intrigued for the downfall of the Girondins.—ED.]

mazed, purblind, from the cells of the Magdeburg; Minotauric cells, and his Ariadne lost! Singular to say, Trenck, in these years, sells wine; not indeed in bottle, but in wood.

Nor is our England without her missionaries. She has her life-saving Needham;[1] to whom was solemnly presented a "civic sword,"—long since rusted into nothingness. Her Paine:[2] rebellious Staymaker; unkempt; who feels that he, a single Needleman, did, by his "Common-Sense" Pamphlet, free America;—that he can and will free all this world; perhaps even the other. Price-Stanhope Constitutional Association sends over to congratulate;[3] welcomed by National Assembly, though they are but a London Club; whom Burke and Toryism eye askance.

On thee too, for country's sake, O Chevalier John Paul, be a word spent, or misspent! In faded naval uniform, Paul Jones lingers visible here; like a wineskin from which the wine is all drawn. Like the ghost of himself! Low is his once loud bruit; scarcely audible, save, with extreme tedium, in ministerial ante-chambers, in this or the other charitable dining-room, mindful of the past. What changes; culminatings and declinings! Not now, poor Paul, thou lookest wistful over the Solway brine, by the foot of native Criffel, into blue mountainous Cumberland, into blue Infinitude; environed with thrift, with humble friendliness; thyself, young fool, longing to be aloft from it, or even to be

[1] A trustworthy gentleman writes to me, three years ago, with a feeling which I cannot but respect, that his Father, "the late Admiral Nesham" (not *Needham*, as the French Journalists give it), is the Englishman meant; and furthermore that the sword is "not rusted at all," but still lies, with the due memory attached to it, in his (the son's) possession, at Plymouth, in a clear state. (Note of 1857.)

[2] [Tom Paine, the well-known democrat and freethinker, author of "Common Sense," "The Rights of Man," "The Age of Reason," etc., settled at Paris and was elected deputy to the National Convention; he voted that Louis be exiled to the United States.—ED.]

[3] "Moniteur," 10 Novembre, 7 Décembre, 1789.

away from it. Yes, beyond that sapphire Promontory, which men name St. Bees, which is not sapphire either, but dull sandstone, when one gets *close* to it, there is a world. Which world thou too shalt taste of!—From yonder White Haven rise his smoke-clouds; ominous though ineffectual. Proud Forth quakes at his bellying sails; had not the wind suddenly shifted. Flamborough reapers, homegoing, pause on the hill-side: for what sulphur-cloud is that that defaces the sleek sea; sulphur-cloud spitting streaks of fire? A sea cock-fight it is, and of the hottest; where British "Serapis" and French-American "Bon Homme Richard" do lash and throttle each other, in their fashion; and lo the desperate valour has suffocated the deliberate, and Paul Jones too is of the Kings of the Sea!

The Euxine, the Meotian waters felt thee next, and long-skirted Turks, O Paul; and thy fiery soul has wasted itself in thousand contradictions;—to no purpose. For, in far lands, with scarlet Nassau-Siegens, with sinful Imperial Catherines, is not the heart broken, even as at home with the mean? Poor Paul! hunger and dispiritment track thy sinking footsteps: once, or at most twice, in this Revolution-tumult the figure of thee emerges; mute, ghostlike, as "with stars dim-twinkling through." And then, when the light is gone quite out, a National Legislature grants "ceremonial funeral"! As good had been the natural Presbyterian Kirk-bell, and six feet of Scottish earth, among the dust of thy loved ones.—*Such* world lay beyond the Promontory of St. Bees. Such is the life of sinful mankind here below.

But of all strangers far the notablest for us is Baron Jean Baptiste de Clootz;—or, dropping baptisms and feudalisms, World-Citizen Anacharsis Clootz, from Cleves. Him mark, judicious Reader. Thou hast known his Uncle, sharp-sighted, thorough-going Cornelius de Pauw, who mercilessly cuts down cherished illusions; and of the finest antique Spartans will make mere modern cut-

throat Mainots.[1] The like stuff is in Anacharsis: hot metal; full of scoriae, which should and could have been smelted out, but which will not. He has wandered over this terraqueous Planet; seeking, one may say, the Paradise we lost long ago. He has seen English Burke; has been seen of the Portugal Inquisition; has roamed, and fought, and written; is writing, among other things, "Evidences of the *Mahometan* Religion." But now, like his Scythian adoptive godfather, he finds himself in the Paris Athens; surely, at last, the haven of his soul. A dashing man, beloved at Patriotic dinner-tables; with gaiety, nay with humour; headlong, trenchant, of free purse; in suitable costume; though what mortal ever more despised costumes? Under all costumes Anacharsis seeks the man; not Stylites Marat will more freely trample costumes, if they hold no man. This is the faith of Anacharsis: That there is a Paradise discoverable; that all costumes ought to hold men. O Anacharsis, it is a headlong, swift-going faith. Mounted thereon, meseems, thou art bound hastily for the City of *Nowhere*; and wilt *arrive*! At best, we may say, arrive *in good riding attitude*; which indeed is something.

So many new persons and new things have come to occupy this France. Her old Speech and Thought, and Activity which springs from these, are all changing; fermenting towards unknown issues. To the dullest peasant, as he sits sluggish, overtoiled, by his evening hearth, one idea has come: that of Châteaus burnt; of Châteaus combustible. How altered all Coffeehouses, in Province or Capital! The *Antre de Procope* has now other questions than the Three Stagyrite Unities to settle; not theatre-controversies, but a world-controversy: there, in the ancient pigtail mode, or with modern Brutus' heads, do well-frizzed logicians hold hubbub, and Chaos umpire sits. The ever-enduring melody of Paris Saloons has got a new ground-tone: ever-enduring;

[1] De Pauw, "Recherches sur les Grecs," etc.

which has been heard, and by the listening Heaven too, since Julian the Apostate's time and earlier; mad now as formerly.

Ex-Censor Suard, *Ex*-Censor, for we have freedom of the Press; he may be seen there; impartial, even neutral. Tyrant Grimm rolls large eyes, over a questionable coming Time. Atheist Naigeon, beloved-disciple of Diderot, crows, in his small difficult way, heralding glad dawn.[1] But on the other hand, how many Morellets, Marmontels, who had sat all their life hatching Philosophe eggs, cackle now, in a state bordering on distraction, at the brood they have brought out![2] It was so delightful to have one's Philosophe Theorem demonstrated, crowned in the saloons: and now an infatuated people will not continue speculative, but have Practice!

There also observe Preceptress Genlis, or Sillery, or Sillery-Genlis,—for our husband is both Count and Marquis, and we have more than one title. Pretentious, frothy; a puritan yet creedless; darkening counsel by words without wisdom![3] For, it is in that thin element of the Sentimentalist and Distinguished-Female that Sillery-Genlis works; she would gladly be sincere, yet can grow no sincerer than sincere-cant: sincere-cant of many forms, ending in the devotional form. For the present, on a neck still of moderate whiteness, she wears as jewel a miniature Bastille, cut on mere sandstone but then actual Bastille sandstone. M. le Marquis is one of D'Orléans's errand-men; in National Assembly, and elsewhere. Madame, for her part, trains up a youthful D'Orléans generation in what superfinest morality one can; gives meanwhile rather enigmatic account of fair Mademoiselle Pamela, the Daughter whom she has *adopted*. Thus she, in Palais-Royal Saloon;—whither,

[1] Naigeon, "Adresse à l'Assemblée Nationale (Paris, 1790), sur la liberté des opinions."

[2] See Marmontel, "Mémoires," *passim*; Morellet, "Mémoires," etc.

[3] [Mme. de Genlis wrote several moralising works.—ED.]

we remark, D'Orléans himself, spite of Lafayette, has returned from that English "mission" of his: surely no pleasant mission: for the English would not speak to him; and Saint Hannah More of England, so unlike Saint Sillery-Genlis of France, saw him shunned, in Vauxhall Gardens, like one peststruck,[1] and his red-blue impassive visage waxing hardly a shade bluer.

[1] Hannah More's "Life and Correspondence," ii. c. 5. [Talleyrand said of the Duke of Orleans: "He is the slop-pail into which is thrown all the filth of the Revolution" (Dumont, "Souvenirs"). La Marck asserts that while the duke was in England, he urgently entreated Mme. de Buffon, whom he had entirely estranged from her husband, to go with him to America; but she refused. Her influence was generally used to restrain the duke's factious opposition to the Court. La Marck gives many instances of the duke's timidity and nervousness, but personal rancour against the Queen ("Corresp. de Mirabeau et La Marck," vol. i., pp. 74-83). Barras ("Mémoires," vol. i., chap. viii.) echoes the general belief when he states that, had the duke been bold and ambitious, he could have seized the Crown.—Ed.]

CHAPTER IV

JOURNALISM

AS for Constitutionalism, with its National Guards, it is doing what it can; and has enough to do: it must, as ever, with one hand wave persuasively, repressing Patriotism; and keep the other clenched to menace Royalist plotters. A most delicate task; requiring tact.

Thus, if People's-friend Marat has today his writ of "*prise de corps*, or seizure of body," served on him, and dives out of sight, tomorrow he is left at large; or is even encouraged, as a sort of bandog whose baying may be useful. President Danton, in open Hall, with reverberating voice, declares that, in a case like Marat's, "force may be resisted by force." Whereupon the Châtelet serves Danton also with a writ;—which however, as the whole Cordeliers District responds to it, what Constable will be prompt to execute? Twice more, on new occasions, does the Châtelet launch its writ; and twice more in vain: the body of Danton cannot be seized by Châtelet; he unseized, should he even fly for a season, shall behold the Châtelet itself flung into limbo.[1]

[1] [The Châtelet was an old legal body having ill-defined powers, and that was soon to be swept away for a body having a popular origin. Marat had of late been satirising Bailly for his affectation of pomp, and had been hunted from his temporary hiding-place on Montmartre to another in the Cordeliers district. There Lafayette sought to arrest him on January 22nd, 1790, by sending 3,000 National Guards to enforce the writ of the Châtelet. But Danton, who held a high official position in that district, proved to the servers of the writ that it was technically defective. An appeal to the Assembly resulted in a demand for Marat's arrest: but by this

Municipality and Brissot, meanwhile, are far on with their Municipal Constitution. The Sixty *Districts* shall become Forty-eight *Sections*; much shall be adjusted, and Paris have its Constitution. A Constitution wholly Elective; as indeed all French Government shall and must be. And yet, one fatal element has been introduced: that of *citoyen actif*. No man who does not pay the *marc d'argent*, or yearly tax equal to three-days labour, shall be other than a *passive* citizen: not the slightest vote for him; were he *acting*, all the year round, with sledge-hammer, with forest-levelling axe! Unheard of! cry Patriot Journals. Yes truly, my Patriot Friends, if Liberty, the passion and prayer of all men's souls, means Liberty to send your fifty-thousandth part of a new Tongue-fencer into National Debating-club, then, be the gods witness, ye are hardly entreated. O, if in National *Palaver* (as the Africans name it), such blessedness is verily found, what tyrant would deny it to Son of Adam! Nay, might there not be a Female Parliament too, with "screams from the Opposition benches," and "the honourable Member borne out in hysterics"? To a Children's Parliament would I gladly consent; or even lower if ye wished it. Beloved Brothers! Liberty, one may fear, is actually, as the ancient wise men said, of Heaven. On this Earth, where, thinks the enlightened public, did a brave little Dame de Staal (not Necker's Daughter, but a far shrewder than she) find the nearest approach to Liberty? After mature computation, cool as Dilworth's, her answer is, *In the Bastille*.[1] "Of Heaven?" answer many, asking. Wo that they should *ask*; for that is the very misery! "Of Heaven" means much; share in the National Palaver it may, or may as probably *not* mean.

One Sansculottic bough that cannot fail to flourish is Journalism. The voice of the People *being* the voice of God, shall not such divine voice make itself heard? To

time Marat had flown to England for a time (Belloc's "Danton pp. 97-104).—ED.]

[1] De Staal, "Mémoires" (Paris, 1821), i. 169-280.

the ends of France; and in as many dialects as when the *first* great Babel was to be built! Some loud as the lion; some small as the sucking dove. Mirabeau himself has his instructive Journal or Journals, with Geneva hodmen working in them; and withal has quarrels enough with Dame le Jay, his Female Bookseller, so ultra-compliant otherwise.[1]

King's-friend Royou still prints himself. Barrère sheds tears of loyal sensibility in "Break-of-Day" Journal, though with declining sale. But why is Fréron so hot, democratic; Fréron, the King's-friend's Nephew? He has it by kind, that heat of his: *wasp* Fréron begot him; Voltaire's "Frélon"; who fought stinging, while sting and poison-bag were left, were it only as Reviewer, and over Printed Waste-paper. Constant, illuminative, as the nightly lamplighter, issues the useful "Moniteur," for it is now become diurnal: with facts and few commentaries; official, safe in the middle;—its Able Editors sunk long since, recoverably or irrecoverably, in deep darkness. Acid Loustalot, with his "vigour," as of young sloes, shall never ripen, but die untimely: his Prudhomme, however, will not let that "Révolutions de Paris" die; but edit it himself, with much else,—dull-blustering Printer though he be.

Of Cassandra-Marat we have spoken often; yet the most surprising truth remains to be spoken: that he actually does not want sense; but, with croaking gelid throat, croaks out masses of the truth, on several things. Nay sometimes, one might almost fancy he had a perception of humour, and were laughing a little, far down in his inner man. Camille is wittier than ever, and

[1] Dumont, "Souvenirs," 6. [The "Geneva hodmen" were three able collaborators—Dumont, Clavière, and Duroveray. They often drew up notes for his speeches, or even composed the speeches. Dumont translated for him the account which Romilly sent of the procedure of our House of Commons, and says of it: "Revising, with a man [Mirabeau] whose boisterous impatience you well know, was hurried work." So too, after Mirabeau's death: "If Mirabeau did not work himself, he made others work" (Romilly's "Memoirs," vol. i., pp. 271, 322).—ED.]

more outspoken, cynical; yet sunny as ever.[1] A light melodious creature; "born," as he shall yet say with bitter tears, "to write verses"; light Apollo, so clear, soft-lucent, in this war of the Titans, wherein he shall not conquer!

Folded and hawked Newspapers exist in all countries; but, in such a Journalistic element as this of France, other and stranger sorts are to be anticipated. What says the English reader to a "Journal-Affiche," Placard Journal; legible to him that has no halfpenny; in bright prismatic colours, calling the eye from afar? Such, in the coming months, as Patriot Associations, public and private, advance, and can subscribe funds, shall plenteously hang themselves out: *leaves*, limed leaves, to catch what they can! The very Government shall have its Pasted Journal; Louvet, busy yet with a new "charming romance," shall write "Sentinelles," and post them with effect; nay Bertrand de Moleville, in his extremity, shall still more cunningly try it.[2] Great is Journalism. Is not every Able Editor a Ruler of the World, being a persuader of it; though self-elected, yet sanctioned, by the sale of his Numbers? Whom indeed the world has the readiest method of deposing, should need be: that of merely doing *nothing* to him; which ends in starvation.[3]

Nor esteem it small what those Bill-stickers had to do in Paris: above Threescore of them: all with their crosspoles, haversacks, pastepots; nay with leaden badges, for the Municipality licenses them. A Sacred College, properly of World-rulers' Heralds, though not respected as such in an Era still incipient and raw. They made the walls of Paris didactic, suasive, with an

[1] [For a good specimen of his banter of Marat (about the "250,000 heads") see Michelet's "Fr. Rev.," p. 519 (Bohn edit.).—Ed.]

[2] See Bertrand-Moleville, "Mémoires," ii. 100, etc.

[3] [Sergent Marceau ("Reminiscences of a Regicide," p. 103) says that a Mr. Routledge, who was a member of the Jacobins' Club, tried to start in Paris a paper like Addison's "Spectator" He later on slandered Necker in a notorious pamphlet.—Ed.]

ever-fresh Periodical Literature, wherein he that ran might read: Placard Journals, Placard Lampoons, Municipal Ordinances, Royal Proclamations; the whole other or vulgar Placard-department superadded,—or omitted from contempt! What unutterable things the stone-walls spoke, during these five years! But it is all gone; Today swallowing Yesterday, and then being in its turn swallowed of Tomorrow, even as Speech ever is. Nay what, O thou immortal Man of Letters, is Writing itself but Speech conserved for a time? The Placard Journal conserved it for one day; some Books conserve it for the matter of ten years; nay some for three thousand: but what then? Why, *then*, the years being all run, it also dies, and the world is rid of it. O, were there not a spirit in the word of man, as in man himself, that survived the audible bodied word, and tended either godward or else devilward forevermore, why should he trouble himself much with the truth of it, or the falsehood of it, except for commercial purposes? His immortality indeed, and whether it shall last half a lifetime or a lifetime and half; is not that a very considerable thing? Immortality, mortality:—there were certain runaways whom Fritz the Great bullied back into the battle with a: "*R—, wollt ihr ewig leben*, Unprintable Offscouring of Scoundrels, would ye live forever!"

This is the Communication of Thought; how happy when there is any Thought to communicate! Neither let the simpler old methods be neglected, in their sphere. The Palais-Royal Tent, a tyrannous Patrollotism has removed; but can it remove the lungs of man? Anaxagoras Chaumette we saw mounted on bourne-stones, while Tallien worked sedentary at the sub-editorial desk. In any corner of the civilised world, a tub can be inverted, and an articulate-speaking biped mount thereon. Nay, with contrivance, a portable trestle, or folding-stool, can be procured, for love or money; this the peripatetic Orator can take in his hand, and, driven out here, set it up again there: saying mildly, with a Sage Bias, *Omnia mea mecum porto.*

Such is Journalism, hawked, pasted, spoken. How changed since One old Métra walked this same Tuileries Garden, in gilt cocked-hat, with Journal at his nose, or held loose-folded behind his back; and was a notability of Paris, "Métra the Newsman";[1] and Louis himself was wont to say: *Qu'en dit Métra?* Since the first Venetian News-sheet was sold for a *gazza*, or farthing, and named "Gazette"! We live in a fertile world.

[1] Dulaure, "Histoire de Paris," viii. 483; Mercier, "Nouveau Paris," etc.

CHAPTER V

CLUBBISM

WHERE the heart is full, it seeks, for a thousand reasons, in a thousand ways, to impart itself. How sweet, indispensable, in such cases, is fellowship; soul mystically strengthening soul! The meditative Germans, some think, have been of opinion that Enthusiasm in general means simply excessive Congregating—*Schwärmerey*, or *Swarming*. At any rate, do we not see glimmering half-red embers, if laid *together*, get into the brightest white glow?

In such a France, gregarious Reunions will needs multiply, intensify; French Life will step out of doors, and, from domestic, become a public Club Life. Old Clubs, which already germinated, grow and flourish; new everywhere bud forth. It is the sure symptom of Social Unrest: in such way, most infallibly of all, does Social Unrest exhibit itself; find solacement, and also nutriment. In every French head there hangs now, whether for terror or for hope, some prophetic picture of a New France: prophecy which brings, nay which almost *is*, its own fulfilment; and in all ways, consciously and unconsciously, works towards that.

Observe, moreover, how the Aggregative Principle, let it be but deep enough, goes on aggregating, and this even in a geometrical progression; how when the whole world, in such a plastic time, is forming itself into Clubs, some One Club, the strongest or luckiest, shall by friendly attracting, by victorious compelling, grow ever stronger, till it become immeasurably strong; and all the others, with their strength, be either lovingly absorbed into it,

or hostilely abolished by it. This if the Club-spirit is universal; if the time *is* plastic. Plastic enough is the time, universal the Club-spirit: such an all-absorbing, paramount One Club cannot be wanting.

What a progress, since the first salient-point of the Breton Committee! It worked long in secret, not languidly; it has come with the National Assembly to Paris; calls itself *Club*; calls itself, in imitation, as is thought, of those generous Price-Stanhope English who sent over to congratulate, *French Revolution Club*; but soon, with more originality, *Club of Friends of the Constitution.* Moreover it has leased for itself, at a fair rent, the Hall of the Jacobins Convent, one of our "superfluous edifices"; and does therefrom now, in these spring months, begin shining out on an admiring Paris. And so, by degrees, under the shorter popular title of *Jacobins Club*, it shall become memorable to all times and lands.[1] Glance into the interior: strongly yet modestly benched and seated; as many as Thirteen

[1] [The club was due to the desire of a great many provincial deputies to have some meeting-place. They first leased the refectory of the Jacobins' Monastery for two hundred francs a year. Barnave, Le Chapelier, Duport, Lameth, and Target were the first secretaries (Aulard, "Société des Jacobins," vol. i., p. xix of Introduction). All deputies were eligible for admission; but at first only such outsiders as had written useful works could be elected to the club. Condorcet and other *savants* were admitted thus; but the restriction was soon given up, and then the number of members quickly rose to four hundred. They then leased the library, and later on, the church (for a description of which see Michelet, p. 492, Bohn edit.). Sergent Marceau ("Reminiscences of a Regicide," pp. 39, 84, Eng. edit.) describes the club as most orderly up to the end of the Constituent Assembly (September, 1791): "There was more dignity than was often to be found in the National Assembly because there was no opposition inspired by personal interests and passions. The members were all agreed as to principles; they differed only as to means. The discussions were always on the questions then before the National Assembly. . . . Robespierre had not yet taken possession of the tribune [at the club]: his diffuse, ill-written, declamatory speeches did not yet lay down the law. He was listened to because the purity of his principles was respected, and rightly at that time."—ED.]

Hundred chosen Patriots; Assembly Members not a few. Barnave, the two Lameths are seen there; occasionally Mirabeau, perpetually Robespierre; also the ferret-visage of Fouquier-Tinville with other attorneys; Anacharsis of Prussian Scythia, and miscellaneous Patriots,—though all is yet in the most perfectly clean-washed state; decent, nay dignified. President on platform, President's bell are not wanting; oratorical Tribune high-raised; nor strangers' galleries, wherein also sit women. Has any French Antiquarian Society preserved that written Lease of the Jacobins Convent Hall? Or was it, unluckier even than Magna Charta, *clipt* by sacrilegious Tailors? Universal History is not indifferent to it.

These Friends of the Constitution have met mainly, as their name may foreshadow, to look after Elections when an Election comes, and procure fit men: but likewise to consult generally that the Commonweal take no damage; one as yet sees not how. For indeed let two or three gather together anywhere, if it be not in Church, where all are bound to the *passive* state; no mortal can say accurately, themselves as little as any, for *what* they are gathered. How often has the broached barrel proved not to be for joy and heart-effusion, but for duel and head-breakage; and the promised feast become a Feast of the Lapithae! This Jacobins Club,[1] which at first shone resplendent, and was thought to be a new celestial Sun for enlightening the Nations, had, as things all have, to work through its appointed phases: it burned unfortunately more and more lurid, more sulphurous, distracted;—and swam at last, through the astonished Heaven, like a Tartarean Portent, and lurid-burning Prison of Spirits in Pain.

Its style of eloquence? Rejoice, Reader, that thou

[1] [The Jacobins' Club was just to the west of the Church of St. Roch, and was not far from the *Salle de Manège* where the Assembly sat—at the place where the Rue de Rivoli (constructed by Napoleon) cuts the Rue de Castiglione.—ED.]

knowest it not, that thou canst never perfectly know. The Jacobins published a Journal of Debates, where they that have the heart may examine: impassioned, dull-droning Patriotic eloquence; implacable, unfertile—save for Destruction, which was indeed its work: most wearisome, though most deadly. Be thankful that Oblivion covers so much; that all carrion is by and by buried in the green Earth's bosom, and even makes her grow the greener. The Jacobins are buried; but their work is not; it continues "making the tour of the world," as it can. It might be seen lately, for instance, with bared bosom and death-defiant eye, as far on as Greek Missolonghi; strange enough, old slumbering Hellas was resuscitated, into *somnambulism* which will become clear wakefulness, by a voice from the Rue St. Honoré! All dies, as we often say; except the spirit of man, of what man *does*. Thus has not the very House of the Jacobins vanished: scarcely lingering in a few old men's memories? The St. Honoré Market has brushed it away, and now where dull-droning eloquence, like a Trump of Doom, once shook the world, there is pacific chaffering for poultry and greens. The sacred National Assembly Hall itself has become common ground; President's platform permeable to wain and dustcart; for the Rue de Rivoli runs there. Verily, at Cockcrow (of this Cock or the other), *all* Apparitions do melt and dissolve in space.

The Paris *Jacobins* became "the Mother Society, *Société Mère*"; and had as many as "three hundred" shrill-tongued daughters in "direct correspondence" with her. Of indirectly corresponding, what we may call grand-daughters and minute progeny, she counted "forty-four thousand"!—But for the present we note only two things: the first of them a mere anecdote. One night, a couple of brother Jacobins are door-keepers; for the members take this post of duty and honour in rotation, and admit none that have not tickets: one door-keeper was the worthy Sieur Laïs, a patriotic Opera-singer, stricken in years, whose windpipe is long

since closed without result; the other, young, and named Louis Philippe, D'Orléans's firstborn, has in this latter time, after unheard-of destinies, become Citizen-King, and struggles to rule for a season. All flesh is grass; higher reedgrass, or creeping herb.

The second thing we have to note is historical: that the Mother Society, even in this its effulgent period, cannot content all Patriots. Already it must throw off, so to speak, two dissatisfied swarms; a swarm to the right, a swarm to the left. One party, which thinks the Jacobins lukewarm, constitutes itself into *Club of the Cordeliers*;[1] a hotter Club: it is Danton's element; with whom goes Desmoulins. The other party, again, which thinks the Jacobins scalding-hot, flies off to the right, and becomes "Club of 1789, Friends of the *Monarchic* Constitution."[2] They are afterwards named "*Feuillans Club*"; their place of meeting being the Feuillans Convent. Lafayette is, or becomes, their chief man; supported by the respectable Patriot everywhere, by the mass of Property and Intelligence,—with the most flourishing prospects. They, in these June days of 1790, do, in the Palais Royal, dine solemnly with open windows; to the cheers of the people; with toasts, with inspiriting songs,—with one song at least, among the feeblest ever sung.[3] They shall, in due time, be hooted forth, over the borders, into Cimmerian Night.

[1] [For vivid sketches of the Cordeliers' Club and its leaders see Michelet's "French Rev.," pp. 510-524, Bohn edit.; also Belloc's "Danton." The latter points out that the club derived its strength from allowing all the voters of the Cordeliers district to be members: these included many barristers and students.—ED.]

[2] This club was first called the "Club des Impartiaux," but was revived as "Club of the Friends of the Monarchic Constitution." During the scarcity of the winter of 1789-1790, it distributed bread to the poor, until Barnave, at the Jacobins, lyingly asserted that the bread was poisoned: thereupon the people set on them and closed the club (Michelet, p. 553). They are distinct from the Feuillant Club (though of similar principles), which was formed later and sat at the Feuillants' Monastery, opposite the Salle de Manège.—ED.]

[3] "Hist. Parl.," vi. 334.

Another expressly Monarchic or Royalist Club, "*Club des Monarchiens*," though a Club of ample funds, and all sitting on damask sofas, cannot realise the smallest momentary cheer: realises only scoffs and groans;—till, ere long, certain Patriots in disorderly sufficient number, proceed thither, for a night or for nights, and groan it out of pain. Vivacious alone shall the Mother Society and her family be. The very Cordeliers may, as it were, return into her bosom, which will have grown warm enough.

Fatal-looking! Are not such Societies an incipient New Order of Society itself? The Aggregative Principle anew at work in a Society grown obsolete, cracked asunder, dissolving into rubbish and primary atoms?

CHAPTER VI

JE LE JURE

WITH these signs of the times, is it not surprising that the dominant feeling all over France was still continually Hope? O blessed Hope, sole boon of man: whereby, on his strait prison-walls, are painted beautiful far-stretching landscapes; and into the night of very Death is shed holiest dawn! Thou art to all an indefeasible possession in this God's-world; to the wise a sacred Constantine's-banner, written on the eternal skies; under which they *shall* conquer, for the battle itself is victory: to the foolish some secular *mirage*, or shadow of still waters, painted on the parched Earth; whereby at least their dusty pilgrimage, if devious, becomes cheerfuler, becomes possible.

In the death tumults of a sinking Society, French Hope sees only the birth-struggles of a new unspeakably better Society; and sings, with full assurance of faith, her brisk Melody, which some inspired fiddler has in these very days composed for her,—the world-famous "Ça-ira."[1] Yes; "that will go": and then there will

[1] [The "Ça-ira" of 1790 had a distinctly hopeful and religious

"Le peuple en ce jour sans cesse répète
Ah! ça ira! ça ira! ça ira!
Suivant les maximes de l'Evangile
(Ah! ça ira! ça ira! ça ira!)
Du législateur tout s'accomplira;
Celui qui s'élève, on l'abaissera,
Et qui s'abaisse, on l'élèvera."

The "Ça-ira" of 1793 was a fierce revengeful song.—ED.]

come—? All men hope; even Marat hopes—that Patriotism will take muff and dirk. King Louis is not without hope: in the chapter of chances; in a flight to some Bouillé; in getting popularised at Paris. But what a hoping People he had, judge by the fact, and series of facts, now to be noted.

Poor Louis, meaning the best, with little insight and even less determination of his own, has to follow, in that dim wayfaring of his, such signal as may be given him; by backstairs Royalism, by official or backstairs Constitutionalism, whichever for the month may have convinced the royal mind. If flight to Bouillé, and (horrible to think!) a *drawing* of the civil sword do hang as theory, portentous in the background, much nearer is this fact of these Twelve Hundred Kings, who sit in the *Salle de Manége.* Kings uncontrollable by him, not yet irreverent to him. Could kind management of these but prosper, how much better were it than armed Emigrants, Turin intrigues, and the help of Austria! Nay are the *two* hopes inconsistent? Rides in the suburbs, we have found, cost little; yet they always brought *vivats.*[1] Still cheaper is a soft word; such as has many times turned away wrath. In these rapid days, while France is all getting divided into Departments, Clergy about to be remodelled, Popular Societies rising, and Feudalism and so much else is ready to be hurled into the melting-pot, —might not one try?

On the 4th of February, accordingly, M. le Président reads to his National Assembly a short autograph, announcing that his Majesty will step over, quite in an unceremonious way, probably about noon. Think, therefore, Messieurs, what it may mean; especially, how ye will get the Hall decorated a little. The Secretaries' Bureau can be shifted down from the platform; on the President's chair be slipped this cover of velvet, "of a violet colour sprigged with gold fleur-de-lys";—for indeed M. le Président has had previous notice underhand,

[1] See Bertrand-Moleville, i. 241, etc.

and taken counsel with Doctor Guillotin. Then some fraction of "velvet carpet," of like texture and colour, cannot that be spread in front of the chair, where the Secretaries usually sit? So has judicious Guillotin advised: and the effect is found satisfactory. Moreover, as it is probable that his Majesty, in spite of the fleur-de-lys velvet, will stand and not sit at all, the President himself, in the interim, presides standing. And so, while some honourable Member is discussing, say, the division of a Department, Ushers announce: "His Majesty!" In person, with small suite, enter Majesty: the honourable Member stops short; the Assembly starts to its feet: the Twelve Hundred Kings "almost all," and the Galleries no less, do welcome the Restorer of French Liberty with loyal shouts. His Majesty's Speech, in diluted conventional phraseology, expresses this mainly: That he, most of all Frenchmen, rejoices to see France getting regenerated; is sure, at the same time, that they will deal gently with her in the process, and not regenerate her *roughly*. Such was his Majesty's Speech: the feat he performed was coming to speak it, and going back again.[1]

Surely, except to a very hoping People, there was not much here to build upon. Yet what did they not build! The fact that the King has spoken, that he has voluntarily come to speak, how inexpressibly encouraging! Did not the glance of his royal countenance, like concentrated sunbeams, kindle all hearts in an august Assembly; nay thereby in an inflammable enthusiastic France? To move "Deputation of thanks" can be the

[1] [The end of Louis' speech is by no means trivial: "I should have many losses to reckon, if, in the midst of the greatest interests of the State, I stopped at personal considerations. But I find a reward which satisfies me, namely, the happiness of the nation. May this day, on which your monarch comes to unite himself with you in the frankest manner, be a memorable epoch in the history of this realm. It will be so, if my ardent vows and earnest exhortations are a signal of peace and reconciliation among you." Mirabeau, however, in a letter to La Marck termed the whole scene a "pantomime."—ED.]

happy lot of but one man; to go in such Deputation the lot of not many. The Deputed have gone, and returned with what highest-flown compliment they could; whom also the Queen met, Dauphin in hand. And still do not our hearts burn with insatiable gratitude; and to one other man a still higher blessedness suggests itself: To move that we all renew the National Oath.

Happiest honourable Member, with his word so in season as word seldom was; magic Fugleman of a whole National Assembly, which sat there bursting to do somewhat; Fugleman of a whole onlooking France! The President swears; declares that every one shall swear, in distinct *je le jure*. Nay the very Gallery sends him down a written slip signed, with their Oath on it; and as the Assembly now casts an eye that way, the Gallery all stands up and swears again. And then out of doors, consider at the Hôtel-de-Ville how Bailly, the great Tennis-Court swearer, again swears, towards nightfall, with all the Municipals, and Heads of Districts assembled there. And "M. Danton suggests that the public would like to partake":[1] whereupon Bailly, with escort of Twelve, steps forth to the great outer staircase; sways the ebullient multitude with stretched hand; takes their oath, with a thunder of "rolling drums," with shouts that rend the welkin. And on all streets the glad people, with moisture and fire in their eyes, "spontaneously formed groups, and swore one another,"[2]—and the whole City was illuminated. This was the Fourth of February 1790: a day to be marked white in Constitutional annals.

Nor is the illumination for a night only, but partially or totally it lasts a series of nights. For each District, the Electors of each District will swear specially; and always as the District swears, it illuminates itself. Behold them, District after District, in some open square, where the Non-electing People can all see and join: with their uplifted right-hands, and *je le jure*; with

[1] [Danton was now a member of the Municipal Council.—Ed.]
[2] Newspapers (in "Hist. Parl.," iv. 445).

rolling drums, with embracings, and that infinite hurrah of the enfranchised,—which any tyrant that there may be can consider! Faithful to the King, to the Law, to the Constitution which the National Assembly *shall* make.

Fancy, for example, the Professors of Universities parading the streets with their young France, and swearing, in an enthusiastic manner, not without tumult. By a larger exercise of fancy, expand duly this little word: The like was repeated in every Town and District in France! Nay one Patriot Mother, in Lagnon of Brittany, assembles her ten children; and, with her own aged hand, swears them all herself, the high-souled venerable woman. Of all which, moreover, a National Assembly must be eloquently apprised. Such three weeks of swearing! Saw the Sun ever such a swearing people? Have they been bit by a swearing tarantula? No: but they are men and Frenchmen; they have Hope; and, singular to say, they have Faith, were it only in the Gospel according to Jean Jacques. O my Brothers, would to Heaven it were even as ye think and have sworn! But there are Lover's Oaths, which, had they been true as love itself, *cannot* be kept; not to speak of Dicer's Oaths, also a known sort.

CHAPTER VII

PRODIGIES

TO such length had the "Contrat Social" brought it, in believing hearts. Man, as is well said, lives by faith; each generation has its own faith, more or less; and laughs at the faith of its predecessor,—most unwisely. Grant indeed that this faith in the Social Contract belongs to the stranger sorts; that an unborn generation may very wisely, if not laugh, yet stare at it, and piously consider. For, alas, what is *Contrat*? If all men were such that a mere spoken or sworn Contract would bind them, all men were then true men, and Government a superfluity. Not what thou and I have promised to each other, but what the balance of our forces can make us perform to each other: that, in so sinful a world as ours, is the thing to be counted on. But above all, a People and a Sovereign promising to one another; as if a whole People, changing from generation to generation, nay from hour to hour, could ever by any method be made to *speak* or promise; and to speak mere solecisms: "We, be the Heavens witness, which Heavens, however, do no miracles now; we, ever-changing Millions, will *allow* thee, changeful Unit, to *force* us or govern us"! The world has perhaps seen few faiths comparable to that.

So nevertheless had the world then construed the matter. Had they *not* so construed it, how different had their hopes been, their attempts, their results! But so and not otherwise did the Upper Powers will it to be. Freedom by social Contract: such was verily the Gospel of that Era. And all men had believed in it, as in a

Heaven's Glad-tidings men should; and with overflowing heart and uplifted voice clave to it, and stood fronting Time and Eternity on it. Nay smile not; or only with a smile sadder than tears! This too was a better faith than the one it had replaced; than faith merely in the Everlasting Nothing and man's Digestive Power; lower than *which* no faith can go.

Not that such universally prevalent, universally jurant, feeling of Hope could be a unanimous one. Far from that. The time was ominous: social dissolution near and certain; social renovation still a problem, difficult and distant, even though sure. But if ominous to some clearest onlooker, whose faith stood not with the one side or with the other, nor in the ever-vexed jarring of Greek with Greek at all,—how unspeakably ominous to dim Royalist participators; for whom Royalism was Mankind's palladium; for whom, with the abolition of Most-Christian Kingship and Most-Talleyrand Bishopship, all loyal obedience, all religious faith was to expire, and final Night envelop the Destinies of Man! On serious hearts, of that persuasion, the matter sinks down deep; prompting, as we have seen, to backstairs plots, to Emigration with pledge of war, to Monarchic Clubs; nay to still madder things.

The Spirit of Prophecy, for instance, had been considered extinct for some centuries: nevertheless these last-times, as indeed is the tendency of last-times, do revive it; that so, of French mad things, we might have sample also of the maddest. In remote rural districts, whither Philosophism has not yet radiated, where a heterodox Constitution of the Clergy is bringing strife round the altar itself, and the very Church-bells are getting melted into small money-coin,[1] it appears probable that the End of the World cannot be far off. Deep-musing atrabiliar old men, especially old women, hint in

[1] [The church bells were not melted down until the time of the Terror, and then by no means generally, save in the most Jacobinical towns.—ED.]

an obscure way that they know what they know. The Holy Virgin, silent so long, has not gone dumb;—and truly now, if ever more in this world, were the time for her to speak. One Prophetess, though careless Historians have omitted her name, condition and whereabout, becomes audible to the general ear; credible to not a few; credible to Friar Gerle, poor Patriot Chartreux, in the National Assembly itself! She, in Pythoness recitative, with wild-staring eye, sings that there shall be a Sign; that the heavenly Sun himself will hang out a Sign, or Mock Sun,—which, many say, shall be stamped with the Head of hanged Favras. List, Dom Gerle, with that poor addled poll of thine; list, O, list;—and hear nothing.[1]

Notable, however, was that "magnetic vellum, *vélin magnétique*," of the Sieurs d'Hozier and Petit-Jean, Parlementeers of Rouen. Sweet young D'Hozier, "bred in the faith of his Missal, and of parchment genealogies," and of parchment generally; adust, melancholic, middle-aged Petit-Jean: why came these two to Saint-Cloud, where his Majesty was hunting, on the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul; and waited there, in antechambers, a wonder to whispering Swiss, the livelong day; and even waited without the Grates, when turned out; and had dismissed their valets to Paris, as with purpose of endless waiting? They have a *magnetic vellum*, these two; whereon the Virgin, wonderfully clothing herself in Mesmerean Cagliostric Occult-Philosophy, has inspired them to jot down instructions and predictions for a much-straitened King. To whom by Higher Order, they will this day present it; and save the Monarchy and World. Unaccountable pair of visual-objects! Ye should be men, and of the Eighteenth Century; but your magnetic vellum forbids us so to interpret. Say, are ye aught? Thus ask the Guardhouse Captains, the Mayor of Saint-Cloud; nay, at great length, thus asks the Committee of Researches,

[1] "Deux Amis," v. 7.

and not the Municipal, but the National Assembly one. No distinct answer, for weeks. At last it becomes plain that the right answer is *negative*. Go, ye Chimeras, with your magnetic vellum; sweet young Chimera, adust middle-aged one! The Prison-doors are open. Hardly again shall ye preside the Rouen Chamber of Accounts; but vanish obscurely into Limbo.[1]

[1] See "Deux Amis," v. 190.

CHAPTER VIII

SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT

SUCH dim masses, and specks of even deepest black, work in that white-hot glow of the French mind, now wholly in fusion and *con*fusion. Old women here swearing their ten children on the new Evangel of Jean Jacques; old women there looking up for Favras' Heads in the celestial Luminary: these *are* preternatural signs, prefiguring somewhat.

In fact, to the Patriot children of Hope themselves it is undeniable that difficulties exist: emigrating Seigneurs; Parlements in sneaking but most malicious mutiny[1] (though the rope is round their neck); above all, the most decided "deficiency of grains." Sorrowful; but, to a Nation that hopes, not irremediable. To a Nation which is in fusion and ardent communion of thought; which, for example, on signal of one Fugleman, will lift its right-hand like a drilled regiment, and swear and illuminate, till every village from Ardennes to the Pyrenees has rolled its village-drum, and sent up its little oath, and glimmer of tallow-illumination some fathoms into the reign of Night!

If grains are defective, the fault is not of Nature or National Assembly, but of Art and Anti-National Intriguers. Such malign individuals, of the scoundrel species, have power to vex us, while the Constitution is a-making. Endure it, ye heroic Patriots: nay rather,

[1] [The "Parlements" made scarcely any attempts at resistance except in Dauphiné, where Mounier and others stirred up the old provincial feeling: it was against this that the towns of Etoile and Montélimart protested in their civic oath and federation.—ED.]

why not cure it? Grains do grow, they lie extant there in sheaf or sack; only that regraters and Royalist plotters, to provoke the People into illegality, obstruct the transport of grains.[1] Quick, ye organised Patriot Authorities, armed National Guards, meet together; unite your goodwill; in union is tenfold strength: let the concentred flash of your Patriotism strike stealthy Scoundrelism blind, paralytic, as with a *coup de soleil.*

Under which hat or nightcap of the Twenty-five millions, this pregnant Idea first arose, for in some one head it did rise, no man can now say. A most small idea, near at hand for the whole world: but a living one, fit; and which waxed, whether into greatness or not, into immeasurable size. When a Nation is in this state that the Fugleman can operate on it, what will the word in season, the act in season, not do! It will grow verily, like the Boy's Bean, in the Fairy-Tale, heaven-high, with habitations and adventures on it, in one night. It is nevertheless unfortunately still a Bean (for your long-lived Oak grows *not* so); and the next night, it may lie felled, horizontal, trodden into common mud.—But remark, at least, how natural to any agitated Nation, which has Faith, this business of Covenanting is. The Scotch, believing in a righteous Heaven above them, and also in a Gospel far other than the Jean-Jacques one, swore, in their extreme need, a Solemn League and Covenant,—as Brothers on the forlorn-hope, and imminence of battle, who embrace, looking godward: and got the whole Isle to swear it; and even, in their tough Old-Saxon, Hebrew-Presbyterian way, to keep it more or less;—for the thing, as such things are, was heard in Heaven and partially ratified there: neither is it yet dead, if thou wilt look, nor like to die. The French too, with their Gallic-Ethnic excitability and effervescence, have, as we have seen, real

[1] [The Assembly had swept away all customs barriers and decreed freedom of transit for all goods; but the old habits of hoarding corn (especially in time of scarcity) were deep-rooted. The talk about a royalist plot to starve the people (*Pacte de Famine*) was merely hysterical, but it was widely believed.—ED.]

Faith, of a sort; they are hard bested, though in the middle of Hope: a National Solemn League and Covenant there may be in France too; under how different conditions; with how different development and issue!

Note, accordingly, the small commencement; first spark of a mighty firework: for if the particular *hat* cannot be fixed upon, the particular District can. On the 29th day of last November, were National Guards by the thousand seen filing, from far and near, with military music, with Municipal officers in tricolor sashes, towards and along the Rhone-stream, to the little town of Etoile. There with ceremonial evolution and manœuvre, with fanfaronading, musketry salvoes, and what else the Patriot genius could devise, they made oath and obtestation to stand faithfully by one another, under Law and King; in particular, to have all manner of grains, while grains there were, freely circulated, in spite both of robber and regrater. This was the meeting of Etoile, in the mild end of November 1789.

But now, if a mere empty Review, followed by Review-dinner, ball, and such gesticulation and flirtation as there may be, interests the happy County-town, and makes it the envy of surrounding County-towns, how much more might this! In a fortnight, larger Montélimart, half ashamed of itself, will do as good, and better. On the Plain of Montélimart, or what is equally sonorous, "under the Walls of Montélimart, the 13th of December sees new gathering and obtestation; six thousand strong; and now indeed, with these three remarkable improvements, as unanimously resolved on there. First, that the men of Montélimart do federate with the already federated men of Etoile. Second, that, implying not expressing the circulation of grain, they "swear in the face of God and their Country" with much more emphasis and comprehensiveness, "to obey all decrees of the National Assembly, and see them obeyed, till death, *jusqu'à la mort*." Third, and most important, that official record of all this be solemnly delivered in, to the National Assembly, to M. de Lafayette, and "to the Restorer of

French Liberty"; who shall all take what comfort from it they can. Thus does larger Montélimart vindicate its Patriot importance, and maintain its rank in the municipal scale.[1]

And so, with the New-year, the signal is hoisted: for is not a National Assembly, and solemn deliverance there, at lowest a National Telegraph? Not only grain shall circulate, while there is grain, on highways or the Rhone-waters, over all that South-Eastern region,—where also if Monseigneur d'Artois saw good to break in from Turin, hot welcome might await him; but whatsoever Province of France is straitened for grain, or vexed with a mutinous Parlement, unconstitutional plotters, Monarchic Clubs, or any other Patriot ailment, can go and do likewise, or even do better. And now, especially, when the February swearing has set them all agog! From Brittany to Burgundy, on most Plains of France, under most City-walls, it is a blaring of trumpets, waving of banners, a Constitutional manœuvering: under the vernal skies, while Nature too is putting forth her green Hopes, under bright sunshine defaced by the stormful East; like Patriotism victorious, though with difficulty, over Aristocracy and defect of grain! There march and constitutionally wheel, to the *ça-ira*-ing mood of fife and drum, under their tricolor Municipals, our clear-gleaming Phalanxes; or halt, with uplifted right-hand, and artillery salvoes that imitate Jove's thunder; and all the Country, and metaphorically all "the Universe," is looking on. Wholly, in their best apparel, brave men, and beautifully dizened women, most of whom have lovers there; swearing, by the eternal Heavens and this green-growing all-nutritive Earth, that France is free!

Sweetest days, when (astonishing to say) mortals have actually met together in communion and fellowship; and man, were it only once through long despicable centuries, is for moments verily the brother of man!—And then the Deputations to the National Assembly,

[1] "Hist. Parl.," vii. 4.

with high-flown descriptive harangue; to M. de Lafayette, and the Restorer; very frequently moreover to the Mother of Patriotism, sitting on her stout benches in that Hall of the Jacobins! The general ear is filled with Federation. New names of Patriots emerge, which shall one day become familiar: Boyer-Fonfrède eloquent denunciator of a rebellious Bordeaux Parlement; Max Isnard eloquent reporter of the Federation of Draguignan; eloquent pair, separated by the whole breadth of France, who are nevertheless to meet. Ever wider burns the flame of Federation; ever wider and also brighter. Thus the Brittany and Anjou brethren mention a Fraternity of *all* true Frenchmen; and go the length of invoking "perdition and death" on any renegade: moreover, if in their National-Assembly harangue, they glance plaintively at the *marc d'argent* which makes so many citizens *passive*, they, over in the Mother-Society, ask, being henceforth themselves "neither Bretons nor Angevins but French," Why all France has not one Federation, and universal Oath of Brotherhood, once for all?[1] A most pertinent suggestion; dating from the end of March. Which pertinent suggestion the whole Patriot world cannot but catch, and reverberate and agitate till it become *loud*;—which in that case the Townhall Municipals had better take up, and meditate.

Some universal Federation seems inevitable: the Where is given; clearly Paris: only the When, the How? These also productive Time will give; is already giving. For always as the Federative work goes on, it perfects itself, and Patriot genius adds contribution after contribution. Thus, at Lyons, in the end of the May month, we behold as many as fifty, or some say sixty thousand, met to federate; and a multitude looking on, which it would be difficult to number. From dawn to dusk! For our Lyons Guardsmen took rank, at five in the bright dewy morning; came pouring in, bright-gleaming, to the Quai de Rhone, to march thence to the

[1] Reports, etc. (in "Hist. Parl.," ix. 122-147).

Federation-field; amid wavings of hats and lady-handkerchiefs; glad shoutings of some two hundred thousand Patriot voices and hearts; the beautiful and brave! Among whom, courting no notice, and yet the notablest of all, what queen-like Figure is this; with her escort of house-friends and Champagneux the Patriot Editor; come abroad with the earliest? Radiant with enthusiasm are those dark eyes, is that strong Minerva-face, looking dignity and earnest joy; joyfulest she where all are joyful. It is Roland de la Platrière's Wife! [1] Strict elderly Roland, King's Inspector of Manufactures here; and now likewise, by popular choice, the strictest of our new Lyons Municipals: a man who has gained much, if worth and faculty be gain; but, above all things, has gained to wife Phlipon the Paris Engraver's daughter. Reader, mark that queen-like burgher-woman: beautiful, Amazonian-graceful to the eye; more so to the mind. Unconscious of her worth (as all worth is), of her greatness, of her crystal clearness; genuine, the creature of Sincerity and Nature, in an age of Artificiality, Pollution and Cant; there, in her still completeness, in her still invincibility, *she*, if thou knew it, is the noblest of all living Frenchwomen,—and will be seen, one day. O, blessed rather while *un*seen, even of herself! For the present she gazes, nothing doubting, into this grand theatricality; and thinks her young dreams are to be fulfilled.

From dawn to dusk, as we said, it lasts; and truly a sight like few. Flourishes of drums and trumpets are something: but think of an "artificial Rock fifty feet high," all cut into crag-steps, not without the similitude of "shrubs"! The interior cavity,—for in sooth it is made of deal,—stands solemn, a "Temple of Concord": on the outer summit rises "a Statue of Liberty," colossal, seen for miles, with her Pike and Phrygian Cap,[2] and

[1] Madame Roland, "Mémoires," i. (Discours Préliminaire, p. 23).

[2] [Phrygian cap: the cap of liberty, because associated with the wild rites of Cybele and Bacchus. This cap was not generally

civic column; at her feet a Country's Altar, "*Autel de la Patrie*":—on all which neither deal-timber nor lath-and-plaster, with paint of various colours, have been spared. But fancy then the banners all placed on the steps of the Rock; high-mass chanted; and the civic oath of fifty thousand: with what volcanic outburst of sound from iron and other throats, enough to frighten back the very Soane and Rhone; and how the brightest fireworks, and balls, and even repasts closed in that night of the gods![1] And so the Lyons Federation vanishes too, swallowed of darkness;—and yet not wholly, for our brave fair Roland was there; also she, though in the deepest privacy, writes her Narrative of it in Champagneux's "Courrier de Lyons"; a piece which "circulates to the extent of sixty thousand"; which one would like now to read.

But on the whole, Paris, we may see, will have little to devise; will only have to borrow and apply. And then as to the day, what day of all the calendar is fit, if the Bastille Anniversary be not? The particular spot too, it is easy to see, must be the Champ-de-Mars; where many a Julian the Apostate has been lifted on bucklers, to France's or the world's sovereignty; and iron Franks, loud-clanging, have responded to the voice of a Charlemagne; and from of old mere sublimities have been familiar.

worn in France until the release of the Swiss Chateau-Vieux. See vol. ii., bk. v., chap. x.—ED.]

[1] "Hist. Parl.," xii. 274.

CHAPTER IX

SYMBOLIC

HOW natural, in all decisive circumstances, is Symbolic Representation to all kinds of men! Nay, what is man's whole terrestrial Life but a Symbolic Representation, and making visible, of the Celestial invisible Force that is in him? By act and word he strives to do it; with sincerity, if possible; failing that, with theatricality, which latter also may have its meaning. An Almacks[1] Masquerade is not nothing; in more genial ages, your Christmas Guisings, Feasts of the Ass, Abbots of Unreason, were a considerable something: sincere sport they were; as Almacks may still be sincere wish for sport. But what, on the other hand, must not sincere earnest have been; say, a Hebrew Feast of Tabernacles have been! A whole Nation gathered, in the name of the Highest, under the eye of the Highest; imagination herself flagging under the reality; and all noblest Ceremony as yet not grown ceremonial, but solemn, significant to the outmost fringe! Neither, in modern private life, are theatrical scenes, of tearful women wetting whole ells of cambric in concert, of impassioned bushy-whiskered youth threatening suicide, and suchlike, to be so entirely detested: drop thou a tear over them thyself rather.

At any rate, one can remark that no Nation will throw-by its work, and deliberately go out to make a scene, without meaning something thereby. For indeed no scenic individual, with knavish hypocritical views, will take the trouble to *soliloquise* a scene: and now

[1] [Almack's was a fashionable lounge and gambling-house in London.—ED.]

consider, is not a scenic Nation placed precisely in that predicament of soliloquising; for its own behoof alone; to solace its own sensibilities, maudlin or other?—Yet in this respect, of readiness for scenes, the difference of Nations, as of men, is very great. If our Saxon Puritanic friends, for example, swore and signed their National Covenant, without discharge of gunpowder, or the beating of any drum, in a dingy Covenant-Close of the Edinburgh High-street, in a mean room, where men now drink mean liquor, it was consistent with their ways so to swear it. Our Gallic-Encyclopedic friends, again, must have a Champ-de-Mars, seen of all the world, or universe; and such a Scenic Exhibition, to which the Coliseum Amphitheatre was but a strollers' barn, as this old Globe of ours had never or hardly ever beheld. Which method also we reckon natural, then and there. Nor perhaps was the respective *keeping* of these two Oaths far out of due proportion to such respective display in taking them: inverse proportion, namely. For the theatricality of a People goes in a compound ratio: ratio indeed of their trustfulness, sociability, fervency; but then also of their excitability, of their porosity, not *continent*; or say, of their explosiveness, hot-flashing, but which does not last.

How true also, once more, is it that no man or Nation of men, *conscious* of doing a great thing, was ever, in that thing, doing other than a small one! O Champ-de-Mars Federation, with three hundred drummers, twelve hundred wind-musicians, and artillery planted on height after height to boom the tidings of it all over France, in few minutes! Could no Atheist-Naigeon[1] contrive to discern, eighteen centuries off, those Thirteen most poor mean-dressed men, at frugal Supper, in a mean Jewish dwelling, with no symbol but hearts god-initiated into the "Divine depth of Sorrow," and a *Do this in remembrance of me*;—and so cease that small difficult crowing of his, if he were not doomed to it?

[1] [Naigeon, a follower of Diderot, author of some atheistical writings.—ED.]

CHAPTER X

MANKIND

PARDONABLE are human theatricalities; nay, perhaps touching, like the passionate utterance of a tongue which with sincerity *stammers*; of a head which with insincerity *babbles*,—having gone distracted. Yet, in comparison with unpremeditated outbursts of Nature, such as an Insurrection of Women, how foisonless,[1] unedifying, undelightful; like small ale palled, like an effervescence that has effervesced! Such scenes, coming of forethought, were they world-great, and never so cunningly devised, are at bottom mainly pasteboard and paint. But the others are original; emitted from the great everliving heart of Nature herself: what figure *they* will assume is unspeakably significant. To us, therefore, let the French National Solemn League and Federation be the highest recorded triumph of the Thespian Art: triumphant surely, since the whole Pit, which was of Twenty-five Millions, not only claps hands, but does itself spring on the boards and passionately set to playing there. And being such, be it treated as such: with sincere cursory admiration; with wonder from afar. A whole Nation gone mumming deserves so much; but deserves not that loving minuteness a Menadic Insurrection did. Much more let prior, and as it were rehearsal scenes of Federation come and go, henceforward, as they list; and, on Plains and under City-walls, innumerable regimental bands blare-off into the Inane, without note from us.

[1] [Foisonless (a Scotticism) = weak: from the old French word *foison* = plenty.—ED.]

One scene, however, the hastiest reader will momentarily pause on: that of Anacharsis Clootz and the Collective sinful Posterity of Adam.—For a Patriot Municipality has now, on the 4th of June, got its plan concocted, and got it sanctioned by National Assembly; a Patriot King assenting; to whom, were he even free to dissent, Federative harangues, overflowing with loyalty, have doubtless a transient sweetness. There shall come Deputed National Guards, so many in the hundred, from each of the Eighty-three Departments of France. Likewise from all Naval and Military King's Forces shall Deputed quotas come; such Federation of National with Royal Soldier has, taking place spontaneously, been already seen and sanctioned. For the rest, it is hoped, as many as forty thousand may arrive: expenses to be borne by the Deputing District; of all which let District and Department take thought, and elect fit men,—whom the Paris brethren will fly to meet and welcome.

Now, therefore, judge if our Patriot Artists are busy; taking deep counsel how to make the Scene worthy of a look from the Universe! As many as fifteen thousand men, spademen, barrow-men, stonebuilders, rammers, with their engineers, are at work on the Champ-de-Mars; hollowing it out into a National Amphitheatre, fit for such solemnity. For one may hope it will be annual and perennial; a "Feast of Pikes, *Fête des Piques*," notablest among the hightides of the year: in any case, ought not a scenic Free Nation to have some permanent National Amphitheatre? The Champ-de-Mars is getting hollowed out; and the daily talk and the nightly dream in most Parisian heads is of Federation and that only. Federate Deputies are already under way. National Assembly, what with its natural work, what with hearing and answering harangues of these Federates, of this Federation, will have enough to do! Harangue of "American Committee," among whom is that faint figure of Paul Jones as "with the stars dim-twinkling through it,"—come to congratulate us on the

prospect of such auspicious day. Harangue of Bastille Conquerors, come to "renounce" any special recompense, any peculiar place at the solemnity;[1]—since the Centre Grenadiers rather grumble. Harangue of "Tennis-Court Club," who enter with far-gleaming Brass-plate, aloft on a pole, and the Tennis-Court Oath engraved thereon; which far-gleaming Brass-plate they purpose to affix solemnly in the Versailles original locality, on the 20th of this month, which is the anniversary, as a deathless memorial, for some years: they will then dine, as they come back, in the Bois de Boulogne;[2]—cannot, however, do it without apprising the world. To such things does the august National Assembly ever and anon cheerfully listen, suspending its regenerative labours; and with some touch of impromptu eloquence, make friendly reply;—as indeed the wont has long been; for it is a gesticulating, sympathetic People, and has a heart, and wears it on its sleeve.

In which circumstances, it occurred to the mind of Anacharsis Clootz, that while so much was embodying itself into Club or Committee, and perorating applauded, there yet remained a greater and greatest; of which, if *it* also took body and perorated, what might not the effect be: Humankind namely, *le Genre Humain* itself! In what rapt creative moment the Thought rose in Anacharsis's soul; all his throes, while he went about giving shape and birth to it; how he was sneered at by cold worldlings; but did sneer again, being a man of polished sarcasm; and moved to and fro persuasive in coffeehouse and soirée, and dived down assiduous-obscure in the great deep of Paris, making his Thought a Fact: of all this the spiritual biographies of that period say

[1] [The leaving out of the Bastille heroes is regarded by M. Aulard ("Hist. politique de la Rév. Fr.," p. 84) as a sign of Lafayette's influence and of the general fear of the populace. The National Guard was, in Paris, entirely composed of active citizens (*i.e.*, taxpayers) and was essentially a *bourgeois* force up to the close of 1791.—ED.]

[2] See "Deux Amis," v. 122; "Hist. Parl.," etc.

nothing. Enough that on the 19th evening of June 1790, the sun's slant rays lighted a spectacle such as our foolish little Planet has not often had to show: Anacharsis Clootz entering the august Salle de Manége, with the Human Species at his heels, Swedes, Spaniards, Polacks; Turks, Chaldeans, Greeks, dwellers in Mesopotamia; behold them all; they have come to claim place in the grand Federation, having an undoubted interest in it.[1]

"Our Ambassador titles," said the fervid Clootz, "are not written on parchment, but on the living hearts of all men." These whiskered Polacks, long-flowing turbaned Ishmaelites, astrological Chaldeans, who stand so mute here, let them plead with you, august Senators, more eloquently than eloquence could. They are the mute representatives of their tongue-tied, befettered, heavy-laden Nations; who from out of that dark bewilderment gaze wistful, amazed, with half-incredulous hope, towards you, and this your bright light of a French Federation: bright particular daystar, the herald of universal day. We claim to stand there, as mute monuments, pathetically adumbrative of much.—From bench and gallery comes "repeated applause"; for what august Senator but is flattered even by the very shadow of Human Species depending on him? From President Sieyes, who presides this remarkable fortnight, in spite of his small voice, there comes eloquent though shrill reply. Anacharsis and the "Foreigners Committee" shall have place at the Federation; on condition of telling their respective Peoples what they see there. In the mean time, we invite them to the "honours of the sitting, *honneur de la séance*." A long-flowing Turk, for rejoinder, bows with Eastern solemnity, and utters articulate sounds: but owing to his imperfect knowledge of the French dialect,[2] his words are like spilt water; the thought he had in him remains conjectural to this day.

[1] [For a full account of Clootz's deputation see Mr. Alger's "Glimpses of the Fr. Rev.," pp. 88-114. There was one Englishman in it, named Pigott.—ED.]

[2] "Moniteur," etc. (in "Hist. Parl.," xii. 283).

Anacharsis and Mankind accept the honours of the sitting; and have forthwith, as the old Newspapers still testify, the satisfaction to see several things. First and chief, on the motion of Lameth, Lafayette, Saint-Fargeau and other Patriot Nobles, let the others repugn as they will: all Titles of Nobility, from Duke to Esquire, or lower, are henceforth *abolished*.[1] Then, in like manner, Livery Servants, or rather the Livery of Servants. Neither, for the future, shall any man or woman, self-styled noble, be "incensed,"—foolishly fumigated with incense, in Church; as the wont has been. In a word, Feudalism being dead these ten months, why should her empty trappings and scutcheons survive? the very Coats-of-arms will require to be obliterated;—and yet Cassandra-Marat on this and the other coach-panel notices that they "are but painted over," and threaten to peer through again.

So that henceforth De Lafayette is but the Sieur Motier, and Saint-Fargeau is plain Michel Lepelletier; and Mirabeau soon after has to say huffingly, "With your *Riquetti* you have set Europe at cross-purposes for three days." For his Counthood is not indifferent to this man; which indeed the admiring People treat him with to the last. But let extreme Patriotism rejoice, and chiefly Anacharsis and Mankind; for now it seems to be taken for granted that one Adam is Father of us all!—

Such was, in historical accuracy, the famed feat of Anacharsis. Thus did the most extensive of Public Bodies find a sort of spokesman. Whereby at least we may judge of one thing: what a humour the once sniffing mocking City of Paris and Baron Clootz had got into; when such exhibition could appear a propriety, next door to a sublimity. It is true, Envy did, in after-times,

[1] [The abolition of all titles of nobility was another concession to the spirit of social equality, which proved to be a stronger feeling than the desire for political liberty. The decree (passed June 20th, 1790) was, however, much evaded until the monarchy fell.—ED.]

pervert this success of Anacharsis; making him, from incidental "Speaker of the Foreign-Nations Committee," claim to be official permanent "Speaker, *Orateur*, of the Human Species," which he only deserved to be; and alleging, calumniously, that his astrological Chaldeans, and the rest, were a mere French tagrag-and-bobtail disguised for the nonce; and, in short, sneering and fleering at him in *her* cold barren way: all which however, he, the man he was, could receive on thick enough panoply, or even rebound therefrom, and also go *his* way.

Most extensive of Public Bodies, we may call it; and also the most unexpected: for who could have thought to see All Nations in the Tuileries Riding-Hall? But so it is; and truly as strange things may happen when a whole People goes mumming and miming. Hast not thou thyself perchance seen diademed Cleopatra, daughter of the Ptolemies, pleading, almost with bended knee, in unheroic tea-parlour, or dimlit retail-shop, to inflexible gross Burghal Dignitary, for leave to reign and die; being dressed for it, and moneyless, with small children; —while suddenly Constables have shut the Thespian barn, and her Antony pleaded in vain? Such visual spectra flit across this Earth, if the Thespian Stage be rudely interfered with: but much more, when, as was said, Pit jumps on Stage, then is it verily, as in Herr Tieck's Drama, a *Verkehrte Welt*, or World Topsy-turvied!

Having seen the Human Species itself, to have seen the "*Dean* of the Human Species" ceased now to be a miracle. Such "*Doyen du Genre Humain*, Eldest of Men," had shown himself there, in these weeks: Jean Claude Jacob, a born Serf, deputed from his native Jura Mountains to thank the National Assembly for enfranchising them. On his bleached worn face are ploughed the furrowings of one hundred and twenty years. He has heard dim *patois*-talk, of immortal Grand-Monarch victories; of a burned Palatinate, as *he* toiled and moiled to make a little speck of this Earth greener; of Cevennes

Dragoonings;[1] of Marlborough going to the war. Four generations have bloomed out, and loved and hated, and rustled off: he was forty-six when Louis Fourteenth died. The Assembly, as one man, spontaneously rose, and did reverence to the Eldest of the World; old Jean is to take *séance* among them, honourably, with covered head. He gazes feebly there, with his old eyes, on that new wonder-scene; dreamlike to him, and uncertain, wavering amid fragments of old memories and dreams. For Time is all growing unsubstantial, dreamlike; Jean's eyes and mind are weary, and about to close,—and open on a far other wonder-scene, which shall be real. Patriot Subscription, Royal Pension was got for him, and he returned home glad; but in two months more he left it all, and went on his unknown way.[2]

[1] [The *dragonnades* ordered by Louis XIV. against the Protestants after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.—ED.]
[2] "Deux Amis," iv. iii.

CHAPTER XI

AS IN THE AGE OF GOLD

MEANWHILE to Paris, ever going and returning, day after day, and all day long, towards that Field of Mars, it becomes painfully apparent that the spade-work there cannot be got done in time. There is such an area of it; three hundred thousand square feet: for from the Ecole Militaire (which will need to be done up in wood with balconies and galleries) westward to the Gate by the River (where also shall be wood, in triumphal arches), we count some thousand yards of length; and for breadth, from this umbrageous Avenue of eight rows, on the South side, to that corresponding one on the North, some thousand feet more or less. All this to be scooped out, and wheeled up in slope along the sides; high enough; for it must be rammed down there, and shaped stair-wise into as many as "thirty ranges of convenient seats," firm-trimmed with turf, covered with enduring timber;—and then our huge pyramidal Fatherland's-Altar, *Autel de la Patrie*, in the centre, also to be raised and stair-stepped. Force-work with a vengeance; it is a World's Amphitheatre! There are but fifteen days good: and at this languid rate, it might take half as many weeks. What is singular too, the spademen seem to work lazily; they will not work double-tides, even for offer of more wages, though their tide is but seven hours; they declare angrily that the human tabernacle requires occasional rest!

Is it Aristocrats secretly bribing? Aristocrats were capable of that. Only six months since, did not evidence get afloat that subterranean Paris,—for we stand

over quarries and catacombs, dangerously, as it were midway between Heaven and the Abyss, and are hollow underground,—was charged with gunpowder, which should make us "leap"? Till a Cordeliers Deputation actually went to examine, and found it—carried off again![1] An accursed, incurable brood; all asking for "passports," in these sacred days. Trouble, of rioting, château-burning, is in the Limousin and elsewhere; for they are busy! Between the best of Peoples and the best of Restorer Kings they would sow grudges; with what a fiend's grin would they see this Federation, looked for by the Universe, fail!

Fail for want of spadework, however, it shall not. He that has four limbs and a French heart can do spadework; and will! On the first July Monday, scarcely has the signal-cannon boomed; scarcely have the languescent mercenary Fifteen Thousand laid down their tools, and the eyes of onlookers turned sorrowfully to the still high Sun; when this and the other Patriot, fire in his eye, snatches barrow and mattock, and himself begins indignantly wheeling. Whom scores and then hundreds follow; and soon a volunteer Fifteen Thousand are shovelling and trundling; with the heart of giants: and all in right order, with that extemporaneous adroitness of theirs: whereby *such* a lift has been given, worth three mercenary ones;—which may end when the late twilight thickens, in triumph-shouts, heard or heard of beyond Montmartre!

A sympathetic population will *wait*, next day, with eagerness, till the tools are free. Or why wait? Spades elsewhere exist! And so now bursts forth that effulgence of Parisian enthusiasm, good-heartedness and brotherly love; such, if Chroniclers are trustworthy, as was not witnessed since the Age of Gold. Paris, male and female, precipitates itself towards its Southwest extremity, spade on shoulder. Streams of men, without

[1] December 23d, 1789 (Newspapers in "Hist. Parl.," iv. 44).

order; or in order, as ranked fellow-craftsmen, as natural or accidental reunions, march towards the Field of Mars. Three-deep these march; to the sound of stringed music; preceded by young girls with green boughs and tricolor streamers: they have shouldered, soldier-wise, their shovels and picks; and with one throat are singing *ça-ira.* Yes, *pardieu ça-ira*, cry the passengers on the streets. All corporate Guilds, and public and private Bodies of Citizens, from the highest to the lowest, march; the very Hawkers, one finds, have ceased bawling for one day. The neighbouring Villages turn out: their able men come marching, to village fiddle or tambourine and triangle, under their Mayor, or Mayor and Curate who also walk bespaded, and in tricolor sash. As many as one hundred and fifty thousand workers; nay at certain seasons, as some count, two hundred and fifty thousand; for, in the afternoon especially, what mortal but, finishing his hasty day's work, would run! A stirring City: from the time you reach the Place Louis-Quinze, southward over the River, by all Avenues, it is one living throng. So many workers; and no mercenary mock-workers, but real ones that lie freely to it: each Patriot *stretches* himself against the stubborn glebe; hews and wheels with the whole weight that is in him.

Amiable infants, *aimables enfans*! They do the "*police de l'atelier*" too, the guidance and governance, themselves; with that ready will of theirs, with that extemporaneous adroitness. It is a true brethren's work; all distinctions confounded, abolished; as it was in the beginning, when Adam himself delved. Long-frocked tonsured Monks, with short-skirted Water-carriers, with swallow-tailed well-frizzled *Incroyables* of a Patriot turn; dark Charcoalmen, meal-white Peruke-makers; or Peruke-wearers, for Advocate and Judge are there, and all Heads of Districts: sober Nuns sisterlike with flaunting Nymphs of the Opera, and females in common circumstances named unfortunate: the patriot Ragpicker, and perfumed dweller in palaces; for Patriotism, like New-

birth, and also like Death, levels all. The Printers have come marching, Prudhomme's all in Paper-caps with *Révolutions de Paris* printed on them;—as Camille notes; wishing that in these great days there should be a *Pacte des Ecrivains* too, or Federation of Able Editors.[1] Beautiful to see! The snowy linen and delicate pantaloon alternates with the soiled check-shirt and bushel-breeches; for both have cast their coats, and under both are four limbs and a set of Patriot muscles. There do they pick and shovel; or bend forward, yoked in long strings to box-barrow or overloaded tumbril; joyous, with one mind. Abbé Sieyes is seen pulling, wiry, vehement, if too light for draught; by the side of Beauharnais, who shall get Kings though he be none. Abbé Maury did not pull; but the Charcoalmen brought a mummer guised like him, and he had to pull in effigy. Let no august Senator disdain the work: Mayor Bailly, Generalissimo Lafayette are there;—and, alas, shall be there *again* another day! The King himself comes to see: sky-rending *Vive-le-roi!* "and suddenly with shouldered spades they form a guard of honour round him." Whosoever can come comes; to work, or to look, and bless the work.

Whole families have come. One whole family we see clearly of three generations: the father picking, the mother shovelling, the young ones wheeling assiduous; old grandfather, hoary with ninety-three years, holds in his arms the youngest of all:[2] frisky, not helpful this one; who nevertheless may tell it to *his* grandchildren; and how the Future and the Past alike looked on, and with failing or with half-formed voice, faltered their *ça-ira.* A vintner has wheeled in, on Patriot truck, beverage of wine: "Drink not, my brothers, if ye are not thirsty; that your cask may last the longer": neither did any drink but men "evidently exhausted." A dapper Abbé looks on, sneering: "To the barrow!" cry several; whom he, lest a worst thing befall him, obeys: neverthe-

[1] See Newspapers, etc. (in "Hist. Parl.," vi. 381-406).
[2] Mercier, ii. 76, etc.

less one wiser Patriot barrowman, arriving now, interposes his "*arrêtez*"; setting down his own barrow, he snatches the Abbé's; trundles it fast, like an infected thing, forth of the Champ-de-Mars circuit, and discharges it *there*. Thus too a certain person (of some quality, or private capital, to appearance), entering hastily, flings down his coat, waistcoat and two watches, and is rushing to the thick of the work: "But your watches?" cries the general voice.—"Does one distrust his brothers?" answers he; nor were the watches stolen. How beautiful is noble-sentiment: like gossamer gauze, beautiful and cheap; which will stand no tear and wear! Beautiful cheap gossamer gauze, thou film-shadow of a raw-material of Virtue, which art *not* woven, nor likely to be, into Duty; thou art better than nothing, and also worse!

Young Boarding-school Boys, College Students, shout *Vive la Nation*, and regret that they have yet "only their sweat to give." What say we of Boys? Beautifulest Hebes; the loveliest of Paris, in their light air-robes, with riband-girdle of tricolor, are there; shovelling and wheeling with the rest; their Hebe eyes brighter with enthusiasm, and long hair in beautiful dishevelment; broad-pressed are their small fingers; but they make the patriot barrow go, and even force it to the summit of the slope (with a little tracing, which what man's arm were not too happy to lend?)—then bound down with it again, and go for more; with their long locks and tricolors blown back; graceful as the rosy Hours. O, as that evening Sun fell over the Champ-de-Mars, and tinted with fire the thick umbrageous boscage that shelters it on this hand and on that, and struck direct on those Domes and two-and-forty Windows of the Ecole Militaire, and made them all of burnished gold,—saw he on his wide zodiac road other such sight? A living garden spotted and dotted with such flowerage; all colours of the prism; the beautifulest blent friendly with the usefulest; all growing and working brotherlike there under one warm feeling, were it

but for days; once and no second time! But Night is sinking; these Nights, too, into Eternity. The hastiest traveller Versailles-ward has drawn bridle on the heights of Chaillot: and looked for moments over the River; reporting at Versailles what he saw, not without tears.[1]

Meanwhile, from all points of the compass, Federates are arriving: fervid children of the South, "who glory in their Mirabeau"; considerate North-blooded Mountaineers of Jura; sharp Bretons, with their Gaelic suddenness; Normans, not to be overreached in bargain: all now animated with one noblest fire of Patriotism. Whom the Paris brethren march forth to receive; with military solemnities, with fraternal embracing, and a hospitality worthy of the heroic ages. They assist at the Assembly's Debates, these Federates; the Galleries are reserved for them. They assist in the toils of the Champ-de-Mars; each new troop will put its hand to the spade; lift a hod of earth on the Altar of the Fatherland. But the flourishes of rhetoric, for it is a gesticulating People; the moral-sublime of those Addresses to an august Assembly, to a Patriot Restorer! Our Breton Captain of Federates kneels even, in a fit of enthusiasm, and gives up his sword; he wet-eyed to a King wet-eyed. Poor Louis! These, as he said afterwards, were among the bright days of his life.

Reviews also there must be; royal Federate-reviews, with King, Queen and tricolor Court looking on: at lowest, if, as is too common, it rains, our Federate Volunteers will file through the inner gateways, Royalty standing dry. Nay there, should some stop occur, the beautifulest fingers in France may take you softly by the lapelle, and, in mild flute-voice, ask: "Monsieur, of what Province are you?" Happy he who can reply, chivalrously lowering his sword's point, "Madame, from the Province your ancestors reigned over." He that happy "Provincial Advocate," now Provincial Federate,

[1] Mercier, ii. 81.

shall be rewarded by a sun-smile, and such melodious glad words addressed to a King: "Sire, these are your faithful Lorrainers." Cheerier verily, in these holidays, is this "skyblue faced with red" of a National Guardsman, than the dull black and gray of a Provincial Advocate, which in workdays one was used to. For the same thrice-blessed Lorrainer shall, this evening, stand sentry at a Queen's door; and feel that he could die a thousand deaths for her: then again, at the outer gate, and even a third time, she shall see him; nay he will make her do it; presenting arms with emphasis, "making his musket jingle again": and in her salute there shall again be a sun-smile, and that little blonde-locked too hasty Dauphin shall be admonished, "Salute, then, Monsieur; don't be unpolite"; and therewith she, like a bright Sky-wanderer or Planet with her little Moon, issues forth peculiar.[1]

But at night, when Patriot spadework is over, figure the sacred rites of hospitality! Lepelletier Saint-Fargeau, a mere private senator, but with great possessions, has daily his "hundred dinner-guests"; the table of Generalissimo Lafayette may double that number. In lowly parlour, as in lofty saloon, the wine-cup passes round; crowned by the smiles of Beauty; be it of lightly-tripping Grisette or of high-sailing Dame, for both equally have beauty, and smiles precious to the brave.

[1] Narrative by a Lorraine Federate (given in "Hist. Parl.," vi. 389-391). [Marie Antoinette's father was Francis, Duke of Lorraine: he renounced this duchy in 1738 (see note, bk. ii., chap. iv.).—ED.]

CHAPTER XII

SOUND AND SMOKE

AND so now, in spite of plotting Aristocrats, lazy hired spademen, and almost of Destiny itself (for there has been much rain too), the Champ-de-Mars, on the 13th of the month, is fairly ready: trimmed, rammed, buttressed with firm masonry; and Patriotism can stroll over it admiring; and as it were rehearsing, for in every head is some unutterable image of the morrow. Pray Heaven there be not clouds. Nay what far worse cloud is this, of a misguided Municipality that talks of admitting Patriotism to the solemnity by tickets! Was it by tickets we were admitted to the work; and to what brought the work? Did we take the Bastille by tickets? A misguided Municipality sees the error; at late midnight, rolling drums announce to Patriotism starting half out of its bed-clothes, that it is to be ticketless. Pull down thy nightcap therefore; and, with demi-articulate grumble, significant of several things, go pacified to sleep again. Tomorrow is Wednesday morning; unforgettable among the *fasti* of the world.

The morning comes, cold for a July one; but such a festivity would make Greenland smile. Through every inlet of that National Amphitheatre (for it is a league in circuit, cut with openings at due intervals), floods-in the living throng; covers, without tumult, space after space. The Ecole Militaire has galleries and overvaulting canopies, wherein Carpentry and Painting have vied, for the Upper Authorities; triumphal arches, at the Gate by the River, bear inscriptions, if weak, yet well-meant.

and orthodox. Far aloft, over the Altar of the Fatherland, on their tall crane standards of iron, swing pensile our antique *Cassolettes* or Pans of Incense; dispensing sweet incense-fumes,—unless for the Heathen Mythology, one sees not for whom. Two hundred thousand Patriotic Men; and, twice as good, one hundred thousand Patriotic Women, all decked and glorified as one can fancy, sit waiting in this Champ-de-Mars.

What a picture: that circle of bright-dyed Life, spread up there, on its thirty-seated Slope; leaning, one would say, on the thick umbrage of those Avenue-Trees, for the stems of them are hidden by the height; and all beyond it mere greenness of Summer Earth, with the gleams of waters, or white sparklings of stone edifices: little circular enamel picture in the centre of such a vase—of emerald! A vase not empty: the Invalides Cupolas want not their population, nor the distant Windmills of Montmartre; on remotest steeple and invisible village belfry stand men with spy-glasses. On the heights of Chaillot are many-coloured undulating groups; round and far on, over all the circling heights that embosom Paris, it is as one more or less peopled Amphitheatre; which the eye grows dim with measuring. Nay heights, as was before hinted, have cannon; and a floating-battery of cannon is on the Seine. When eye fails, ear shall serve; and all France properly is but one Amphitheatre; for in paved town and unpaved hamlet men walk listening; till the muffled thunder sound audible on their horizon, that they too may begin swearing and firing![1] But now, to streams of music, come Federates enough,—for they have assembled on the Boulevard Saint-Antoine or thereby, and come marching through the City, with their Eighty-three Department Banners, and blessings not loud but deep; comes National Assembly, and takes seat under its Canopy; comes Royalty, and takes seat on a throne beside it. And Lafayette, on white charger, is here, and all the civic Functionaries; and the

[1] "Deux Amis," v. 168.

Federates form dances, till their strictly military evolutions and manœuvres can begin.

Evolutions and manœuvres? Task not the pen of mortal to describe them: truant imagination droops;—declares that it is not worth while. There is wheeling and sweeping, to slow, to quick and double-quick time: Sieur Motier, or Generalissimo Lafayette, for they are one and the same, and he is General of France, in the King's stead, for four-and-twenty hours; Sieur Motier must step forth, with that sublime chivalrous gait of his; solemnly ascend the steps of the Fatherland's Altar, in sight of Heaven and of the scarcely breathing Earth; and, under the creak of those swinging *Cassolettes*, "pressing his sword's point firmly there," pronounce the Oath, *To King, to Law, and Nation* (not to mention "grains" with their circulating), in his own name and that of armed France. Whereat there is waving of banners, and acclaim sufficient. The National Assembly must swear, standing in its place; the King himself audibly. The King swears;[1] and now *be* the welkin split with vivats: let citizens enfranchised embrace, each smiting heartily his palm into his fellow's; and armed Federates clang their arms; above all, that floating battery speak! It has spoken,—to the four corners of France.* From eminence to eminence bursts the thunder; faint-heard, loud-repeated. What a stone, cast into what a lake; in circles that do *not* grow fainter. From Arras to Avignon; from Metz to Bayonne! Over Orléans and Blois it rolls, in cannon-recitative; Puy bellows

[1] [Lafayette's oath was: "We swear to maintain to the utmost of our power the Constitution decreed by the National Assembly and accepted by the King: we swear to protect the safety of persons and property: we swear to live united with all the French in the indissoluble ties of fraternity." The King's oath was: "I, King of the French, swear to employ all the power which is confided to me by the constitutional law, to maintain the Constitution decreed by the National Assembly, and accepted by me; and to promote the execution of the laws." The Queen raised the Dauphin aloft and cried: "Behold my son: he shares with me the same sentiments."—ED.]

of it amid his granite mountains; Pau where is the shell-cradle of Great Henri. At far Marseilles, one can think, the ruddy evening witnesses it; over the deep-blue Mediterranean waters, the Castle of If ruddy-tinted darts forth, from every cannon's mouth, its tongue of fire; and all the people shout: Yes, France is free. O glorious France, that has burst out so; into universal sound and smoke; and attained—the Phrygian *Cap* of Liberty! In all Towns, Trees of Liberty also may be planted; with or without advantage. Said we not, it was the highest stretch attained by the Thespian Art on this Planet, or perhaps attainable?[1]

The Thespian Art, unfortunately, one must still call it; for behold there, on this Field of Mars, the National Banners, before there could be any swearing, were to be all blessed. A most proper operation; since surely without Heaven's blessing bestowed, say even, audibly or inaudibly *sought*, no Earthly banner or contrivance can prove victorious: but now the means of doing it? By what thrice-divine Franklin thunder-rod shall miraculous fire be drawn out of Heaven; and descend gently, lifegiving, with health to the souls of men? Alas, by the simplest: by Two Hundred shaven-crowned Individuals, "in snow-white albs, with tricolor girdles," arranged on the steps of Fatherland's Altar; and, at their head for

[1] [Cf. Coleridge's "France: an Ode":

"When France in wrath her giant limbs upreared,
And with that oath which smote air, earth, and sea,
Stamped her strong foot and said she would be free,
—Bear witness for me how I hoped and feared."

Wordsworth also, landing at Calais on that very day, records his impressions:

"There we saw
In a mean city, and among a few,
How bright a face is worn when joy of one
Is joy for tens of millions."

For a very different scene see the way in which the *fête* was kept at Issoudun (Taine, "French Rev.," bk. iii., chap. i.).—ED.]

spokesman, Soul's-Overseer Talleyrand-Perigord![1] These shall act as miraculous thunder-rod,—to such length as they can. O ye deep azure Heavens, and thou green all-nursing Earth; ye Streams ever-flowing; deciduous Forests that die and are born again, continually, like the sons of men; stone Mountains that die daily with every rain-shower, yet are not dead and levelled for ages of ages, nor born again (it seems) but with new world-explosions, and such tumultuous seething and tumbling, steam halfway to the Moon; O thou unfathomable mystic All, garment and dwelling-place of the UNNAMED; and thou, articulate-speaking Spirit of Man, who mouldest and modellest that Unfathomable Unnameable even as we see,—is not *there* a miracle: That some French mortal should, we say not have believed, but pretended to imagine he believed that Talleyrand and Two Hundred pieces of white Calico could do it!

Here, however, we are to remark with the sorrowing Historians of that day, that suddenly, while Episcopus Talleyrand, long-stoled, with mitre and tricolor belt, was yet but hitching up the Altar-steps to do his miracle, the material Heaven grew black; a north-wind, moaning cold moisture, began to sing; and there descended a very deluge of rain. Sad to see! The thirty-staired Seats, all round our Amphitheatre, get instantaneously slated with mere umbrellas, fallacious when so thick set: our antique *Cassolettes* become water-pots; their incense-smoke gone hissing, in a whiff of muddy vapour. Alas, instead of vivats, there is nothing now but the furious peppering and rattling. From three to four hundred thousand human individuals feel that they have a skin; happily *im*pervious. The General's sash runs water: how all military banners droop; and will not wave, but lazily flap, as if metamorphosed into painted tin-banners! Worse, far worse, these hundred thousand,

[1] [Owing to the schism in the Church produced by the Civil Constitution of the Clergy, Talleyrand was the only high ecclesiastic who would officiate. His well-known scepticism justifies Carlyle's sarcasm at his action here.—ED.]

such is the Historian's testimony, of the fairest of France! Their snowy muslins all splashed and draggled; the ostrich-feather shrunk shamefully to the backbone of a feather: all caps are ruined; innermost pasteboard molten into its original pap: Beauty no longer swims decorated in her garniture, like Love-goddess hidden-revealed in her Paphian clouds, but struggles in disastrous imprisonment in it, for "the shape was noticeable"; and now only sympathetic interjections, titterings, teheeings, and resolute good-humour will avail. A deluge; an incessant sheet or fluid-column of rain;—such that our Overseer's very mitre must be filled; not a mitre, but a filled and leaky fire-bucket on his reverend head!—Regardless of which, Overseer Talleyrand performs his miracle: the Blessing of Talleyrand, another than that of Jacob, is on all the Eighty-three departmental flags of France; which wave or flap, with such thankfulness as needs. Towards three o'clock, the sun beams out again: the remaining evolutions can be transacted under bright heavens, though with decorations much damaged.[1]

On Wednesday our Federation is consummated: but the festivities last out the week, and over into the next. Festivities such as no Bagdad Caliph, or Aladdin with the Lamp, could have equalled. There is a Jousting on the River; with its water-somersets, splashing and haha-ing: Abbé Fauchet, *Te-Deum* Fauchet, preaches, for his part, in the "rotunda of the Corn-Market," a funeral harangue on Franklin; for whom the National Assembly has lately gone three days in black. The Motier and Lepelletier tables still groan with viands; roofs ringing with patriotic toasts. On the fifth evening, which is the Christian Sabbath, there is a universal Ball. Paris, out of doors and in, man, woman and child, is jigging it, to the sound of harp and four-stringed fiddle. The hoariest-headed man will tread one other measure, under this nether Moon; speechless nurselings, *infants* as we call

[1] "Deux Amis," v. 143-179.

them, νήπια τέκνα, crow in arms; and sprawl out numb-plump little limbs,—impatient for muscularity, they know not why. The stiffest balk bends more or less; all joists creak.

Or out, on the Earth's breast itself, behold the Ruins of the Bastille. All lamplit, allegorically decorated; a Tree of Liberty sixty feet high; and Phrygian Cap on it, of size enormous, under which King Arthur and his round-table might have dined! In the depths of the background is a single lugubrious lamp, rendering dim-visible one of your iron cages, half-buried, and some Prison stones,—Tyranny vanishing downwards, all gone but the skirt: the rest wholly lamp-festoons, trees real or of pasteboard; in the similitude of a fairy grove; with this inscription, readable to runner: "*Ici l'on danse*, Dancing Here." As indeed had been obscurely foreshadowed by Cagliostro[1] prophetic Quack of Quacks, when he, four years ago, quitted the grim durance;—to fall into a grimmer, of the Roman Inquisition, and not quit it.

But, after all, what is this Bastille business to that of the *Champs Elysées*! Thither, to these Fields well named Elysian, all feet tend. It is radiant as day with festooned lamps; little oil-cups, like variegated fire-flies, daintily illume the highest leaves: trees there are all sheeted with variegated fire, shedding far a glimmer into the dubious wood. There, under the free sky, do tight-limbed Federates, with fairest newfound sweethearts, elastic as Diana, and not of that coyness and tart humour of Diana, thread their jocund mazes, all through the ambrosial night; and hearts were touched and fired; and seldom surely had our old Planet, in that huge conic Shadow of hers, "which goes beyond the Moon, and is named *Night*," curtained such a Ballroom. O if, according to Seneca, the very gods look down on a good man struggling with adversity, and smile; what must they think of Five-and-twenty million

[1] See his "Lettre au Peuple Français" (London, 1786).

indifferent ones victorious over it,—for eight days and more?

In this way, and in such ways, however, has the Feast of Pikes danced itself off: gallant Federates wending homewards,[1] towards every point of the compass, with feverish nerves, heart and head much heated; some of them, indeed, as Dampmartin's elderly respectable friend from Strasburg, quite "burnt out with liquors," and flickering towards extinction.[2] The Feast of Pikes has danced itself off, and become defunct, and the ghost of a Feast;—nothing of it now remaining but this vision in men's memory; and the place that knew it (for the slope of that Champ-de-Mars is crumbled to half the original height[3]) now knowing it no more. Undoubtedly one of the memorablest National Hightides. Never or hardly ever, as we said, was Oath sworn with such heart-effusion, emphasis and expenditure of joyance; and then it was broken irremediably within year and day. Ah, why? When the swearing of it was so heavenly-joyful, bosom clasped to bosom, and Five-and-twenty million hearts all burning together; O ye inexorable Destinies, why?—Partly *because* it was sworn with such overjoyance; but chiefly, indeed, for an older reason: that Sin had come into the world, and Misery by Sin! These Five-and-twenty millions, if we will consider it, have now henceforth, with that Phrygian Cap of theirs, no force *over* them, to bind and guide; neither *in* them, more than heretofore, is guiding force, or rule of just living: how then, while they all go rushing at such a *pace*, on unknown ways, with no bridle, towards no aim,

[1] [Wordsworth met some of these federates as he journeyed down the Rhone:

> "Like bees they swarmed, gaudy and gay as bees:
> Some vapoured in the unruliness of joy
> And with their swords flourished as if to fight
> The saucy air."—ED.]

[2] Dampmartin, "Evénemens," i. 144-184.

[3] Dulaure, "Histoire de Paris," viii. 25.

can hurlyburly unutterable fail? For verily not Federation-rosepink is the colour of this Earth and her work: not by outbursts of noble-sentiment, but with far other ammunition, shall a man front the world.

But how wise, in all cases, to "husband your fire"; to keep it deep down, rather, as genial radical-heat! Explosions, the forciblest, and never so well directed, are questionable; far oftenest futile, always frightfully wasteful:[1] but think of a man, of a Nation of men, spending its whole stock of fire in one artificial Firework! So have we seen fond weddings (for individuals, like Nations, have their Hightides) celebrated with an outburst of triumph and deray, at which the elderly shook their heads. Better had a serious cheerfulness been; for the enterprise was great. Fond pair! the more triumphant ye feel, and victorious over terrestrial evil, which seems all abolished, the wider-eyed will your disappointment be to find terrestrial evil still extant. "And why extant?" will each of you cry: "Because my false mate has played the traitor: evil was abolished; I, for one, meant faithfully, and did, or would have done!" Whereby the over-sweet moon of honey changes itself into long years of vinegar: perhaps divulsive vinegar, like Hannibal's.

Shall we say, then, the French Nation has led Royalty, or wooed and teased poor Royalty to lead *her*, to the hymeneal Fatherland's Altar, in such over-sweet manner; and has, most thoughtlessly, to celebrate the nuptials with due shine and demonstration,—burnt her bed?

[1] [Far from being mere waste, the Federation had a most direct and practical bearing on events. It tended to unify France (even the outlying German, Flemish, Breton, and Spanish districts) far more effectively than any mere law-making could do. Mme. de Staël calls it "The last movement of a truly national enthusiasm" during the Revolution. It offered also a great chance to Louis to found the monarchy on a truly popular basis. During the return from Varennes, Barnave said to Madame Elizabeth: "Ah! Madame, we should have been lost if you had known how to profit the Federation" ("Mems. of the Duchesse de Tourzel").—ED.]

BOOK SECOND

NANCI

CHAPTER I

BOUILLÉ

DIMLY visible, at Metz on the North-Eastern frontier, a certain brave Bouillé, last refuge of Royalty in all straits and meditations of flight, has for many months hovered occasionally in our eye; some name or shadow of a brave Bouillé: let us now, for a little, look fixedly at him, till he become a substance and person for us. The man himself is worth a glance; his position and procedure there, in these days, will throw light on many things.

For it is with Bouillé as with all French Commanding Officers; only in a more emphatic degree. The grand National Federation, we already guess, was but empty sound, or worse: a last loudest universal *Hep-hep-hurrah*, with full bumpers, in that National Lapithae-feast of Constitution-making; as in loud denial of the palpably existing; as if, with hurrahings, you would shut out notice of the inevitable, already knocking at the gates! Which new National bumper, one may say, can but deepen the drunkenness; and so, the *louder* it swears Brotherhood, will the sooner and the more surely lead to Cannibalism. Ah, under that fraternal shine and clangour, what a deep world of irreconcilable discords lie momentarily assuaged, damped-down for one moment! Respectable military Federates have barely got

home to their quarters; and the inflammablest, "dying, burnt up with liquors and kindness," has not yet got extinct; the shine is hardly out of men's eyes, and still blazes filling all men's memories,—when your discords burst forth again, very considerably darker than ever.[1] Let us look at Bouillé, and see how.

Bouillé for the present commands in the Garrison of Metz, and far and wide over the East and North; being indeed, by a late act of Government with sanction of National Assembly, appointed one of our Four supreme Generals. Rochambeau and Mailly, men and Marshals of note in these days, though to us of small moment, are two of his colleagues; tough old babbling Lückner, also of small moment for us, will probably be the third. Marquis de Bouillé is a determined Loyalist; not indeed disinclined to moderate reform, but resolute against immoderate. A man long suspect to Patriotism; who has more than once given the august Assembly trouble; who would not, for example, take the National Oath, as he was bound to do, but always put it off on this or the other pretext, till an autograph of Majesty requested him to do it as a favour. There, in this post, if not of honour yet of eminence and danger, he waits, in a silent concentred manner; very dubious of the future. "Alone," as he says, or almost alone, of all the old military Notabilities, he has not emigrated; but thinks always, in atrabiliar moments, that there will be nothing for him too but to cross the marches. He might cross, say, to Treves or Coblentz, where Exiled Princes will be one day ranking; or say, over into Luxemburg, where old

[1] [Such was Mirabeau's belief. On August 4th, 1790, he wrote to Major de Mauvillon: "The throne has neither ideas, nor power of movement, nor will. The people, ignorant and sapped by anarchy (*anarchisé*) floats about at the mercy of political jugglers and of its own illusions. Certainly one cannot walk in a path more thickly strewn with pit-falls. . . . I see no remedy except in the formation of a good and trustworthy Ministry, which is impossible as long as the insensate decree lasts which forbids to members of the Assembly any place in the administration" ("Corresp. de Mirabeau et La Marck," vol. i., p. 324).—ED.]

Broglie loiters and languishes. Or is there not the great dim Deep of European Diplomacy; where your Calonnes, your Breteuils are beginning to hover, dimly discernible?

With immeasurable confused outlooks and purposes, with no clear purpose but this of still trying to do his Majesty a service, Bouillé waits; struggling what he can to keep his district loyal, his troops faithful, his garrisons furnished. He maintains, as yet, with his Cousin Lafayette some thin diplomatic correspondence, by letter and messenger; chivalrous constitutional professions on the one side, military gravity and brevity on the other; which thin correspondence one can see growing ever the thinner and hollower, towards the verge of entire vacuity.[1] A quick, choleric, sharply discerning, stubbornly endeavouring man; with suppressed-explosive resolution, with valour, nay headlong audacity: a man who was more in his place, lionlike defending those Windward Isles, or, as with military tiger-spring, clutching Nevis and Montserrat from the English,—than here in this suppressed condition, muzzled and fettered by diplomatic packthreads; looking out for a civil war, which may never arrive. Few years ago Bouillé was to have led a French East-Indian Expedition, and reconquered or conquered Pondicherry and the Kingdoms of the Sun: but the whole world is suddenly changed, and he with it; Destiny willed it not in that way, but in this.

[1] Bouillé, "Mémoires" (London, 1797), i. c. 8. [Bouillé (1739-1800) had won renown in the West Indies during the War of American Independence, capturing from us Tobago, St. Eustache, St. Kitts, Nevis, and Montserrat: was appointed Governor of Metz in 1784: he sat in the Assembly of Notables and professed fervent royalism: died in London.—ED.]

CHAPTER II

ARREARS AND ARISTOCRATS

INDEED, as to the general outlook of things, Bouillé himself augurs not well of it. The French Army, ever since those old Bastille days, and earlier, has been universally in the questionablest state, and growing daily worse. Discipline, which is at all times a kind of miracle, and works by faith, broke down then; one sees not with what near prospect of recovering itself. The Gardes Françaises played a deadly game; but how they won it, and wear the prizes of it, all men know. In that general overturn, we saw the hired Fighters refuse to fight. The very Swiss of Château-Vieux, which indeed is a kind of French Swiss, from Geneva and the Pays de Vaud, are understood to have declined. Deserters glided over; Royal-Allemand itself looked disconsolate, though stanch of purpose. In a word, we there saw *Military Rule*, in the shape of poor Besenval with that convulsive unmanageable Camp of his, pass two martyr-days on the Champ-de-Mars; and then, veiling itself, so to speak, "under cloud of night," depart "down the left bank of the Seine," to seek refuge elsewhere; *this* ground having clearly become too hot for it.

But what new ground to seek, what remedy to try? Quarters that were "uninfected": this doubtless, with judicious strictness of drilling, were the plan. Alas, in all quarters and places, from Paris onward to the remotest hamlet, is infection, is seditious contagion: inhaled, propagated by contact and converse, till the dullest soldier catch it! There is speech of men in uniform with men not in uniform; men in uniform read journals,

and even write in them.[1] There are public petitions or remonstrances, private emissaries and associations; there is discontent, jealousy, uncertainty, sullen suspicious humour. The whole French Army, fermenting in dark heat, glooms ominous, boding good to no one.

So that, in the general social dissolution and revolt, we are to have this deepest and dismalest kind of it, a revolting soldiery? Barren, desolate to look upon is this same business of revolt under all its aspects; but how infinitely more so, when it takes the aspect of military mutiny! The very implement of rule and restraint, whereby all the rest was managed and held in order, has become precisely the frightfulest immeasurable implement of misrule; like the element of Fire, our indispensable all-ministering servant, when it gets the *mastery*, and becomes conflagration. Discipline we called a kind of miracle: in fact, is it not miraculous how one man moves hundreds of thousands; each unit of whom, it may be, loves him not, and singly fears him not, yet has to obey him, to go hither or go thither, to march and halt, to give death, and even to receive it, as if a Fate had spoken; and the word-of-command becomes, almost in the literal sense, a magic-word?

Which magic-word, again, if it be once *forgotten*; the spell of it once broken! The legions of assiduous ministering spirits rise on you now as menacing fiends; your free orderly arena becomes a tumult-place of the Nether Pit, and the hapless magician is rent limb from limb. Military mobs are mobs with muskets in their hands; and also with death hanging over their heads, for death is the penalty of disobedience, and they have disobeyed. And now if all mobs are properly frenzies, and work frenetically with mad fits of hot and of cold, fierce rage alternating so incoherently with panic terror, consider what your military mob will be, with such a conflict of duties and penalties, whirled between remorse and fury, and, for the hot fit, loaded fire-arms in its

[1] See Newspapers of July 1789 (in "Hist. Parl.," ii. 35), etc.

hand! To the soldier himself, revolt is frightful, and oftenest perhaps pitiable; and yet so dangerous, it can only be hated, cannot be pitied. An anomalous class of mortals these poor Hired Killers! With a frankness, which to the Moralist in these times seems surprising, they have sworn to become machines; and nevertheless they are still partly men. Let no prudent person in authority remind them of this latter fact; but always let force, let injustice above all, stop short clearly on *this* side of the rebounding-point! Soldiers, as we often say, do revolt: were it not so, several things which are transient in this world might be perennial.

Over and above the general quarrel which all sons of Adam maintain with their lot here below, the grievances of the French soldiery reduce themselves to two. First, that their Officers are Aristocrats; secondly, that they cheat them of their Pay. Two grievances; or rather we might say one, capable of becoming a hundred; for in that single first proposition, that the Officers are Aristocrats, what a multitude of corollaries lie ready! It is a bottomless ever-flowing fountain of grievances this; what you may call a general raw-material of grievance, wherefrom individual grievance after grievance will daily body itself forth. Nay there will even be a kind of comfort in getting it, from time to time, so embodied. Peculation of one's Pay! It is embodied; made tangible, made denounceable; exhalable, if only in angry words.

For unluckily that grand fountain of grievances does exist: Aristocrats almost all our Officers necessarily are; they have it in the blood and bone. By the law of the case, no man can pretend to be the pitifulest lieutenant of militia till he have first verified, to the satisfaction of the Lion-King, a Nobility of four generations. Not nobility only, but four generations of it: this latter is the improvement hit upon, in comparatively late years, by a certain War-minister much pressed for commissions.[1]

[1] Dampmartin, "Evénemens," i. 80. [This was by a royal decree of 1781.—ED.]

An improvement which did relieve the oppressed War-minister, but which split France still further into yawning contrasts of Commonalty and Nobility, nay of new Nobility and old; as if already with your new and old, and then with your old, older and oldest, there were not contrasts and discrepancies enough;—the general clash whereof men now see and hear, and in the singular whirlpool, all contrasts gone together to the bottom! Gone to the bottom or going; with uproar, without return; going everywhere save in the Military section of things; and there, it may be asked, can they hope to continue always at the top? Apparently, not.

It is true, in a time of external Peace, when there is no fighting, but only drilling, this question, How you rise from the ranks, may seem theoretical rather. But in reference to the Rights of Man it is continually practical. The soldier has sworn to be faithful not to the King only, but to the Law and the Nation. Do our commanders love the Revolution? ask all soldiers. Unhappily no, they hate it, and love the Counter-Revolution. Young epauletted men, with quality-blood in them, poisoned with quality-pride, do sniff openly, with indignation struggling to become contempt, at our Rights of Man, as at some newfangled cobweb, which shall be brushed down again. Old Officers, more cautious, keep silent, with closed uncurled lips; but one guesses what is passing within. Nay who knows, how, under the plausiblest word of command, might lie Counter-Revolution itself, sale to Exiled Princes and the Austrian Kaiser: treacherous Aristocrats hoodwinking the small insight of us common men?—In such manner works that general raw-material of grievance; disastrous; instead of trust and reverence, breeding hate, endless suspicion, the impossibility of commanding and obeying. And now when this second more tangible grievance has articulated itself universally in the mind of the common man: Peculation of his Pay! Peculation of the despicablest sort does exist, and has long existed; but, unless the new-

declared Rights of Man, and all rights whatsoever, *be* a cobweb, it shall no longer exist.

The French Military System seems dying a sorrowful suicidal death. Nay more, citizen, as is natural, ranks himself against citizen in this cause. The soldier finds audience, of numbers and sympathy unlimited, among the Patriot lower-classes. Nor are the higher wanting to the officer. The officer still dresses and perfumes himself for such sad unemigrated *soirée* as there may still be; and speaks his woes,—which woes, are they not Majesty's and Nature's? Speaks, at the same time, his gay defiance, his firm-set resolution. Citizens, still more Citizenesses, see the right and the wrong; not the Military System alone will die by suicide, but much along with it. As was said, there is yet possible a deeper overturn than any yet witnessed: that deepest *up*turn of the black-burning sulphurous stratum whereon all rests and grows!

But how these things may act on the rude soldier-mind, with its military pedantries, its inexperience of all that lies off the parade-ground; inexperience as of a child, yet fierceness of a man, and vehemence of a Frenchman! It is long that secret communings in mess-room and guard-room, sour looks, thousandfold petty vexations between commander and commanded, measure everywhere the weary military day. Ask Captain Dampmartin; an authentic, ingenious literary officer of horse; who loves the Reign of Liberty, after a sort: yet has had his heart grieved to the quick many times, in the hot South-Western region and elsewhere; and has seen riot, civil battle by daylight and by torchlight, and anarchy hatefuler than death. How insubordinate Troopers, with drink in their heads, meet Captain Dampmartin and another on the ramparts, where there is no escape or side-path; and make military salute punctually, for we look calm on them; yet make it in a snappish, almost insulting manner: how one morning they "leave all their chamois-shirts" and superfluous buffs, which they are tired of, laid in piles at the Captains' doors; whereat "we laugh,"

as the ass does eating thistles: nay how they "knot two forage-cords together," with universal noisy cursing, with evident intent to hang the Quartermaster:—all this the worthy Captain, looking on it through the ruddy-and-sable of fond regretful memory, has flowingly written down.[1] Men growl in vague discontent; officers fling up their commissions and emigrate in disgust.

Or let us ask another literary Officer; not yet Captain; Sublieutenant only, in the Artillery Regiment La Fère: a young man of twenty-one; not unentitled to speak; the name of him is *Napoleon Buonaparte.* To such height of Sublieutenancy has he now got promoted, from Brienne School, five years ago; "being found qualified in mathematics by La Place." He is lying at Auxonne, in the West, in these months; not sumptuously lodged—"in the house of a Barber, to whose wife he did not pay the customary degree of respect"; or even over at the Pavillon, in a chamber with bare walls; the only furniture an indifferent "bed without curtains, two chairs, and in the recess of a window a table covered with books and papers: his Brother Louis sleeps on a coarse mattress in an adjoining room." However, he is doing something great: writing his first Book or Pamphlet,—eloquent vehement "Letter to M. Matteo Buttafuoco," our Corsican Deputy, who is not a Patriot, but an Aristocrat unworthy of Deputyship. Joly of Dôle is Publisher. The literary Sublieutenant corrects the proofs; "sets out on foot from Auxonne every morning at four o'clock, for Dôle: after looking over the proofs, he partakes of an extremely frugal breakfast with Joly, and immediately prepares for returning to his Garrison; where he arrives before noon, having thus walked above twenty miles in the course of the morning."

This Sublieutenant can remark that, in drawing-rooms, on streets, on highways, at inns, everywhere men's minds are ready to kindle into a flame. That a Patriot, if he appear in the drawing-room, or amid a group of officers,

[1] Dampmartin, "Evénemens," i 122-146.

is liable enough to be discouraged, so great is the majority against him: but no sooner does he get into the street, or among the soldiers, than he feels again as if the whole Nation were with him.[1] That after the famous Oath, *To the King, to the Nation, and Law,* there was a great change; that before this, if ordered to fire on the people, he for one would have done it in the King's name; but that after this, in the Nation's name, he would not have done it. Likewise that the Patriot officers, more numerous too in the Artillery and Engineers than elsewhere, were few in number; yet that having the soldiers on their side, they ruled the regiment; and did often deliver the Aristocrat brother officer out of peril and strait. One day, for example, "a member of our own mess roused the mob, by singing, from the windows of our dining-room, 'O Richard, O my King'; and I had to snatch him from their fury."[2]

All which let the reader multiply by ten thousand; and spread it, with slight variations, over all the camps and garrisons of France. The French Army seems on the verge of universal mutiny.

Universal mutiny! There is in that what may well make Patriot Constitutionalism and an august Assembly shudder. Something behoves to be done; yet what to do no man can tell. Mirabeau proposes even that the Soldiery, having come to such a pass, be forthwith disbanded, the whole Two Hundred and Eighty Thousand

[1] [Wordsworth often conversed at Orleans with an officer ("Prelude," bk. ix.):

> "A patriot, thence rejected by the rest,
> And with an oriental loathing spurned
> As of a different caste."—ED.]

[2] Norvins, "Histoire de Napoléon," i. 47; Las Cases, "Mémoires" (translated into Hazlitt's "Life of Napoleon," i. 23-31). [Carlyle has here anticipated events somewhat. Buonaparte's second period of garrison duty at Auxonne was January-May, 1791: he had already written a pamphlet replying to a Genevese pastor who had attacked Rousseau; and at Auxonne he also worked at a projected work, "The History of Corsica."—ED.]

of them; and organised anew.[1] Impossible this, in so sudden a manner! cry all men. And yet literally, answer we, it is inevitable, in one manner or another. Such an army, with its four-generation Nobles, its peculated Pay, and men knotting forage-cords to hang their Quartermaster, cannot subsist beside such a Revolution. Your alternative is a slow-pining chronic dissolution and new organisation; or a swift decisive one; the agonies spread over years, or concentred into an hour. With a Mirabeau for Minister or Governor, the latter had been the choice; with no Mirabeau for Governor, it will naturally be the former.

[1] "Moniteur," 1790, No. 233. [This number is overstated, if the regular army only is meant. Early in 1789 the infantry numbered only 133,000, the cavalry and artillery about 14,000 and 11,000 respectively, and the Guards about 6,000. Since then the numbers had been reduced by desertion, and at the close of the year the Military Committee of the National Assembly abolished the Guards (Maison du Roi) and reduced the regular army to 150,000 men. A motion for conscription was made by Dubois de Crancé, but was rejected as an infringement of the Rights of Man (Morse Stephens, vol. i., chap. xiii.; Jung's "Dubois-Crancé," vol. i., chaps. i.-ii.; and "L'Œuvre sociale de la Rév. Fr.," pp. 345-360).—ED.]

CHAPTER III

BOUILLÉ AT METZ

TO Bouillé, in his North-Eastern circle, none of these things are altogether hid. Many times flight over the marches gleams-out on him as a last guidance in such bewilderment: nevertheless he continues here; struggling always to hope the best, not from new organisation, but from happy Counter-Revolution and return to the old. For the rest, it is clear to him that this same National Federation, and universal swearing and fraternising of People and Soldiers, has done "incalculable mischief." So much that fermented secretly has hereby got vent, and become open: National Guards and Soldiers of the line, solemnly embracing one another on all parade-fields, drinking, swearing patriotic oaths, fall into disorderly street-processions, constitutional unmilitary exclamations and hurrahings. On which account the Regiment Picardie, for one, has to be drawn out in the square of the barracks, here at Metz, and sharply harangued by the General himself; but expresses penitence.[1]

Far and near, as accounts testify, insubordination has begun grumbling louder and louder. Officers have been seen shut up in their mess-rooms; assaulted with clamorous demands, not without menaces. The insubordinate ringleader is dismissed with "yellow furlough," yellow infamous thing they call *cartouche jaune*: but ten new ringleaders rise in his stead, and the yellow *cartouche* ceases to be thought disgraceful. "Within a

[1] Bouillé, "Mémoires," i. 113.

fortnight," or at furthest a month, of that sublime Feast of Pikes, the whole French Army, demanding Arrears, forming Reading Clubs, frequenting Popular Societies, is in a state which Bouillé can call by no name but that of mutiny. Bouillé knows it as few do; and speaks by dire experience. Take one instance instead of many.

It is still an early day of August, the precise date now undiscoverable, when Bouillé, about to set out for the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle, is once more suddenly summoned to the barracks of Metz. The soldiers stand ranged in fighting order, muskets loaded, the officers all there on compulsion; and required with many-voiced emphasis to have their arrears paid. Picardie was penitent; but we see it has relapsed: the wide space bristles and lours with mere mutinous armed men. Brave Bouillé advances to the nearest Regiment, opens his commanding lips to harangue; obtains nothing but querulous-indignant discordance, and the sound of so many thousand livres legally due. The moment is trying; there are some ten thousand soldiers now in Metz, and one spirit seems to have spread among them.

Bouillé is firm as the adamant; but what shall he do? A German Regiment, named of Salm,[1] is thought to be of better temper: nevertheless Salm too may have heard of the precept, *Thou shalt not steal*; Salm too may know that money is money. Bouillé walks trustfully towards the Regiment de Salm, speaks trustful words; but here again is answered by the cry of forty-four thousand livres odd sous. A cry waxing more and more vociferous, as Salm's humour mounts; which cry, as it will produce no cash or promise of cash, ends in the wide simultaneous whirr of shouldered muskets, and a determined quick-time march on the part of Salm—towards its Colonel's house, in the next street, there to seize

[1] [The Salm-Salm Regiment was one of the German proprietary regiments in the French service: it was owned by the Count of that name, who held an Imperial fief in the Vosges Mountains.—ED.]

the colours and military chest. Thus does Salm, for its part; strong in the faith that *meum* is not *tuum*, that fair speeches are not forty-four thousand livres odd sous.

Unrestrainable! Salm tramps to military time, quick consuming the way. Bouillé and the officers, drawing sword, have to dash into double-quick *pas-de-charge*, or unmilitary running; to get the start; to station themselves on the outer staircase, and stand there with what of death-defiance and sharp steel they have; Salm truculently coiling itself up, rank after rank, opposite them, in such humour as we can fancy, which happily has not yet mounted to the murder-pitch. There will Bouillé stand, certain at least of *one* man's purpose: in grim calmness, awaiting the issue. What the intrepidest of men and generals can do is done. Bouillé, though there is a barricading picket at each end of the street, and death under his eyes, contrives to send for a Dragoon Regiment with orders to charge: the dragoon officers mount; the dragoon men will not: hope is none there for him. The street, as we say, barricaded; the Earth all shut out, only the indifferent heavenly Vault overhead: perhaps here or there a timorous householder peering out of window, with prayer for Bouillé; copious Rascality, on the pavement, with prayer for Salm: there do the two parties stand;—like chariots locked in a narrow thoroughfare; like locked wrestlers at a dead-grip! For two hours they stand: Bouillé's sword glittering in his hand, adamantine resolution clouding his brows: for two hours by the clocks of Metz. Moody-silent stands Salm, with occasional clangour; but does not fire. Rascality, from time to time, urges some grenadier to level his musket at the General; who looks on it as a bronze General would: and always some corporal or other strikes it up.

In such remarkable attitude, standing on that staircase for two hours, does brave Bouillé, long a shadow, dawn on us visibly out of the dimness, and become a person. For the rest, since Salm has not shot him at the first

instant, and since in himself there is no variableness, the danger will diminish. The Mayor, "a man infinitely respectable," with his Municipals and tricolor sashes, finally gains entrance; remonstrates, perorates, promises; gets Salm persuaded home to its barracks. Next day, our respectable Mayor lending the money, the officers pay-down the *half* of the demand in ready cash. With which liquidation Salm pacifies itself; and for the present all is hushed up, as much as may be.[1]

Such scenes as this of Metz, or preparations and demonstrations towards such, are universal over France: Dampmartin, with his knotted forage-cords and piled chamois-jackets, is at Strasburg, in the South-East; in these same days or rather nights, Royal Champagne is "shouting *Vive la Nation, au diable les Aristocrates*, with some thirty lit candles," at Hesdin, on the far North-West. "The garrison of Bitche," Deputy Rewbell is sorry to state, "went out of the town with drums beating; deposed its officers; and then returned into the town, sabre in hand."[2] Ought not a National Assembly to occupy itself with these objects? Military France is everywhere full of sour inflammatory humour, which exhales itself fuliginously, this way or that: a whole continent of smoking flax; which, blown here or there by any angry wind, might so easily start into a blaze, into a continent of fire.

Constitutional Patriotism is in deep natural alarm at these things. The august Assembly sits diligently deliberating; dare nowise resolve, with Mirabeau, on an instantaneous disbandment and extinction; finds that a course of palliatives is easier. But at least and lowest, this grievance of the Arrears shall be rectified. A plan, much noised of in those days, under the name "Decree of the Sixth of August," has been devised for that. Inspectors shall visit all armies; and, with certain elected

[1] Bouillé, i. 140-145.
[2] "Moniteur" (in "Hist. Parl.," vii. 29).

corporals and " soldiers able to write," verify what arrears and peculations do lie due, and make them good. Well if in this way the smoky heat be cooled down ; if it be not, as we say, ventilated overmuch, or, by sparks and collision somewhere, sent *up*!

CHAPTER IV

ARREARS AT NANCI

WE are to remark, however, that of all districts, this of Bouillé's seems the inflammablest. It was always to Bouillé and Metz that Royalty would fly: Austria lies near; here more than elsewhere must the disunited People look over the borders, into a dim sea of Foreign Politics and Diplomacies, with hope or apprehension, with mutual exasperation.

It was but in these days that certain Austrian troops, marching peaceably across an angle of this region, seemed an Invasion realised; and there rushed towards Stenai, with musket on shoulder, from all the winds, some thirty thousand National Guards, to inquire what the matter was.[1] A matter of mere diplomacy it proved; the Austrian Kaiser, in haste to get to Belgium,[2] had bargained for this short cut. The infinite dim movement of European Politics waved a skirt over these spaces, passing on its way; like the passing shadow of a condor; and such a winged flight of thirty thousand, with mixed cackling and crowing, rose in consequence! For, in addition to all, this people, as we said, is much divided: Aristocrats abound; Patriotism has both Aristocrats and Austrians to watch. It is Lorraine, this region; not so illuminated as old France: it remembers ancient Feudalisms; nay within man's memory it had a Court and King of its own, or indeed the splendour of a Court and

[1] "Moniteur," Séance du 9 Août 1790.

[2] [The whole of Belgium (except the independent bishopric of Liège) owned the sway of the Hapsburgs, and was called the Austrian Netherlands.—ED.]

King, without the burden. Then, contrariwise, the Mother Society, which sits in the Jacobins Church at Paris, has Daughters in the Towns here; shrill-tongued, driven acrid: consider how the memory of good King Stanislaus, and ages of Imperial Feudalism, may comport with this New acrid Evangel, and what a virulence of discord there may be! In all which, the Soldiery, officers on one side, private men on the other, takes part, and now indeed principal part; a Soldiery, moreover, all the hotter here as it lies the denser, the frontier Province requiring more of it.

So stands Lorraine:[1] but the capital City more especially so. The pleasant City of Nanci, which faded Feudalism loves, where King Stanislaus personally dwelt and shone, has an Aristocrat Municipality, and then also a Daughter Society: it has some forty thousand divided souls of population; and three large Regiments, one of which is Swiss Château-Vieux, dear to Patriotism ever since it refused fighting, or was thought to refuse, in the Bastille days. Here unhappily all evil influences seem to meet concentred; here, of all places, may jealousy and heat evolve itself. These many months, accordingly, man has been set against man, Washed against Unwashed; Patriot Soldier against Aristocrat Captain, ever the more bitterly: and a long score of grudges has been running up.

Nameable grudges, and likewise unnameable: for there is a punctual nature in Wrath; and daily, were there but glances of the eye, tones of the voice, and minutest commissions or omissions, it will jot-down somewhat, to account, under the head of sundries, which always swells the sum-total. For example, in April last, in those times of preliminary Federation, when National

[1] [Lorraine was one of the most famous and favoured provinces of the Holy Roman Empire. Francis, the husband of Maria Theresa, was Duke of Lorraine, and in 1738, at the end of the Polish War of Succession, received Tuscany in exchange for Lorraine, which went to Stanislaus I. of Poland, who had recently abdicated. He was only *Duke* in Lorraine: the duchy became wholly French on his death in 1766.—ED.]

Guards and Soldiers were everywhere swearing brotherhood, and all France was locally federating, preparing for the grand National Feast of Pikes, it was observed that these Nanci Officers threw cold water on the whole brotherly business; that they first hung back from appearing at the Nanci Federation; then did appear, but in mere *rédingote* and undress, with scarcely a clean shirt on; nay that one of them, as the National Colours flaunted by in that solemn moment, did, without visible necessity, take occasion to *spit*.[1]

Small "sundries as per journal," but then incessant ones! The Aristocrat Municipality, pretending to be Constitutional, keeps mostly quiet; not so the Daughter Society, the five thousand adult male Patriots of the place, still less the five thousand female: not so the young, whiskered or whiskerless, four-generation Noblesse in epaulettes; the grim Patriot Swiss of Château-Vieux, effervescent infantry of Regiment du Roi, hot troopers of Mestre-de-Camp! Walled Nanci, which stands so bright and trim, with its straight streets, spacious squares, and Stanislaus' Architecture, on the fruitful alluvium of the Meurthe; so bright, amid the yellow cornfields in these Reaper-Months,—is inwardly but a den of discord, anxiety, inflammability, not far from exploding. Let Bouillé look to it. If that universal military heat, which we liken to a vast continent of smoking flax, do anywhere take fire, his beard, here in Lorraine and Nanci, may the most readily of all get singed by it.

Bouillé, for his part, is busy enough, but only with the general superintendence; getting his pacified Salm, and all other still tolerable Regiments, marched out of Metz, to southward towns and villages; to rural Cantonments as at Vic, Marsal and thereabout, by the still waters; where is plenty of horse-forage, sequestered parade-ground, and the soldier's speculative faculty can

[1] "Deux Amis," v. 217.

be stilled by drilling. Salm, as we said, received only half payment of arrears; naturally not without grumbling. Nevertheless that scene of the drawn sword may, after all, have raised Bouillé in the mind of Salm; for men and soldiers love intrepidity and swift inflexible decision, even when they suffer by it. As indeed is not this fundamentally the quality of qualities for a man? A quality which by itself is next to nothing, since inferior animals, asses, dogs, even mules have it; yet, in due combination, it is the indispensable basis of all.

Of Nanci and its heats, Bouillé, commander of the whole, knows nothing special: understands generally that the troops in that City are perhaps the *worst*.[1] The Officers there have it all, as they have long had it, to themselves; and unhappily seem to manage it ill. "Fifty yellow furloughs," given out in one batch, do surely betoken difficulties. But what was Patriotism to think of certain light-fencing Fusileers "set on," or supposed to be set on, "to insult the Grenadier-club,"—considerate speculative Grenadiers and that reading-room of theirs? With shoutings, with hootings; till the speculative Grenadier drew his side-arms too; and there ensued battery and duels! Nay more, are not swashbucklers of the same stamp "sent out" visibly, or sent out presumably, now in the dress of Soldiers, to pick quarrels with the Citizens; now, disguised as Citizens, to pick quarrels with the Soldiers? For a certain Roussière, expert in fence, was taken in the very fact; four Officers (presumably of tender years) hounding him on, who thereupon fled precipitately! Fence-master Roussière, haled to the guardhouse, had sentence of three months' imprisonment: but his comrades demanded "yellow furlough" for *him* of all persons; nay thereafter they produced him on parade; capped him in paper-helmet, inscribed *Iscariot*; marched him to the gate of the City; and there sternly commanded him to vanish forevermore.

[1] Bouillé, i. c. 9.

On all which suspicions, accusations and noisy procedure, and on enough of the like continually accumulating, the Officer could not but look with disdainful indignation; perhaps disdainfully express the same in words, and "soon after fly over to the Austrians."

So that when it here, as elsewhere, comes to the question of Arrears, the humour and procedure is of the bitterest: Regiment Mestre-de-Camp getting, amid loud clamour, some three gold louis a-man,—which have, as usual, to be borrowed from the Municipality; Swiss Château-Vieux applying for the like, but getting instead instantaneous *courrois*, or cat-o'-nine-tails, with subsequent unsufferable hisses from the women and children:[1] Regiment du Roi, sick of hope deferred, at length seizing its military chest, and marching it to quarters, but next day marching it back again, through streets all struck silent:—unordered paradings and clamours, not without strong liquor; objurgation, insubordination; your military ranked Arrangement going all (as the Typographers say of set types, in a similar case) rapidly *to pie*! Such is Nanci in these early days of August; the sublime Feast of Pikes not yet a month old.

Constitutional Patriotism, at Paris and elsewhere, may well quake at the news. War-Minister Latour du Pin runs breathless to the National Assembly, with a written message that "all is burning, *tout brûle*, *tout presse*." The National Assembly, on the spur of the instant, renders such *Decret*, and "order to submit and repent," as he requires; if it will avail anything. On the other hand, Journalism, through all its throats, gives hoarse outcry, condemnatory, elegiac-applausive. The Forty-eight Sections lift up voices; sonorous Brewer, or call him now *Colonel* Santerre, is not silent, in the Faubourg

[1] "Deux Amis," v. c. 8. [The Swiss regiments in the service of France were under very strict discipline (see p. 119).

The *Régiment du Roi* mutinied on August 9th, 1790, when two men from each company stepped forth and demanded the accounts of the regiment—it was a proprietary regiment. The officers finally agreed to pay the men 170,000 francs, which appeased them.—ED.

Saint-Antoine. For, meanwhile, the Nanci Soldiers have sent a Deputation of Ten, furnished with documents and proofs; who will tell another story than the "all-is-burning" one. Which deputed Ten, before ever they reach the Assembly Hall, assiduous Latour du Pin picks up, and, on warrant of Mayor Bailly, claps in prison! Most unconstitutionally; for they had officers' furloughs. Whereupon Saint-Antoine, in indignant uncertainty of the future, closes its shops. Is Bouillé a traitor, then, sold to Austria? In that case, these poor private sentinels have revolted mainly out of Patriotism?

New Deputation, Deputation of National Guardsmen now, sets forth from Nanci to enlighten the Assembly. It meets the old deputed Ten returning, quite unexpectedly *un*hanged; and proceeds thereupon with better prospects; but effects nothing. Deputations, Government Messengers, Orderlies at hand-gallop, Alarms, thousand-voiced Rumours, go vibrating continually; backwards and forwards,—scattering distraction. Not till the last week of August does M. de Malseigne, selected as Inspector, get down to the scene of mutiny; with Authority, with cash, and "Decree of the Sixth of August." He now shall see these Arrears liquidated, justice done, or at least tumult quashed.

CHAPTER V

INSPECTOR MALSEIGNE

OF Inspector Malseigne we discern, by direct light, that he is "of Herculean stature"; and infer, with probability, that he is of truculent mustachioed aspect,—for *Royalist* Officers now leave the upper lip unshaven; that he is of indomitable bull-heart; and also, unfortunately, of thick bull-head.

On Tuesday the 24th of August 1790, he opens session as Inspecting Commissioner; meets those "elected corporals, and soldiers that can write." He finds the accounts of Château-Vieux to be complex; to require delay and reference: he takes to haranguing, to reprimanding; ends amid audible grumbling. Next morning, he resumes session, not at the Townhall as prudent Municipals counselled, but once more at the barracks. Unfortunately Château-Vieux, grumbling all night, will now hear of no delay or reference; from reprimanding on his part, it goes to bullying,—answered with continual cries of "*Jugez tout de suite*, Judge it at once"; whereupon M. de Malseigne will off in a huff. But lo, Château-Vieux, swarming all about the barrack-court, has sentries at every gate; M. de Malseigne, demanding egress, cannot get it, not though Commandant Denoue backs him, can get only "*Jugez tout de suite.*" Here is a nodus!

Bull-hearted M. de Malseigne draws his sword; and will force egress. Confused splutter. M. de Malseigne's sword breaks: he snatches Commandant Denoue's: the sentry is wounded. M. de Malseigne, whom one is loth to kill, does force egress,—followed by Château-Vieux

all in disarray; a spectacle to Nanci. M. de Malseigne walks at a sharp pace, yet never runs; wheeling from time to time, with menaces and movements of fence; and so reaches Denoue's house, unhurt; which house Château-Vieux, in an agitated manner, invests,—hindered as yet from entering, by a crowd of officers formed on the staircase. M. de Malseigne retreats by back ways to the Townhall, flustered though undaunted; amid an escort of National Guards. From the Townhall he, on the morrow, emits fresh orders, fresh plans of settlement with Château-Vieux; to none of which will Château-Vieux listen: whereupon he finally, amid noise enough, emits order that Château-Vieux shall march on the morrow morning, and quarter at Sarre Louis. Château-Vieux flatly refuses marching; M. de Malseigne "takes *act*," due notarial protest, of such refusal,—if happily that may avail him.

This is the end of Thursday; and, indeed, of M. de Malseigne's Inspectorship, which has lasted some fifty hours. To such length, in fifty hours, has he unfortunately brought it. Mestre-de-Camp and Regiment du Roi hang, as it were, fluttering; Château-Vieux is clean gone, in what way we see. Overnight, an Aide-de-Camp of Lafayette's, stationed here for such emergency, sends swift emissaries far and wide to summon National Guards. The slumber of the country is broken by clattering hoofs, by loud fraternal knockings; everywhere the Constitutional Patriot must clutch his fighting-gear, and take the road for Nanci.

And thus the Herculean Inspector has sat all Thursday, among terror-struck Municipals, a centre of confused noise: all Thursday, Friday, and till Saturday towards noon. Château-Vieux, in spite of the notarial protest, will not march a step. As many as four thousand National Guards are dropping or pouring in; uncertain what is expected of them, still more uncertain what will be obtained of them. For all is uncertainty, commotion and suspicion: there goes a word that Bouillé, beginning to bestir himself in the rural Cantonments eastward, is

but a Royalist traitor; that Château-Vieux and Patriotism are sold to Austria, of which latter M. de Malseigne is probably some agent. Mestre-de-Camp and Roi flutter still more questionably: Château-Vieux, far from marching, "waves red flags out of two carriages," in a passionate manner, along the streets; and next morning answers its Officers: "Pay us, then; and we will march with you to the world's end!"

Under which circumstances, towards noon on Saturday, M. de Malseigne, thinks it were good perhaps to inspect the ramparts,—on horseback. He mounts, accordingly, with escort of three troopers. At the gate of the City, he bids two of them wait for his return; and with the third, a trooper to be depended upon, he—gallops off for Lunéville; where lies a certain Carbineer Regiment not yet in a mutinous state! The two left troopers soon get uneasy; discover how it is, and give the alarm. Mestre-de-Camp, to the number of a hundred, saddles in frantic haste, as if sold to Austria; gallops out pellmell in chase of its Inspector. And so they spur, and the Inspector spurs; careering, with noise and jingle, up the valley of the River Meurthe, towards Lunéville and the midday sun: through an astonished country; indeed almost to their own astonishment.

What a hunt; Actaeon-like;—which Actaeon de Malseigne happily *gains*. To arms, ye Carbineers of Lunéville: to chastise mutinous men, insulting your General Officer, insulting your own quarters;—above all things, fire *soon*, lest there be parleying and ye refuse to fire! The Carbineers fire soon, exploding upon the first stragglers of Mestre-de-Camp; who shriek at the very flash, and fall back hastily on Nanci, in a state not far from distraction. Panic and fury: sold to Austria without an *if*; so much per regiment, the very sums can be specified; and traitorous Malseigne is fled! Help, O Heaven; help, thou Earth,—ye unwashed Patriots; ye too are sold like us!

Effervescent Regiment du Roi primes its firelocks, Mestre-de-Camp saddles wholly: Commandant Denoue

is seized, is flung in prison with a "canvas-shirt (*sarreau de toile*)" about him; Château-Vieux bursts-up the magazines; distributes "three thousand fusils" to a Patriot people: Austria shall have a hot bargain. Alas, the unhappy hunting-dogs, as we said, have *hunted away* their huntsman; and do now run howling and baying, on what trail they know not; nigh rabid!

And so there is tumultuous march of men, through the night; with halt on the heights of Flinval, whence Lunéville can be seen all illuminated. Then there is parley, at four in the morning; and reparley; finally there is agreement: the Carbineers gave in; Malseigne is surrendered, with apologies on all sides. After weary confused hours, he is even got under way; the Lunévillers all turning out, in the idle Sunday, to see such departure: home-going of mutinous Mestre-de-Camp with its Inspector captive. Mestre-de-Camp accordingly marches; the Lunévillers look. See! at the corner of the first street, our Inspector bounds off again, bull-hearted as he is; amid the slash of sabres, the crackle of musketry; and escapes, full gallop, with only a ball lodged in his buff-*jerkin*. The Herculean man! And yet it is an escape to no purpose. For the Carbineers, to whom after the hardest Sunday's ride on record, he has come circling back, "stand deliberating by their nocturnal watch-fires"; deliberating of Austria, of traitors, and the rage of Mestre-de-Camp. So that, on the whole, the next sight we have is that of M. de Malseigne, on the Monday afternoon, faring bull-hearted through the streets of Nanci; in open carriage, a soldier standing over him with drawn sword; amid the "furies of the women," hedges of National Guards, and confusion of Babel: to the Prison beside Commandant Denoue! That finally is the lodging of Inspector Malseigne.[1]

Surely it is time Bouillé were drawing near. The Country all round, alarmed with watch-fires, illuminated

[1] "Deux Amis," v. 206-251; Newspapers and Documents (in "Hist. Parl." vii. 59-162).

towns, and marching and rout, has been sleepless these several nights. Nanci, with its uncertain National Guards, with its distributed fusils, mutinous soldiers, black panic and redhot ire, is not a City but a Bedlam.

CHAPTER VI

BOUILLÉ AT NANCI

HASTE with help, thou brave Bouillé: if swift help come not, all is now verily "burning"; and may burn,—to what lengths and breadths! Much, in these hours, depends on Bouillé; as it shall now fare with him, the whole Future may be this way or be that. If, for example, he were to loiter dubitating, and not come; if he were to come, and fail: the whole Soldiery of France to blaze into mutiny, National Guards going some this way, some that; and Royalism to draw its rapier, and Sansculottism to snatch its pike; and the Spirit of Jacobinism, as yet young, girt with sun-rays, to grow instantaneously mature, girt with hell-fire,—as mortals, in one night of deadly crisis, have had their heads turned gray!

Brave Bouillé is advancing fast, with the old inflexibility; gathering himself, unhappily "in small affluences," from East, from West and North; and now on Tuesday morning, the last day of the month, he stands all concentred, unhappily still in small force, at the village of Frouarde, within some few miles. Son of Adam with a more dubious task before him is not in the world this Tuesday morning. A weltering inflammable sea of doubt and peril, and Bouillé sure of simply one thing, his own determination. Which one thing, indeed, may be worth many. He puts a most firm face on the matter: "Submission, or unsparing battle and destruction; twenty-four hours to make your choice": this was the tenor of his Proclamation; thirty copies of which he sent yester-

day to Nanci:—all which, we find, were intercepted and not posted.[1]

Nevertheless, at half-past eleven this morning, seemingly by way of answer, there does wait on him at Frouarde some Deputation from the mutinous Regiments, from the Nanci Municipals, to see what can be done. Bouillé receives this Deputation "in a large open court adjoining his lodging": pacified Salm, and the rest, attend also, being invited to do it,—all happily still in the right humour. The Mutineers pronounce themselves with a decisiveness, which to Bouillé seems insolence; and happily to Salm also. Salm, forgetful of the Metz staircase and sabre, demands that the scoundrels "be hanged" there and then. Bouillé represses the hanging; but answers that mutinous Soldiers have one course, and not more than one: To liberate, with heartfelt contrition, Messieurs Denoue and De Malseigne; to get ready forthwith for marching off, whither he shall order; and "submit and repent," as the National Assembly has decreed, as he yesterday did in thirty printed Placards proclaim. These are his terms, unalterable as the decrees of Destiny. Which terms as they, the Mutineer deputies, seemingly do not accept, it were good for them to vanish from this spot, and even to do it promptly; with him too, in few instants, the word will be, Forward! The Mutineer deputies vanish, not unpromptly; the Municipal ones, anxious beyond right for their own individualities, prefer abiding with Bouillé.

Brave Bouillé, though he puts a most firm face on the matter, knows his position full well: how at Nanci, what with rebellious soldiers, with uncertain National Guards, and so many distributed fusils, there rage and roar some ten thousand fighting men; while with himself is scarcely the third part of that number, in National Guards also uncertain, in mere pacified Regiments,—for the present full of rage, and clamour to march; but whose rage and clamour may next moment take such a fatal *new* figure.

[1] Compare Bouillé, "Mémoires," i. 153-176; "Deux Amis," v. 251-271; "Hist. Parl.," *ubi suprà*.

On the top of one uncertain billow, therewith to calm billows! Bouillé must "abandon himself to Fortune"; who is said sometimes to favour the brave. At half-past twelve, the Mutineer deputies having vanished, our drums beat; we march: for Nanci! Let Nanci bethink itself, then; for Bouillé has thought and determined.

And yet how shall Nanci think: not a City but a Bedlam! Grim Château-Vieux is for defence to the death; forces the Municipality to order, by tap of drum, all citizens acquainted with artillery to turn out, and assist in managing the cannon. On the other hand, effervescent Regiment du Roi is drawn up in its barracks; quite disconsolate, hearing the humour Salm is in; and ejaculates dolefully from its thousand throats: "*La loi*, *la loi*, Law, Law!" Mestre-de-Camp blusters, with profane swearing, in mixed terror and furor; National Guards look this way and that, not knowing what to do. What a Bedlam-City: as many plans as heads; all ordering, none obeying: quiet none,—except the Dead, who sleep underground, having *done* their fighting.

And, behold, Bouillé proves as good as his word: "at half-past two" scouts report that he is within half a league of the gates; rattling along, with cannon and array; breathing nothing but destruction. A new Deputation, Municipals, Mutineers, Officers, goes out to meet him; with passionate entreaty for yet one other hour. Bouillé grants an hour. Then, at the end thereof, no Denoue or Malseigne appearing as promised, he rolls his drums, and again takes the road. Towards four o'clock, the terror-struck Townsmen may see him face to face. His cannons rattle there, in their carriages; his vanguard is within thirty paces of the Gate Stanislaus. Onward like a Planet, by appointed times, by law of Nature! What next? Lo, flag of truce and chamade; conjuration to halt: Malseigne and Denoue are on the street, coming hither; the soldiers all repentant, ready to submit and march! Adamantine Bouillé's look alters not; yet the word *Halt* is given:

gladder moment he never saw. Joy of joys! Malseigne and Denoue do verily issue; escorted by National Guards; from streets all frantic, with sale to Austria and so forth: they salute Bouillé, unscathed. Bouillé steps aside to speak with them, and with other heads of the Town there; having already ordered by what Gates and Routes the mutineer Regiments shall file out.

Such colloquy with these two General Officers and other principal Townsmen was natural enough; nevertheless one wishes Bouillé had postponed it, and *not* stepped aside. Such tumultuous inflammable masses, tumbling along, making way for each other; this of keen nitrous oxide, that of sulphurous firedamp,—were it not well to stand *between* them, keeping them well separate, till the space be cleared? Numerous stragglers of Château-Vieux and the rest have not marched with their main columns, which are filing out by the appointed Gates, taking station in the open meadows. National Guards are in a state of nearly distracted uncertainty; the populace, armed and unarmed, roll openly delirious, —betrayed, sold to the Austrians, sold to the Aristocrats. There are loaded cannon, with lit matches, among them, and Bouillé's vanguard is halted within thirty paces of the Gate. Command dwells not in that mad inflammable mass; which smoulders and tumbles there, in blind smoky rage; which will not open the Gate when summoned; says it will open the cannon's throat sooner! —Cannonade not, O Friends, or be it through my body! cries heroic young Desilles, young Captain of *Roi*, clasping the murderous engine in his arms, and holding it. Château-Vieux Swiss, by main force, with oaths and menaces, wrench off the heroic youth; who undaunted, amid still louder oaths, seats himself on the touchhole. Amid still louder oaths, with ever louder clangour,— and, alas, with the loud crackle of first one, and then of three other muskets; which explode into his body; which roll it in the dust,—and do also, in the loud madness of such moment, bring lit cannon-match to ready priming; and so, with one thunderous belch of

grapeshot, blast some fifty of Bouillé's vanguard into air!

Fatal! That sputter of the first musket-shot has kindled such a cannon-shot, such a death-blaze; and all is now redhot madness, conflagration as of Tophet. With demoniac rage, the Bouillé vanguard storms through that Gate Stanislaus; with fiery sweep, sweeps Mutiny clear away, to death, or into shelters and cellars; from which latter, again, Mutiny continues firing. The ranked Regiments hear it in their meadow; they rush back again through the nearest Gate; Bouillé gallops in, distracted, inaudible;—and now has begun in Nanci, as in that doomed Hall of the Nibelungen, "a murder grim and great."

Miserable: such scene of dismal aimless madness as the anger of Heaven but rarely permits among men! From cellar or from garret, from open street in front, from successive corners of cross-streets on each hand, Château-Vieux and Patriotism keep up the murderous rolling-fire, on murderous not Unpatriotic fires. Your blue National Captain, riddled with balls, one hardly knows on whose side fighting, requests to be laid on the colours to die: the patriotic Woman (name not given, deed surviving) screams to Château-Vieux that it must *not* fire the other cannon; and even flings a pail of water on it, since screaming avails not.[1] Thou shalt fight; thou shalt not fight; and with whom shalt thou fight! Could tumult awaken the old Dead, Burgundian Charles the Bold might stir from under that Rotunda of his: never since he, raging, sank in the ditches, and lost Life and Diamond, was such a noise heard here.

Three thousand, as some count, lie mangled, gory: the half of Château-Vieux has been shot, without need of Court-Martial. Cavalry, of Mestre-de-Camp or their foes, can do little. Regiment du Roi was persuaded to its barracks; stands there palpitating. Bouillé, armed with the terrors of the Law, and favoured of Fortune,

[1] 'Deux Amis,' v. 268.

finally triumphs. In two murderous hours, he has penetrated to the grand Squares, dauntless, though with loss of forty officers and five hundred men: the shattered remnants of Château-Vieux are seeking covert. Regiment du Roi, not effervescent now, alas no, but *having* effervesced, will offer to ground its arms; will "march in a quarter of an hour." Nay these poor effervesced require "escort" to march with, and get it; though they are thousands strong, and have thirty ball-cartridges a man! The Sun is not yet down, when Peace, which might have come bloodless, has come bloody: the mutinous Regiments are on march, doleful, on their three Routes; and from Nanci rises wail of women and men, the voice of weeping and desolation; the City weeping for its slain who awaken not. These streets are empty but for victorious patrols.

Thus has Fortune, favouring the brave, dragged Bouillé, as himself says, out of such a frightful peril "by the hair of the head." An intrepid adamantine man, this Bouillé:—had *he* stood in old Broglie's place in those Bastille days, it might have been all different! He has extinguished mutiny, and immeasurable civil war. Not for nothing, as we see; yet at a rate which he and Constitutional Patriotism consider cheap. Nay, as for Bouillé, he, urged by subsequent contradiction which arose, declares coldly, it was rather against his own private mind, and more by public military rule of duty, that he did extinguish it,[1]—immeasurable civil war being now the only chance. Urged, we say, by subsequent contradiction! Civil war, indeed, is Chaos; and in all vital Chaos there is new Order shaping itself free: but what a faith this, that of all new Orders out of Chaos and Possibility of Man and his Universe, Louis Sixteenth and Two-Chamber Monarchy were precisely the one that would shape itself! It is like undertaking to throw deuce-ace, say only five hundred successive

[1] Bouillé, i. 175.

times, and *any* other throw to be fatal—for Bouillé. Rather thank Fortune, and Heaven, always, thou intrepid Bouillé, and let contradiction go its way! Civil war, conflagrating universally over France at this moment, might have led to one thing or to another thing: meanwhile, to *quench* conflagration, wheresoever one finds it, wheresoever one can; this, in all times, is the rule for man and General Officer.

But at Paris, so agitated and divided, fancy how it went, when the continually vibrating Orderlies vibrated *thither* at hand-gallop, with such questionable news! High is the gratulation; and also deep the indignation. An august Assembly, by overwhelming majorities, passionately thanks Bouillé; a King's [illegible], the voices of all Loyal, all Constitutional men [illegible] the same tenor. A solemn Nati[illegible], for the Law-defenders slain at Nanc[illegible] Champ-de-Mars; Bailly, Lafayette and [illegible], all except the few that protested, [illegible] and circumstance, with episcopal [illegible] girdles, Altar of Fatherland smoking with cassol[illegible]-kettles, the vast Champ-de-Mars wholly [illegible] round with black mortcloth,—which [illegible] expenditure Marat thinks had be[illegible], in these dear days, and [illegible] Patriot.[1] On the other ha[illegible] Antoine, which we have [illegible] its shops and suchlike, assembles "now [illegible] to the number of forty thousand", and, with loud cries, under the very windows of the thanking National Assembly, demands revenge for murdered Brothers, judgment on Bouillé, and instant dismissal of War-Minister Latour du [illegible]

At sound and sight [illegible] not War-

[1] "Ami du Peuple". (in "[illegible] [The public workshops (where the State [illegible] at a great expense, there being in Octob[illegible] supported in Paris, 15,000 in Amiens, and [illegible] The State in 1790 also spent 75,000,000 [illegible] for Paris, which it sold at half price (Von Sy[illegible] Stephens, vol. i., chap. xii.).—E[illegible]

Minister Latour, yet "Adored Minister Necker" sees good, on the 3d of September 1790, to withdraw softly, almost privily,[1]—with an eye to the "recovery of his health." Home to native Switzerland; not as he last came; lucky to reach it alive! Fifteen months ago, we saw him coming, with escort of horse, with sound of clarion and trumpet; and now, at Arcis-sur-Aube, while he departs, unescorted, soundless, the Populace and Municipals stop him as a fugitive, are not unlike massacring him as a traitor, the National Assembly, consulted on the matter, gives him free egress as a nullity. Such an unstable "drift-mould of Accident" is the substance of this lower world, for them that dwell in houses of clay; so, especially in hot regions and times, do the proudest palaces we build of it take wings, and become Sahara sand-palaces, spinning many-pillared in the whirlwind, and bury us under their sand!—

In spite of the forty thousand, the National Assembly persists in its thanks; and Royalist Latour du Pin continues Minister. The forty thousand assemble next day, as loud as ever; roll towards Latour's Hôtel, find cannon on the porch-steps with flambeau lit; and have to retire elsewhither, and digest their spleen, or reabsorb it into the blood.

Over in Lorraine, meanwhile, they of the distributed fusils, ringleaders of Mestre-de-Camp, of Roi, have got marked out for judgment;—yet shall never get judged. Briefer is the doom of Château-Vieux. Chateau-Vieux is, by Swiss law, given up for instant trial in Court-Martial of its own officers. Which Court-Martial, with all brevity (in not many hours), has hanged some Twenty-three on conspicuous gibbets; marched some Three-

[1] [Necker's resignation was largely due to Mirabeau carrying a motion against his wishes for the issue of an additional amount of 800,000,000 francs in *assignats* so as to meet the enormous deficit. The finances were going from bad to worse. The patriotic contribution of a [illegible] of one's income had been a failure, and, as the old indirect taxes [illegible] been rescinded, there was an enormous deficit of [illegible] francs (£8,800,000) while 640,000,000 francs were needed to meet the most necessary expenses.—ED.]

score in chains to the Galleys; and so, to appearance, finished the matter off. Hanged men do cease for ever from this Earth; but out of chains and the Galleys there may be resuscitation in triumph. Resuscitation for the chained Hero; and even for the chained Scoundrel or Semi-scoundrel! Scottish John Knox, such World-Hero as we know, sat once nevertheless pulling grim-taciturn at the oar of French Galley, "in the *Water of Lore*"; and even flung their Virgin-Mary over, instead of kissing her,—as a "*pented bredd*," or timber Virgin, who could naturally swim.[1] So, ye of Château-Vieux, tug patiently, not without hope!

But indeed at Nanci generally, Aristocracy rides triumphant, rough. Bouillé is gone again, the second day; an Aristocrat Municipality, with free course, is as cruel as it had before been cowardly. The Daughter Society, as the mother of the whole mischief, lies ignominiously suppressed; the Prisons can hold no more; bereaved down-beaten Patriotism murmurs, not loud but deep. Here and in the neighbouring Towns, "flattened balls" picked from the streets of Nanci are worn at buttonholes: balls flattened in carrying death to Patriotism; men wear them there, in perpetual memento of revenge. Mutineer deserters roam the woods; have to demand charity at the musket's end. All is dissolution, mutual rancour, gloom and despair:—till National Assembly Commissioners arrive, with a steady gentle flame of Constitutionalism in their hearts; who gently lift up the down-trodden, gently pull down the too uplifted; reinstate the Daughter Society, recall the mutineer deserter; gradually levelling, strive in all wise ways to smoothe and soothe. With such gradual mild levelling on the one side; as with solemn funeral-service, cassolettes, Courts-Martial, National thanks, on the other,—all that Officiality can do is done. The buttonhole will drop its flat ball; the black ashes, so far as may be, get green again.

[1] Knox's "History of the Reformation," b. i.

This is the "Affair of Nanci"; by some callėd the "Massacre of Nanci";—properly speaking, the unsightly *wrong-side* of that thrice-glorious Feast of Pikes, the right-side of which formed a spectacle for the very gods. Right-side and wrong lie always so near: the one was in July, in August the other! Theatres, the theatres over in London, are bright with their pasteboard simulacrum of that "Federation of the French people," brought out as Drama: this of Nanci, we may say, though not played in any pasteboard Theatre, did for many months enact itself, and even walk spectrally, in all French heads. For the news of it fly pealing through all France: awakening, in town and village, in clubroom, messroom, to the utmost borders, some mimic reflex or imaginative repetition of the business; always with the angry questionable assertion: It was right; It was wrong. Whereby come controversies, duels; embitterment, vain jargon; the hastening forward, the augmenting and intensifying of whatever new explosions lie in store for us.

Meanwhile, at this cost or at that, the mutiny, as we say, is stilled. The French Army has neither burst-up in universal simultaneous delirium; nor been at once disbanded, put an end to, and made new again. It must die in the chronic manner, through years, by inches; with partial revolts, as of Brest Sailors or the like, which dare not spread; with men unhappy, insubordinate; officers unhappier, in Royalist mustachioes, taking horse, singly or in bodies, across the Rhine:[1] sick dissatisfaction, sick disgust on both sides; the Army moribund, fit for no duty:—till it do, in that unexpected manner, phoenix-like, with long throes, get both dead and new-born; then start forth strong, nay stronger and even strongest.[2]

[1] See Dampmartin, i. 249, etc., etc.

[2] [The army in the autumn of 1790 definitely ranged itself on the side of the Revolution. This significant fact inspired Burke ("Reflections on the French Rev.," pt. ii., § 4) with the prediction (his work was published in October, 1790) that, as the Assembly

Thus much was the brave Bouillé hitherto fated to do. Wherewith let him again fade into dimness; and, at Metz or the rural Cantonments, assiduously drilling, mysteriously diplomatising, in scheme within scheme, hover as formerly a faint shadow, the hope of Royalty.

had succeeded in "debauching the soldiers from their officers," a time of anarchy must ensue, leading up to a military dictatorship —a true forecast of Bonaparte's career.—ED.]

BOOK THIRD

THE TUILERIES

CHAPTER I

EPIMENIDES

HOW true, that there is nothing dead in this Universe; that what we call dead is only changed, its forces working in inverse order! "The leaf that lies rotting in moist winds," says one, "has still force; else how could it *rot*?" Our whole Universe is but an infinite Complex of Forces; thousandfold, from Gravitation up to Thought and Will; man's Freedom environed with Necessity of Nature: in all which nothing at any moment slumbers, but all is forever awake and busy. The thing that lies isolated inactive thou shalt nowhere discover; seek everywhere, from the granite mountain, slow-mouldering since Creation, to the passing cloud-vapour, to the living man; to the action, to the spoken word of man. The word that is spoken, as we know, flies irrevocable: not less, but more, the action that is done. "The gods themselves," says Pindar, "cannot annihilate the action that is done." No: this, once done, is done always; cast forth into endless Time; and, long conspicuous or soon hidden, must verily work and grow forever there, an indestructible new element in the Infinite of Things. Or, indeed, what *is* this Infinite of Things itself, which men name Universe, but an Action, a sum-total of Actions and Activities? The living ready-made sum-total of these three,—which Cal-

culation cannot add, cannot bring on its tablets; yet the sum, we say, is written visible: All that has been done, All that is doing, All that will be done! Understand it well, the Thing thou beholdest, that Thing is an Action, the product and expression of exerted Force: the All of Things is an infinite conjugation of the verb *To do*. Shoreless Fountain-Ocean of Force, of power to *do*; wherein Force rolls and circles, billowing, many-streamed, harmonious; wide as Immensity, deep as Eternity; beautiful and terrible, not to be comprehended: this is what man names Existence and Universe; this thousand-tinted Flame-image, at once veil and revelation, reflex such as he, in his poor brain and heart, can paint, of One Unnameable, dwelling in inaccessible light! From beyond the Star-galaxies, from before the Beginning of Days, it billows and rolls,—round *thee*, nay thyself art of it, in this point of Space where thou now standest, in this moment which thy clock measures.

Or, apart from all Transcendentalism, is it not a plain truth of sense, which the duller mind can even consider as a truism, that human things wholly are in continual movement, and action and reaction; working continually forward, phasis after phasis, by unalterable laws, towards prescribed issues? How often must we say, and yet not rightly lay to heart: The seed that is sown, it will spring! Given the summer's blossoming, then there is also given the autumnal withering: so is it ordered not with seed-fields only, but with transactions, arrangements, philosophies, societies, French Revolutions, whatsoever man works with in this lower world. The Beginning holds in it the End, and all that leads thereto; as the acorn does the oak and its fortunes. Solemn enough, did we think of it,—which unhappily, and also happily, we do not very much! Thou there canst begin; the Beginning is for thee, and there: but where, and of what sort, and for whom will the End be? All grows, and seeks and endures its destinies: consider likewise how much grows, as the trees do, whether *we* think of it or not. So that when your Epimenides, your somnolent Peter Klaus,

since named Rip van Winkle, awakens again, he finds it a changed world. In that seven-years sleep of his, so much has changed! All that is without us will change while we think not of it; much even that is within us. The truth that was yesterday a restless Problem, has today grown a Belief burning to be uttered: on the morrow, contradiction has exasperated it into mad Fanaticism; obstruction has dulled it into sick Inertness; it is sinking towards silence, of satisfaction or of resignation. Today is not Yesterday, for man or for thing. Yesterday there was the oath of Love; today has come the curse of Hate. Not willingly: ah, no; but it could not help coming. The golden radiance of youth, would it willingly have tarnished itself into the dimness of old age?—Fearful: how we stand enveloped, deep-sunk, in that Mystery of TIME; and are Sons of Time; fashioned and woven out of Time; and on us, and on all that we have, or see, or do, is written: Rest not, Continue not, Forward to thy doom!

But in seasons of Revolution, which indeed distinguish themselves from common seasons by their *velocity* mainly, your miraculous Seven-sleeper might, with miracle enough, awake *sooner*: not by the century, or seven years, need he sleep; often not by the seven months. Fancy, for example, some new Peter Klaus, sated with the jubilee of that Federation day, had lain down, say directly after the blessing of Talleyrand; and, reckoning it all safe *now*, had fallen composedly asleep under the timber-work of the Fatherland's Altar; to sleep there, not twenty-one years, but as it were year and day. The cannonading of Nanci, so far off, does not disturb him; nor does the black mortcloth, close at hand, nor the requiems chanted, and minute-guns, incense-pans and concourse right over his head: none of these; but Peter sleeps through them all. Through one circling year, as we say; from July the 14th of 1790, till July the 17th of 1791: but on that latter day, no Klaus, nor most leaden Epimenides, only the Dead could continue sleeping: and

so our miraculous Peter Klaus awakens. With what eyes, O Peter! Earth and sky have still their joyous July look, and the Champ-de-Mars is multitudinous with men: but the jubilee-huzzahing has become Bedlam-shrieking, of terror and revenge; not blessing of Talleyrand, or any blessing, but cursing, imprecation and shrill wail; our cannon-salvoes are turned to sharp shot; for swinging of incense-pans and Eighty-three Departmental Banners, we have waving of the one sanguineous *Drapeau Rouge*.—Thou foolish Klaus! The one lay in the other, the one *was* the other *minus* Time;[1] even as Hannibal's rock-rending vinegar lay in the sweet new wine. That sweet Federation was of last year; this sour Divulsion is the selfsame substance, only older by the appointed days.

No miraculous Klaus or Epimenides sleeps in these times; and yet, may not many a man, if of due opacity and levity, act the same miracle in a natural way; we mean, with his eyes open? Eyes has he, but he sees not, except what is under his nose. With a sparkling briskness of glance, as if he not only saw but saw through, such a one goes whisking, assiduous, in his circle of officialities; not dreaming but that *it* is the whole world: as indeed, where your vision terminates, does not inanity begin *there*, and the world's end clearly disclose itself—to you? Whereby our brisk-sparkling assiduous official person (call him, for instance, Lafayette), suddenly startled, after year and day, by huge grapeshot tumult, stares not less astonished at it than Peter Klaus would have done. Such natural-miracle can Lafayette perform; and indeed not he only but most other officials, non-officials, and generally the whole French People can perform it; and do bounce up, ever and anon, like amazed Seven-sleepers awakening; awakening amazed at the noise they themselves *make*. So strangely is

[1] [Carlyle, with his rigorous fatalism, omits to note how readily things might have turned out differently, had Louis formed a stronger Ministry, and brought about an understanding between Lafayette and Mirabeau.—ED.]

Freedom, as we say, environed in Necessity; such a singular Somnambulism, of Conscious and Unconscious, of Voluntary and Involuntary, is this life of man. If anywhere in the world there was astonishment that the Federation Oath went into grapeshot, surely of all persons the French, first swearers and then shooters, felt astonished the most.

Alas, offences must come. The sublime Feast of Pikes with its effulgence of brotherly love, unknown since the Age of Gold, has changed nothing. That prurient heat in Twenty-five millions of hearts is not cooled thereby; but is still hot, nay hotter. Lift off the pressure of command from so many millions; all pressure or binding rule, except such melodramatic Federation Oath as they have bound *themselves* with! For *Thou shalt* was from of old the condition of man's being, and his weal and blessedness was in obeying that. Wo for him when, were it on the hest of the clearest necessity, rebellion, disloyal isolation, and mere *I will*, becomes his rule! But the Gospel of Jean-Jacques has come, and the first Sacrament of it has been celebrated: all things, as we say, are got into hot and hotter prurience; and must go on pruriently fermenting, in continual change noted or unnoted.

"Worn out with disgusts," Captain after Captain, in Royalist mustachioes, mounts his war-horse, or his Rozinante war-garron, and rides minatory across the Rhine; till all have ridden. Neither does civic Emigration cease; Seigneur after Seigneur must, in like manner, ride or roll; impelled to it, and even compelled. For the very Peasants despise him, in that he dare not join his order and fight.[1] Can he bear to have a Distaff, a *Quenouille* sent to him: say in copper-plate shadow, by post; or fixed up in wooden reality over his gate-lintel: as if he were no Hercules, but an Omphale? Such scutcheon they forward to him diligently from beyond the Rhine till he too bestir himself and march, and in sour humour

[1] Dampmartin, *passim*.

another Lord of Land is gone, *not* taking the Land with him. Nay, what of Captains and emigrating Seigneurs? There is not an angry word on any of those Twenty-five million French tongues, and indeed not an angry thought in their hearts, but is some fraction of the great Battle. Add many successions of angry words together, you have the manual brawl; add brawls together, with the festering sorrows they leave, and they rise to riots and revolts. One reverend thing after another ceases to meet reverence: in visible material combustion, château after château mounts up; in spiritual invisible combustion, one authority after another. With noise and glare, or noiselessly and unnoted, a whole Old System of things is vanishing piecemeal: the morrow thou shalt look, and it is not.

CHAPTER II

THE WAKEFUL

SLEEP who will, cradled in hope and short vision, like Lafayette, who "always in the danger done sees the last danger that will threaten him,"—Time is not sleeping, nor Time's seedfield.

That sacred Herald's-College of a *new* Dynasty; we mean the Sixty and odd Billstickers with their leaden badges, are not sleeping. Daily they, with pastepot and cross-staff, new-clothe the walls of Paris in colours of the rainbow: authoritative-heraldic, as we say, or indeed almost magical-thaumaturgic; for no Placard-Journal that they paste but will convince some soul or souls of men. The Hawkers bawl; and the Balladsingers: great Journalism blows and blusters, through all its throats, forth from Paris towards all corners of France, like an Aeolus' Cave; keeping alive all manner of fires.

Throats or Journals there are, as men count,[1] to the number of some Hundred and thirty-three. Of various calibre; from your Cheniers, Gorsases, Camilles, down to your Marat, down now to your incipient Hébert of the *Père Duchesne*; these blow, with fierce weight of argument or quick light banter, for the Rights of Man: Durosoys, Royous, Peltiers, Sulleaus, equally with mixed tactics (inclusive, singular to say, of much profane Parody),[2] are blowing for Altar and Throne. As for Marat the People's-Friend, his voice is as that of the bullfrog, or bittern by the solitary pools; he, unseen of men, croaks harsh thunder, and that alone continually,—

[1] Mercier, iii. 163.

[2] See "Hist. Parl.," vii. 51.

of indignation, suspicion, incurable sorrow. The People are sinking toward ruin, near starvation itself: "My dear friends," cries he, "your indigence is not the fruit of vices nor of idleness; you have a right to life, as good as Louis XVI., or the happiest of the century. What man can say he has a right to dine, when you have no bread?"[1] The People sinking on the one hand: on the other hand, nothing but wretched Sieur Motiers, treasonous Riquetti Mirabeaus: traitors, or else shadows and simulacra of Quacks to be seen in high places, look where you will! Men that go mincing, grimacing, with plausible speech and brushed raiment; hollow within: Quacks political; Quacks scientific, academical: all with a fellow-feeling for each other, and kind of Quack public-spirit! Not great Lavoisier himself, or any of the Forty can escape this rough tongue; which wants not fanatic sincerity, nor, strangest of all, a certain rough caustic sense. And then the "three thousand gaming-houses" that are in Paris; cesspools for the scoundrelism of the world; sinks of iniquity and debauchery,—whereas without good morals Liberty is impossible! There, in these Dens of Satan, which one knows, and perseveringly denounces, do Sieur Motier's *mouchards* consort and colleague; battening vampyre-like on a People next-door to starvation. "*O Peuple!*" cries he ofttimes, with heart-rending accent. Treason, delusion, vampyrism, scoundrelism, from Dan to Beersheba! The soul of Marat is sick with the sight: but what remedy? To erect "Eight Hundred gibbets," in convenient rows, and proceed to hoisting; "Riquetti on the first of them!" Such is the brief recipe of Marat, Friend of the People.

So blow and bluster the Hundred and thirty-three: nor, as would seem, are these sufficient; for there are benighted nooks in France, to which Newspapers do not reach; and everywhere is "such an appetite for news as was never seen in any country." Let an expeditious Dampmartin, on furlough, set out to return home from

[1] "Ami du Peuple," No. 306. See other Excerpts in "Hist. Parl.," viii. 139-149, 428-433; ix. 85-93, etc.

Paris,[1] he cannot get along for "peasants stopping him on the highway; overwhelming him with questions": the *Maître de Poste* will not send out the horses till you have well-nigh quarrelled with him, but asks always, What news? At Autun, in spite of the dark night and "rigorous frost," for it is now January 1791, nothing will serve but you must gather your wayworn limbs and thoughts, and "speak to the multitudes from a window opening into the market-place." It is the shortest method: *This*, good Christian people, is verily what an august Assembly seemed to me to be doing; this and no other is the news:

> Now my weary lips I close;
> Leave me, leave me to repose!

The good Dampmartin!—But, on the whole, are not Nations astonishingly true to their National character; which indeed runs in the blood? Nineteen hundred years ago, Julius Caesar, with his quick sure eye, took note how the Gauls waylaid men. "It is a habit of theirs," says he, "to stop travellers, were it even by constraint, and inquire whatsoever each of them may have heard or known about any sort of matter: in their towns, the common people beset the passing trader; demanding to hear from what regions he came, what things he got acquainted with there. Excited by which rumours and hearsays, they will decide about the weightiest matters; and necessarily repent next moment that they did it, on such guidance of uncertain reports, and many a traveller answering with mere fictions to please them, and get off."[2] Nineteen hundred years; and good Dampmartin, wayworn, in winter frost, probably with scant light of stars and fish-oil, still perorates from the Inn-window! This People is no longer called Gaulish; and it has *wholly* become *braccatus*, has got breeches, and suffered change enough: certain fierce German *Franken* came storming over; and, so to speak, vaulted on the back of

[1] Dampmartin, i. 184.

[2] "De Bello Gallico," lib. iv. 5.

it; and always after, in their grim tenacious way, have ridden it bridled; for German is, by his very name, *Guerre*-man,[1] or man that *wars* and *gars*. And so the People, as we say, is now called French or Frankish: nevertheless, does not the old Gaulish and Gaelic Celthood, with its vehemence, effervescent promptitude, and what good and ill it had, still vindicate itself little adulterated?—[2]

For the rest, that in such prurient confusion, Clubbism thrives and spreads, need not be said. Already the Mother of Patriotism, sitting in the Jacobins, shines supreme over all; and has paled the poor lunar light of that Monarchic Club near to final extinction. She, we say, shines supreme, girt with sunlight, not yet with infernal lightning; reverenced, not without fear, by Municipal Authorities; counting her Barnaves, Lameths, Pétions, of a National Assembly; most gladly of all, her Robespierre. ordeliers, again, your Hébert, Vincent, Bibliopolist Momoro, groan audibly that a tyrannous Mayor and Sieur Motier harrow them with the sharp *tribula* of Law, intent apparently to suppress them by tribulation. How the Jacobin Mother Society, as hinted formerly, sheds forth Cordeliers on this hand, and then Feuillans on that; the Cordeliers "an elixir or double distillation of Jacobin Patriotism"; the other a widespread weak dilution thereof: how she will reabsorb the former into her mother bosom, and stormfully dissipate the latter into Nonentity: how she breeds and brings forth Three Hundred Daughter Societies; her rearing of them, her correspondence, her endeavourings and continual travail: how, under an old figure, Jacobinism shoots forth organic filaments to the utmost corners of

[1] [This derivation is unscientific. The word is derived from a Celtic word meaning "shouter."—ED.]

[2] [Dumont (a Genevese, who knew England and France well) says that if one stopped a hundred persons at random in London and Paris, and asked them to undertake the national government, ninety-nine would accept the offer at Paris, and ninety-nine would refuse it at London (Dumont, "Recollections of Mirabeau," chap. viii.).—ED.]

confused dissolved France; organising it anew:—this properly is the grand fact of the Time.

To passionate Constitutionalism, still more to Royalism, which see all their own Clubs fail and die, Clubbism will naturally grow to seem the root of all evil. Nevertheless Clubbism is not death, but rather new organisation, and life out of death: destructive, indeed, of the remnants of the Old; but to the New important, indispensable. That man can coöperate and hold communion with man, herein lies his miraculous strength. In hut or hamlet, Patriotism mourns not now like voice in the desert: it can walk to the nearest Town; and there, in the Daughter Society, make its ejaculation into an articulate oration, into an action, guided forward by the Mother of Patriotism herself. All Clubs of Constitutionalists, and suchlike, fail, one after another, as shallow fountains: Jacobinism alone has gone down to the deep subterranean lake of waters; and may, unless *filled in*, flow there, copious, continual, like an Artesian well. Till the Great Deep have drained itself up; and all be flooded and submerged, and Noah's Deluge out-deluged!

On the other hand, Claude Fauchet, preparing mankind for a Golden Age now apparently just at hand, has opened his *Cercle Social*, with clerks, corresponding boards, and so forth; in the precincts of the Palais Royal. It is *Te-Deum* Fauchet; the same who preached on Franklin's Death, in that huge Medicean rotunda of the *Halle-aux-bleds*. He here, this winter, by Printing-press and melodious Colloquy, spreads bruit of himself to the utmost City-barriers. "Ten thousand persons of respectability" attend there; and listen to this "*Procureur-Général de la Vérité*, Attorney-General of Truth,' so has he dubbed himself; to his sage Condorcet, or other eloquent coadjutor. Eloquent Attorney-General! He blows out from him, better or worse, what crude or ripe thing he holds: not without result to himself; for it leads to a Bishopric, though only a Constitutional one. Fauchet approves himself a glib-tongued, strong-lunged, whole-hearted human individual: much flowing

matter there is, and really of the better sort, about Right, Nature, Benevolence, Progress; which flowing matter, whether "it is pan-theistic," or is pot-theistic, only the greener mind, in these days, need examine. Busy Brissot was long ago of purpose to establish precisely some such regenerative *Social Circle*: nay he had tried it in "Newman-street Oxford-street," of the Fog Babylon; and failed,—as some say, surreptitiously pocketing the cash. Fauchet, not Brissot, was fated to be the happy man; whereat, however, generous Brissot will with sincere heart sing a timber-toned *Nunc Domine*.[1] But "ten thousand persons of respectability": what a bulk have many things in proportion to their magnitude! This *Cercle Social*, for which Brissot chants in sincere timber-tones such *Nunc Domine*, what is it? Unfortunately wind and shadow. The main reality one finds in it now, is perhaps this: that an "Attorney-General of Truth" did once take shape of a body, as Son of Adam, on our Earth, though but for months or moments; and ten thousand persons of respectability attended, ere yet Chaos and Nox had reabsorbed him.

Hundred and thirty-three Paris Journals; regenerative Social Circle; oratory, in Mother and Daughter Societies, from the balconies of Inns, by chimney-nook, at dinner-table,—polemical, ending many times in duel! And ever, like a constant growling accompaniment of bass Discord: scarcity of work, scarcity of food. The winter is hard and cold; ragged Bakers'-queues, like a black tattered flag-of-distress, wave out ever and anon. It is the third of our Hunger-years, this new year of a glorious Revolution. The rich man when invited to dinner, in such distress-seasons, feels bound in politeness to carry his own bread in his pocket: how the poor dine? And your glorious Revolution has done it, cries one. And our glorious Revolution is subtilely, by black traitors worthy of the Lamp-iron, *perverted* to do it, cries another.

[1] See Brissot, "Patriote-Français" Newspaper; Fauchet, "Bouche-de-Fer," etc. (excerpted in "Hist. Parl.," viii. ix. *et seqq.*).

Who will paint the huge whirlpool wherein France, all shivered into wild incoherence, whirls? The jarring that went on under every French roof, in every French heart; the diseased things that were spoken, done, the sum-total whereof is the French Revolution, tongue of man cannot tell. Nor the laws of action that work unseen in the depths of that huge blind Incoherence! With amazement, not with measurement, men look on the Immeasurable; not knowing its laws; *seeing*, with all different degrees of knowledge, what new phases, and results of event, its laws bring forth. France is as a monstrous Galvanic Mass, wherein all sorts of far stranger than chemical galvanic or electric forces and substances are at work; electrifying one another, positive and negative; filling with electricity your Leyden-jars,—Twenty-five millions in number! As the jars get full, there will, from time to time, be, on slight hint, an explosion.

CHAPTER III

SWORD IN HAND

ON such wonderful basis, however, has Law, Royalty, Authority, and whatever yet exists of visible Order, to maintain itself, while it can. Here, as in that Commixture of the Four Elements did the Anarch Old, has an august Assembly spread its pavilion; curtained by the dark infinite of discords; founded on the wavering bottomless of the Abyss; and keeps continual hubbub. Time is around it, and Eternity, and the Inane; and it does what it can, what is given it to do.

Glancing reluctantly in, once more, we discern little that is edifying: a Constitutional Theory of Defective Verbs struggling forward, with perseverance, amid endless interruptions: Mirabeau, from his tribune, with the weight of his name and genius, awing-down much Jacobin violence; which in return vents itself the louder over in its Jacobins Hall, and even reads him sharp lectures there.[1] This man's path is mysterious, questionable; difficult and he walks without companion in it. Pure Patriotism does not now count him among her chosen; pure Royalism abhors him: yet his weight with the world is overwhelming. Let him travel on, companionless, unwavering, whither he is bound,—while it is yet day with him, and the night has not come.

But the chosen band of pure Patriot brothers is small; counting only some Thirty, seated now on the extreme tip of the Left, separate from the world. A virtuous Pétion; an incorruptible Robespierre, most consistent

[1] Camille's Journal (in "Hist. Parl.," ix. 366-385).

incorruptible of thin acrid men; Triumvirs Barnave, Duport, Lameth, great in speech, thought, action, each according to his kind; a lean old Goupil de Prefeln: on these and what will follow them has pure Patriotism to depend.

There too, conspicuous among the Thirty, if seldom audible, Philippe d'Orléans may be seen sitting: in dim fuliginous bewilderment; having, one might say, *arrived* at Chaos! Gleams there are, at once of a Lieutenancy and Regency; debates in the Assembly itself, of succession to the Throne "in case the present Branch should fail"; and Philippe, they say, walked anxiously, in silence, through the corridors, till such high argument were done: but it came all to nothing; Mirabeau, glaring into the man, and through him, had to ejaculate in strong untranslatable language: "*Ce j—f— ne vaut pas la peine qu'on se donne pour lui.*"[1] It came all to nothing; and in the mean while Philippe's money, they say, is gone! Could he refuse a little cash to the gifted Patriot, in want only of that; he himself in want of all *but* that? Not a pamphlet can be printed without cash; or indeed written without food purchasable by cash. Without cash your hopefulest Projector cannot stir from the spot; individual patriotic or other Projects require cash: how much more do widespread Intrigues, which live and exist by cash; lying widespread, with dragon-appetite for cash; fit to swallow Princedoms! And so Prince Philippe, amid his Sillerys, Lacloses and confused Sons of Night, has rolled along: the centre of the strangest cloudy coil; out of

[1] [The correspondence between Mirabeau and La Marck (vol. i., pp. 126-128, 353) shows that there was no connection between Mirabeau and the duke, of whom he said (after his tame departure for London at Lafayette's bidding): "They say I am of his party: I would not have him for my valet." Yet Dumont, who knew Mirabeau well, says ("Recollections of Mirabeau"): "It is impossible not to think there was some connection between them. 'Instead of a glass of brandy a bottle was given.'—This is the figure by which Mirabeau explained the movement of Paris on Versailles [on October 5th, 1789]."

Louis Blanc tried to prove that Mirabeau was an *agent* of the Comte de Provence!—ED.]

which has visibly come, as we often say, an Epic Preternatural Machinery of SUSPICION; and *within* which there has dwelt and worked,—what specialities of treason, stratagem, aimed or aimless endeavour towards mischief, no party living (if it be not the presiding Genius of it, Prince of the Power of the Air) has now any chance to know. Camille's conjecture is the likeliest: that poor Philippe did mount up, a little way, in treasonable speculation, as he mounted formerly in one of the earliest Balloons; but, frightened at the new position he was getting into, had soon turned the cock again, and come down. More fool than he rose! To create Preternatural Suspicion, this was his function in the Revolutionary Epos. But now if he have lost his cornucopia of ready-money, what else had he to lose? In thick darkness, inward and outward, he must welter and flounder on, in that piteous death-element, the hapless man. Once, or even twice, we shall still behold him emerged; struggling out of the thick death-element: in vain. For one moment, it is the last moment, he starts aloft, or is flung aloft, even into clearness and a kind of memorability,—to sink then forevermore!

The *Côté Droit* persists no less; nay with more animation than ever, though hope has now well-nigh fled. Tough Abbé Maury, when the obscure country Royalist grasps his hand with transport of thanks, answers, rolling his indomitable brazen head: "*Hélas, Monsieur*, all that I do here is as good as simply *nothing*." Gallant Faussigny, visible this one time in History, advances frantic into the middle of the Hall, exclaiming: "There is but one way of dealing with it, and that is to fall sword in hand on those gentry there, *sabre à la main sur ces gaillards là*,"[1] franticly indicating our chosen Thirty on the extreme tip of the Left! Whereupon is clangour and clamour, debate, repentance,—evaporation. Things ripen towards downright incompatibility, and what is called "scission": that fierce theoretic onslaught of

[1] "Moniteur," Séance du 21 Août 1790.

Faussigny's was in August 1790; next August will not have come, till a famed Two Hundred and Ninety-two, the chosen of Royalism, make solemn final "scission" from an Assembly given up to faction; and depart, shaking the dust off their feet.

Connected with this matter of sword in hand, there is yet another thing to be noted. Of duels we have sometimes spoken: how, in all parts of France, innumerable duels were fought; and argumentative men and messmates, flinging down the wine-cup and weapons of reason and repartee, met in the measured field; to part bleeding; or perhaps *not* to part, but to fall mutually skewered through with iron, their wrath and life alike ending,—and die as fools die. Long has this lasted, and still lasts. But now it would seem as if in an august Assembly itself, traitorous Royalism, in its despair, had taken to a new course: that of cutting off Patriotism by systematic duel! Bully swordsmen, "*Spadassins*" of that party, go swaggering; or indeed they can be had for a trifle of money. "Twelve *Spadassins*" were *seen*, by the yellow eye of Journalism, "arriving recently out of Switzerland"; also "a considerable number of Assassins, *nombre considérable d'assassins*, exercising in fencing-schools and at pistol-targets." Any Patriot Deputy of mark can be called out; let him escape one time, or ten times, a time there necessarily is when he must fall, and France mourn. How many cartels has Mirabeau had; especially while he was the People's champion! Cartels by the hundred: which he, since the Constitution must be made first, and his time is precious, answers now always with a kind of stereotype formula: "Monsieur, you are put upon my List; but I warn you that it is long, and I grant no preferences."

Then, in Autumn, had we not the Duel of Cazalès and Barnave; the two chief masters of tongue-shot meeting now to exchange pistol-shot? For Cazalès, chief of the Royalists, whom we call "Blacks or *Noirs*," said, in a moment of passion, "the Patriots were sheer Brigands,"

nay in so speaking, he darted, or seemed to dart, a fire-glance specially at Barnave; who thereupon could not but reply by fire-glances,—by adjournment to the Bois-de-Boulogne. Barnave's second shot took effect: on Cazalès' *hat*. The "front nook" of a triangular Felt, such as mortals then wore, deadened the ball; and saved that fine brow from more than temporary injury. But how easily might the lot have fallen the other way, and Barnave's hat not been so good! Patriotism raises its loud denunciation of Duelling in general; petitions an august Assembly to stop such Feudal barbarism by law. Barbarism and solecism: for will it convince or convict any man to blow half an ounce of lead through the head of him? Surely not.—Barnave was received at the Jacobins with embraces, yet with rebukes.

Mindful of which, and also that his reputation in America was that of headlong foolhardiness rather, and want of brain not of heart, Charles Lameth does, on the eleventh day of November, with little emotion, decline attending some hot young Gentleman from Artois, come expressly to challenge him: nay indeed he first coldly engages to attend; then coldly permits two Friends to attend instead of him, and shame the young Gentleman out of it, which they successfully do. A cold procedure; satisfactory to the two Friends, to Lameth and the hot young Gentleman; whereby, one might have fancied, the whole matter was cooled down.

Not so, however: Lameth, proceeding to his senatorial duties, in the decline of the day, is met in those Assembly corridors by nothing but Royalist *brocards*; sniffs, huffs and open insults. Human patience has its limits: "Monsieur," said Lameth, breaking silence to one Lautrec, a man with hunchback, or natural deformity, but sharp of tongue, and a *Black* of the deepest tint, "Monsieur, if you were a man to be fought with!"—"I am one," cries the young Duke de Castries. Fast as fire-flash Lameth replies, "*Tout à l'heure*, On the instant, then!" And so, as the shades of dusk thicken in that

Bois-de-Boulogne, we behold two men with lion-look, with alert attitude, side foremost, right foot advanced; flourishing and thrusting, stoccado and passado, in tierce and quart; intent to skewer one another. See, with most skewering purpose, headlong Lameth, with his whole weight, makes a furious lunge; but deft Castries whisks aside: Lameth skewers only the air,—and slits deep and far, on Castries' sword's-point, his own extended left arm! Whereupon, with bleeding, pallor, surgeon's-lint and formalities, the Duel is considered satisfactorily done.

But will there be no end, then? Beloved Lameth lies deep-slit, not out of danger. Black traitorous Aristocrats kill the People's defenders, cut up not with arguments, but with rapier-slits. And the Twelve *Spadassins* out of Switzerland, and the considerable number of Assassins exercising at the pistol-target? So meditates and ejaculates hurt Patriotism, with ever-deepening, ever-widening fervour, for the space of six-and-thirty hours.

The thirty-six hours past, on Saturday the 13th, one beholds a new spectacle: The Rue de Varennes, and neighbouring Boulevard des Invalides, covered with a mixed flowing multitude: the Castries Hôtel gone distracted, devil-ridden, belching from every window, "beds with clothes and curtains," plate of silver and gold with filigree, mirrors, pictures, images, commodes, chiffoniers, and endless crockery and jingle: amid steady popular cheers, absolutely without theft: for there goes a cry, "He shall be hanged that steals a nail." It is a *Plebiscitum*, or informal iconoclastic Decree of the Common People, in the course of being executed!—The Municipality sit tremulous; deliberating whether they will hang out the *Drapeau Rouge* and Martial Law: National Assembly, part in loud wail, part in hardly suppressed applause; Abbé Maury unable to decide whether the iconoclastic Plebs amount to forty thousand or to two hundred thousand.

Deputations, swift messengers,—for it is at a distanc over the River,—come and go. Lafayette and Nat

Guards, though without *Drapeau Rouge*, get under way; apparently in no hot haste. Nay, arrived on the scene, Lafayette salutes with doffed hat, before ordering to fix bayonets. What avails it? The Plebeian "Court of *Cassation*," as Camille might punningly name it, has done its work; steps forth, with unbuttoned vest, with pockets turned inside out: sack, and just ravage, not plunder! With inexhaustible patience, the Hero of two Worlds remonstrates; persuasively, with a kind of sweet constraint, though also with fixed bayonets, dissipates, hushes down: on the morrow it is once more all as usual.[1]

Considering which things, however, Duke Castries may justly "write to the President," justly transport himself across the Marches; to raise a corps, or do what else is in him. Royalism totally abandons that Bobadilian method of contest, and the twelve *Spadassins* return to Switzerland—or even to Dreamland through the Horn-gate, whichsoever their true home is. Nay Editor Prudhomme is authorised to publish a curious thing: "We are authorised to publish," says he, dull-blustering Publisher, "that M. Boyer champion of good Patriots is at the head of Fifty *Spadassinicides* or Bully-*killers*. His address is: Passage du Bois-de-Boulogne, Faubourg St. Denis."[2] One of the strangest Institutes, this of Champion Boyer and the Bully-killers! Whose services, however, are not wanted; Royalism having abandoned the rapier method, as plainly impracticable.

[1] [Lafayette ("Mémoires," vol. iii., p. 152) says the onset of the mob was sudden: "In half an hour everything was broken, nothing stolen. They were talking of demolishing and burning the house: the National Guard arrived in time to prevent these misfortunes. . . . Nothing was saved but a cabinet defended by a National Guard." It seems that some one had spread the malicious rumour that De Castries' sword had been poisoned.

Mirabeau, perhaps in order to recover his waning popularity, palliated this "generous fury" of the mob, which stopped respectfully before a portrait of the King. This speech led the King (as also La Marck) once more to mistrust him ("Corresp. de Mirabeau et La Marck," vol. ii., pp. 328-335).—Ed.]

[2] "Révolutions de Paris" (in "Hist. Parl.," viii. 440).

CHAPTER IV

TO FLY OR NOT TO FLY

THE truth is, Royalism sees itself verging towards sad extremities; nearer and nearer daily. From over the Rhine it comes asserted that the King in his Tuileries is not free: this the poor King may contradict with the official mouth, but in his heart feels often to be undeniable. Civil Constitution of the Clergy; Decree of ejectment against Dissidents from it: not even to this latter, though almost his conscience rebels, can he say Nay; but, after two months' hesitating, signs this also. It was "on January 21st," of this 1791, that he signed it; to the sorrow of his poor heart yet, on *another* Twenty-first of January![1] Whereby come Dissident ejected Priests; unconquerable Martyrs according to some, incurable chicaning Traitors according to others. And so there has arrived what we once foreshadowed: with Religion, or with the Cant and Echo of Religion, all France is rent asunder in a new rupture of continuity; complicating, embittering all the older;—to be cured only by stern surgery, in La Vendée!

[1] [Louis gave his sanction to the Civil Constitution of the Clergy on August 24th, 1790. But the cardinals at Rome and the majority of the bishops in France moved the Pope to intervene and sustain the conscientious objections which three-fourths of the clergy felt to this measure. The Assembly persisted; it also decreed (November 27th, 1790) that all the clergy must take the oath to the constitution, including the further clerical decrees. After further hesitations Louis signed this decree (December 26th, 1790—*not* January 21st, 1791). He said, after signing it: "I had rather be King of Metz than remain King of France in this position: however, this will all finish soon" (Droz, "Règne de Louis XVI," vol. iii., p. 299).—ED.]

Unhappy Royalty, unhappy Majesty, Hereditary Representative, *Représentant Héréditaire*, or howsoever they may name him; of whom much is expected, to whom little is given! Blue National Guards encircle that Tuileries; a Lafayette, thin constitutional Pedant; clear, thin, inflexible, as water turned to thin ice; whom no Queen's heart can love. National Assembly, its pavilion spread where we know, sits near by, keeping continual hubbub. From without, nothing but Nanci Revolts, sack of Castries Hôtels, riots and seditions; riots North and South, at Aix, at Douai, at Béfort, Usez, Perpignan, at Nismes,[1] and that incurable Avignon of the Pope's: a continual crackling and sputtering of riots from the whole face of France;—testifying how electric it grows. Add only the hard winter, the famished *strikes* of operatives; that continual running-bass of Scarcity, groundtone and basis of all other Discords!

The plan of Royalty, so far as it can be said to have any fixed plan, is still, as ever, that of flying towards the frontiers. In very truth, the only plan of the smallest promise for it! Fly to Bouillé; bristle yourself round with cannon, served by your "forty-thousand undebauched Germans": summon the National Assembly to follow you, summon what of it is Royalist, Constitutional, gainable by money; dissolve the rest, by grapeshot if need be.[2] Let Jacobinism and Revolt, with one

[1] [At Nismes and Montauban the old feuds between Protestants and Catholics burst forth, provoked by the anti-religious policy of the Assembly, or (as some say) by non-juring priests.—ED.]

[2] [Louis had consulted Bouillé in October, 1790, and he advised him to choose one of three places—Valenciennes, Besançon, or Montmédy. The King chose the last as being the place whence succour from Germany was the easiest (Croker, "Essays on the Fr. Rev.," p. 114). Early in February, 1901, Louis sent La Marck to Bouillé, who advised the King to "cover Mirabeau with gold," to help on his plan of setting the Departments against the Assembly, and of preparing for war ("Corresp. de Mirabeau et La Marck," vol. i, pp. 326-329; Bouillé, "Mems.," chap. x.). The details of the flight were arranged by Count Fersen: the order for the famous *Berline* was given as early as December, 1790; and

wild wail, fly into Infinite Space; driven by grapeshot. Thunder over France with the cannon's mouth; commanding, not entreating, that this riot cease. And then to rule afterwards with utmost possible Constitutionality; doing justice, loving mercy; *being* Shepherd of this indigent People, not Shearer merely, and Shepherd's-similitude! All this, if ye dare. If ye dare not, then, in Heaven's name, go to sleep: other handsome alternative seems none.

Nay, it were perhaps possible; with a man to do it. For if such inexpressible whirlpool of Babylonish confusions (which our Era is) cannot be stilled by man, but only by Time and men, a man may moderate its paroxysms, may balance and sway, and keep himself unswallowed on the top of it,—as several men and Kings in these days do. Much is possible for a man; men will obey a man that *kens* and *cans*, and name him reverently their *Ken-ning* or King. Did not Charlemagne rule? Consider, too, whether he had smooth times of it; hanging "four-thousand Saxons over the Weser-Bridge," at one dread swoop! So likewise, who knows but, in this same distracted fanatic France, the right man may verily exist? An olive-complexioned taciturn man; for the present, Lieutenant in the Artillery-service, who once sat studying Mathematics at Brienne? The same who walked in the morning to correct proof-sheets at Dôle, and enjoyed a frugal breakfast with M. Joly? Such a one is gone, whither also famed General Paoli his friend is gone, in these very days, to see old scenes in native Corsica, and what Democratic good can be done there.[1]

Royalty never executes the evasion plan, yet never

Marie Antoinette's secret correspondence with Mercy d'Argenteau (edited recently by Arneth) shows that she was planning escape early in 1791: but delays multiplied.—ED.]

[1] [Bonaparte's furlough in Corsica (September, 1789-February, 1791) was marked by an estrangement from Paoli, which during his second furlough resulted in an open breach in the spring of 1792.—ED.]

abandons it; living in variable hope; undecisive, till fortune shall decide. In utmost secrecy, a brisk Correspondence goes on with Bouillé; there is also a plot, which emerges more than once, for carrying the King to Rouen:[1] plot after plot emerging and submerging, like *ignes fatui* in foul weather, which lead nowhither. "About ten o'clock at night," the Hereditary Representative, in *partie quarrée*, with the Queen, with Brother Monsieur, and Madame, sits playing "*wisk*," or whist. Usher Campan enters mysteriously, with a message he only half comprehends: How a certain Comte D'Inisdal waits anxious in the outer antechamber; National Colonel, Captain of the watch for this night, is gained over; post-horses ready all the way; party of Noblesse sitting armed, determined; will his Majesty, before midnight, consent to go? Profound silence; Campan waiting with upturned ear. "Did your Majesty hear what Campan said?" asks the Queen. "Yes, I heard," answers Majesty, and plays on. "'Twas a pretty couplet, that of Campan's," hints Monsieur, who at times showed a pleasant wit: Majesty, still unresponsive, plays wisk. "After all, one must say something to Campan," remarks the Queen. "Tell M. D'Inisdal," said the King, and the Queen puts an emphasis on it, "That the King cannot *consent* to be forced away."—"I see!" said D'Inisdal, whisking round, peaking himself into flame of irritancy: "we have the risk; we are to have all the blame if it fail,"[2]—and vanishes, he and his plot, as will-o'-wisps do. The Queen sat till far in the night, packing jewels: but it came to nothing; in that peaked flame of irritancy the will-o'-wisp had gone *out*.

Little hope there is in all this. Alas, with whom to fly? Our loyal *Gardes-du-Corps*, ever since the Insurrection of Women, are disbanded; gone to their homes; gone, many of them, across the Rhine towards

[1] See "Hist. Parl.," vii. 316; Bertrand-Moleville, etc.

[2] Campan, ii. 105. [Little or nothing is known about this plan of Inisdal. As other plans were being formed by Fersen, Louis probably thought this one was a trap.—ED.]

Coblentz and Exiled Princes: brave Miomandre and brave Tardivet, these faithful Two, have received, in nocturnal interview with both Majesties, their *viaticum* of gold louis, of heartfelt thanks from a Queen's lips, though unluckily "his Majesty stood, back to fire, not speaking";[1] and do now dine through the Provinces; recounting hairs-breadth escapes, insurrectionary horrors. Great horrors, to be swallowed yet of greater. But, on the whole, what a falling-off from the old splendour of Versailles! Here in this poor Tuileries a National Brewer-Colonel, sonorous Santerre, parades officially behind her Majesty's chair. Our high dignitaries all fled over the Rhine: nothing now to be gained at Court; but hopes, for which life itself must be risked! Obscure busy men frequent the back stairs; with hearsays, wind-projects, unfruitful fanfaronades. Young Royalists, at the *Théâtre de Vaudeville*, "sing couplets"; if that could do anything. Royalists enough, Captains on furlough, burnt-out Seigneurs, may likewise be met with, "in the Café de Valois, and at Méot the Restaurateur's." There they fan one another into high loyal glow; drink, in such wine as can be procured, confusion to Sansculottism; show purchased dirks, of an improved structure, made to order; and, greatly daring, dine.[2] It is in these places, in these months, that the epithet *Sansculotte* first gets applied to indigent Patriotism; in the last age we had Gilbert *Sansculotte*, the indigent Poet.[3] Destitute-of-Breeches: a mournful Destitution; which however, if Twenty millions share it, may become more effective than most Possessions!

Meanwhile, amid this vague dim whirl of fanfaronades, wind-projects, poniards made to order, there does disclose itself one *punctum-saliens* of life and feasibility: the finger of Mirabeau! Mirabeau and the Queen of

[1] Campan, ii. 199-201. [2] Dampmartin, ii. 129.

[3] Mercier, "Nouveau Paris," iii. 204. [The term *sansculotte* was first used contemptuously by Maury as a taunt to interrupters in the gallery of the National Assembly. It was taken up by them and used with pride by patriots.—ED.]

France have met; have parted with mutual trust! It is strange; secret as the Mysteries; but it is indubitable. Mirabeau took horse, one evening; and rode westward, unattended,—to see Friend Clavière in that country-house of his? Before getting to Clavière's, the much-musing horseman struck aside to a back gate of the Garden of Saint-Cloud: some Duke D'Aremberg, or the like, was there to introduce him; the Queen was not far; on a "round knoll, *rond point*, the highest of the Garden of Saint-Cloud," he beheld the Queen's face; spake with her, alone, under the void canopy of Night. What an interview; fateful, secret for us, after all searching; like the colloquies of the gods![1] She called him "a Mirabeau"; elsewhere we read that she "was charmed with him," the wild submitted Titan; as indeed it is among the honourable tokens of this high ill-fated heart that no mind of any endowment, no Mirabeau, nay no Barnave, no Dumouriez, ever came face to face with her but, in spite of all prepossessions, she was forced to recognise it, to draw nigh to it, with trust. High imperial heart; with the instinctive attraction towards all that had any height! "You know not the Queen," said Mirabeau once in confidence; "her force of mind is prodigious; she is a man for courage."[2]—And so, under the void Night, on the crown of that knoll, she has spoken with a Mirabeau: he has kissed loyally the queenly hand, and said with enthusiasm: "Madame, the Monarchy is saved!"—Possible? The Foreign Powers, mysteriously sounded, gave favourable guarded response;[3] Bouillé is at Metz, and could find forty-thousand sure Germans. With a Mirabeau for head, and a Bouillé for hand, something verily is possible,—if Fate intervene not.

But figure under what thousandfold wrappages, and cloaks of darkness, Royalty, meditating these things, must involve itself. There are men with "Tickets of Entrance"; there are chivalrous consultings, mysterious

[1] Campan, ii. c 17. [2] Dumont, p. 211.
[3] "Correspondance Secrète" (in "Hist. Parl.," viii. 169-173).

plottings. Consider also whether, involve as it like, plotting Royalty can escape the glance of Patriotism; lynx-eyes, by the ten thousand, fixed on it, which see in the dark! Patriotism knows much: knows the dirks made to order, and can specify the shops; knows Sieur Motier's legions of *mouchards*; the Tickets of *Entrée*, and men in black; and how plan of evasion succeeds plan,—or may be supposed to succeed it. Then conceive the couplets chanted at the *Théâtre de Vaudeville*; or worse, the whispers, significant nods of traitors in mustachioes. Conceive, on the other hand, the loud cry of alarm that came through the Hundred-and-Thirty Journals; the Dionysius'-Ear of each of the Forty-eight Sections, wakeful night and day.

Patriotism is patient of much; not patient of all. The *Café de Procope* has sent, visibly along the streets, a Deputation of Patriots, "to expostulate with bad Editors," by trustful word of mouth: singular to see and hear. The bad Editors promise to amend, but do not. Deputations for change of Ministry were many; Mayor Bailly joining even with Cordelier Danton in such; and they have prevailed. With what profit? Of Quacks, willing or constrained to be Quacks, the race is everlasting: Ministers Duportail and Dutertre will have to manage much as Ministers Latour-du-Pin and Cicé did. So welters the confused world.

But now, beaten on forever by such inextricable contradictory influences and evidences, what *is* the indigent French Patriot, in these unhappy days, to believe, and walk by? Uncertainty all; except that he is wretched, indigent; that a glorious Revolution, the wonder of the Universe, has hitherto brought neither Bread nor Peace; being marred by traitors, difficult to discover. Traitors that dwell in the dark, invisible there;—or seen for moments, in pallid dubious twilight, stealthily vanishing thither! Preternatural Suspicion once more rules the minds of men.

"Nobody here," writes Carra, of the "Annales Patriotiques," so early as the first of February, "can entertain

a doubt of the constant obstinate project these people have on foot to get the King away; or of the perpetual succession of manœuvres they employ for that." Nobody: the watchful Mother of Patriotism deputed two Members to her Daughter at Versailles, to examine how the matter looked there. Well, and there? Patriotic Carra continues: "The Report of these two deputies we all heard with our own ears last Saturday. They went with others of Versailles, to inspect the King's Stables, also the stables of the whilom *Gardes-du-Corps*: they found there from seven to eight hundred horses standing always saddled and bridled, ready for the road at a moment's notice. The same deputies, moreover, saw with their own two eyes several Royal Carriages, which men were even then busy loading with large well-stuffed luggage-bags," leather *cows*, as we call them, "*vaches de cuir*; the Royal Arms on the panels almost entirely effaced." Momentous enough! Also "on the same day the whole *Maréchaussée*, or Cavalry Police, did assemble with arms, horses and baggage,"—and disperse again. They want the King over the marches, that so Emperor Leopold and the German Princes, whose troops are ready, may have a pretext for beginning: "this," adds Carra, "is the word of the riddle: this is the reason why our fugitive Aristocrats are now making levies of men on the frontiers; expecting that, one of these mornings, the Executive Chief Magistrate will be brought over to them, and the civil war commence."[1]

If indeed the Executive Chief Magistrate, bagged, say in one of these leather *cows*, were once brought safe over

[1] Carra's Newspaper, February 1st, 1791 (in "Hist. Parl.," ix. 39). [The Emperor Leopold (Marie Antoinette's brother) was to muster 10,000 men in Luxemburg, in order to help the civil war which was soon to begin (Mr. Oscar Browning, "The Flight to Varennes," p. 55). The notion that the Emperor Leopold wanted war was natural, seeing the number of *émigrés* then at Coblentz and Worms; but it is now known that Leopold did not want war. He had his hands tied by the aristocratic and clerical ferment in Belgium; his troops there were to be shown on the frontier only in order to overawe the democrats of France.—ED.]

to them! But the strangest thing of all is, that Patriotism, whether barking at a venture, or guided by some instinct of preternatural sagacity, is actually barking *aright* this time; at something, not at nothing. Bouillé's Secret Correspondence, since made public, testifies as much.

Nay, it is undeniable, visible to all, that *Mesdames* the King's Aunts are taking steps for departure: asking passports of the Ministry, safe-conducts of the Municipality; which Marat warns all men to beware of. They will carry gold with them, "these old *Béguines*"; nay they will carry the little Dauphin, "having nursed a changeling, for some time, to leave in his stead"! Besides, they are as some light substance flung up, to show how the wind sits; a kind of proof-kite you fly off to ascertain whether the grand paper-kite, Evasion of the King, may mount!

In these alarming circumstances, Patriotism is not wanting to itself. Municipality deputes to the King; Sections depute to the Municipality; a National Assembly will soon stir. Meanwhile, behold, on the 19th of February 1791, Mesdames, quitting Bellevue and Versailles with all privacy, are off! Towards Rome, seemingly; or one knows not whither. They are not without King's passports, countersigned; and what is more to the purpose, a serviceable Escort. The Patriotic Mayor or Mayorlet of the village of Moret tried to detain them: but brisk Louis de Narbonne, of the Escort, dashed off at hand-gallop; returned soon with thirty dragoons, and victoriously cut them out. And so the poor ancient women go their way; to the terror of France and Paris, whose nervous excitability is become extreme. Who else would hinder poor *Loque* and *Graille*, now grown so old, and fallen into such unexpected circumstances, when gossip itself turning only on terrors and horrors is no longer pleasant to the mind, and you cannot get so much as an orthodox confessor in peace,—from going what way soever the hope of any solacement might lead them?

They go, poor ancient dames,—whom the heart were

hard that did not pity: they go; with palpitations, with unmelodious suppressed screechings; all France screeching and cackling, in loud *un*suppressed terror, behind and on both hands of them: such mutual suspicion is among men. At Arnay le Duc, above halfway to the frontiers, a Patriotic Municipality and Populace again takes courage to stop them: Louis Narbonne must now back to Paris, must consult the National Assembly. National Assembly answers, not without an effort, that Mesdames may go. Whereupon Paris rises worse than ever, screeching half-distracted. Tuileries and precincts are filled with women and men, while the National Assembly debates this question of questions; Lafayette is needed at night for dispersing them, and the streets are to be illuminated. Commandant Berthier, a Berthier before whom are great things unknown, lies for the present under blockade at Bellevue in Versailles. By no tactics could he get Mesdames' Luggage stirred from the Courts there; frantic Versaillese women came screaming about him; his very troops cut the wagon-traces; he "retired to the interior," waiting better times.[1]

Nay in these same hours, while Mesdames, hardly cut out from Moret by the sabre's edge, are driving rapidly, to foreign parts, and not yet stopped at Arnay, their august Nephew poor Monsieur, at Paris, has dived deep into his cellars of the Luxembourg for shelter; and, according to Montgaillard, can hardly be persuaded up again. Screeching multitudes environ that Luxembourg of his; drawn thither by report of his departure: but at sight and sound of Monsieur, they become crowing multitudes; and escort Madame and him to the Tuileries with vivats.[2] It is a state of nervous excitability such as few nations know.

[1] Campan, ii. 132.
[2] Montgaillard, ii. 282; "Deux Amis," vi. c. l.

CHAPTER V

THE DAY OF PONIARDS

OR, again, what means this visible reparation of the Castle of Vincennes? Other Jails being all crowded with prisoners, new space is wanted here: that is the Municipal account. For in such changing of Judicatures, Parlements being abolished, and New Courts but just set up, prisoners have accumulated. Not to say that in these times of discord and club-law, offences and committals are, at any rate, more numerous. Which Municipal account, does it not sufficiently explain the phenomenon? Surely, to repair the Castle of Vincennes was of all enterprises that an enlightened Municipality could undertake the most innocent.

Not so, however, does neighbouring Saint-Antoine look on it: Saint-Antoine, to whom these peaked turrets and grim donjons, all-too near her own dark dwelling, are of themselves an offence. Was not Vincennes a kind of minor Bastille? Great Diderot and Philosophes have lain in durance here; great Mirabeau, in disastrous eclipse, for forty-two months. And now when the old Bastille has become a dancing-ground (had any one the mirth to dance), and its stones are getting built into the Pont Louis-Seize, does this minor, comparative insignificance of a Bastille flank itself with fresh-hewn mullions, spread out tyrannous wings; menacing Patriotism? New space for prisoners: and what prisoners? A D'Orléans, with the chief Patriots on the tip of the Left? It is said, there runs "a subterranean passage" all the way from the Tuileries hither. Who knows? Paris, mined with quarries and catacombs, does hang wondrous over the abyss; Paris was once to be blown up,—though

the powder, when we went to look, had got withdrawn. A Tuileries, sold to Austria and Coblentz, should have no subterranean passage. Out of which might not Coblentz or Austria issue, some morning; and, with cannon of long range, "*foudroyer*," bethunder a patriotic Saint-Antoine into smoulder and ruin!

So meditates the benighted soul of Saint-Antoine, as it sees the aproned workmen, in early spring, busy on these towers. An official-speaking Municipality, a Sieur Motier with his legions of *mouchards*, deserve no trust at all. Were Patriot Santerre, indeed, Commander! But the sonorous Brewer commands only our own Battalion: of such secrets he can explain nothing, knows nothing, perhaps suspects much. And so the work goes on; and afflicted benighted Saint-Antoine hears rattle of hammers, sees stones suspended in air.[1]

Saint-Antoine prostrated the first great Bastille: will it falter over this comparative insignificance of a Bastille? Friends, what if we took pikes, firelocks, sledge-hammers; and helped ourselves!—Speedier is no remedy; nor so certain. On the 28th day of February, Saint-Antoine turns out, as it has now often done; and, apparently with little superfluous tumult, moves eastward to that eye-sorrow of Vincennes. With grave voice of authority, no need of bullying and shouting, Saint-Antoine signifies to parties concerned there, that its purpose is, To have this suspicious Stronghold razed level with the general soil of the country. Remonstrance may be proffered, with zeal; but it avails not. The outer gate goes up, drawbridges tumble; iron window-stanchions, smitten out with sledge-hammers, become iron-crowbars: it rains a rain of furniture, stone-masses, slates: with chaotic clatter and rattle, Demolition clatters down. And now hasty expresses rush through the agitated streets, to warn Lafayette, and the Municipal and Departmental Authorities; Rumour warns a National Assembly, a Royal Tuileries, and all men who care to

[1] Montgaillard, ii. 285.

hear it: That Saint-Antoine is up; that Vincennes, and probably the last remaining Institution of the Country, is coming down.[1]

Quick, then! Let Lafayette roll his drums and fly eastward; for to all Constitutional Patriots this is again bad news. And you, ye Friends of Royalty, snatch your poniards of improved structure, made to order; your sword-canes, secret arms, and tickets of entry; quick, by backstairs passages, rally round the Son of Sixty Kings. An effervescence probably got up by D'Orléans and Company, for the overthrow of Throne and Altar: it is said her Majesty shall be put in prison, put out of the way; what then will *his* Majesty be? Clay for the Sansculottic Potter! Or were it impossible to fly this day; a brave Noblesse suddenly all rallying? Peril threatens, hope invites: Dukes de Villequier, de Duras, Gentlemen of the Chamber give Tickets and admittance; a brave Noblesse is suddenly all rallying. Now were the time to "fall sword in hand on those gentry there," could it be done with effect.

The Hero of two Worlds is on his white charger: blue Nationals, horse and foot, hurrying eastward; Santerre, with the Saint-Antoine Battalion, is already there, —apparently indisposed to act. Heavy-laden Hero of two Worlds, what tasks are these! The jeerings, provocative gambollings of that Patriot Suburb, which is all out on the streets now, are hard to endure; unwashed Patriots jeering in sulky sport; one unwashed Patriot "seizing the General by the boot," to unhorse him. Santerre, ordered to fire, makes answer obliquely, "These are the men that took the Bastille"; and not a trigger stirs. Neither dare the Vincennes Magistracy give warrant of arrestment, or the smallest countenance: wherefore the General "will take it on himself" to arrest. By promptitude, by cheerful adroitness, patience and brisk valour without limits, the riot may be again bloodlessly appeased.

[1] "Deux Amis," vi. 11-15; Newspapers (in "Hist. Parl.," ix. 111-117).

Meanwhile the rest of Paris, with more or less unconcern, may mind the rest of its business: for what is this but an effervescence, of which there are now so many? The National Assembly, in one of its stormiest moods, is debating a law against Emigration; Mirabeau declaring aloud, "I swear beforehand that I will not obey it."[1] Mirabeau is often at the Tribune this day; with endless impediments from without; with the old unabated energy from within. What can murmurs and clamours, from Left or from Right, do to this man; like Teneriffe or Atlas unremoved? With clear thought; with strong bass voice, though at first low, uncertain, he claims audience, sways the storm of men: anon the sound of him waxes, softens: he rises into far-sounding melody of strength, triumphant, which subdues all hearts; his rude seamed face, desolate, fire-scathed, becomes fire-lit, and radiates: once again men feel, in these beggarly ages, what is the potency and omnipotency of man's word on the souls of men. "I will triumph, or be torn in fragments," he was once heard to say. "Silence," he cries now, in strong word of command, in imperial consciousness of strength, "Silence, the thirty voices, *Silence aux trente voix!*"—and Robespierre and the Thirty Voices die into mutterings; and the Law is once more as Mirabeau would have it.

How different, at the same instant, is General Lafayette's street-eloquence; wrangling with sonorous Brewers, with an ungrammatical Saint-Antoine! Most different, again, from both is the Café-de-Valois eloquence, and suppressed fanfaronade, of this multitude of men with Tickets of Entry; who are now inundating the Corridors of the Tuileries. Such things can go on simultaneously in one City. How much more in one Country; in one Planet with its discrepancies, every Day a mere crackling infinitude of discrepancies,—which nevertheless do

[1] [Le Chapelier proposed on February 28th that no one should be allowed to leave France unless leave were granted by a committee of three, appointed by the King. Robespierre as well as Mirabeau opposed it, and it was dropped.—ED.]

yield some coherent net-product, though an infinitesimally small one!

But be this as it may, Lafayette has saved Vincennes; and is marching homewards with some dozen of arrested demolitionists. Royalty is not yet saved;—nor indeed specially endangered. But to the King's Constitutional Guard, to these old Gardes Françaises, or Centre Grenadiers, as it chanced to be, this affluence of men with Tickets of Entry is becoming more and more unintelligible. Is his Majesty verily for Metz, then; to be carried off by these men, on the spur of the instant? That revolt of Saint-Antoine got up by traitor Royalists for a stalking-horse?[1] Keep a sharp outlook, ye Centre Grenadiers on duty here: good never came from the "men in black." Nay they have cloaks, *rédingotes*; some of them leather-breeches, boots,—as if for instant riding! Or what is this that sticks visible from the lapelle of Chevalier de Court?[2] Too like the handle of some cutting or stabbing instrument! He glides and goes; and still the dudgeon sticks from his left lapelle. "Hold, Monsieur!"—a Centre Grenadier clutches him; clutches the protrusive dudgeon, whisks it out in the face of the world: by Heaven, a very dagger; hunting-knife or whatsoever you will call it; fit to drink the life of Patriotism!

So fared it with Chevalier de Court, early in the day; not without noise; not without commentaries. And now this continually increasing multitude at nightfall? Have they daggers too? Alas, with them too, after angry parleyings, there has begun a groping and a rummaging; all men in black, spite of their Tickets of Entry, are clutched by the collar, and groped. Scandalous to think of: for always, as the dirk, sword-cane, pistol, or were it but tailor's bodkin, is found on him, and with loud scorn drawn forth from him, he, the

[1] [It was said that while Lafayette, the National Guards, and the patriots of the faubourgs were away at Vincennes, the royalists were to carry off the King from Paris.—ED.]

[2] Weber ii. 286.

hapless man in black, is flung all-too rapidly down stairs. Flung; and ignominiously descends, head foremost; accelerated by ignominious shovings from sentry after sentry; nay, as it is written, by smitings, twitchings,—spurnings *à posteriori*, not to be named. In this accelerated way emerges, uncertain which end uppermost, man after man in black, through all issues, into the Tuileries Garden; emerges, alas, into the arms of an indignant multitude, now gathered and gathering there, in the hour of dusk, to see what is toward, and whether the Hereditary Representative is carried off or not. Hapless men in black; at last *convicted* of poniards made to order; convicted "Chevaliers of the Poniard"![1] Within is as the burning ship; without is as the deep sea. Within is no help; his Majesty, looking forth, one moment, from his interior sanctuaries, coldly bids all visitors "give up their weapons"; and shuts the door again. The weapons given up form a heap: the convicted Chevaliers of the Poniard keep descending pell-mell, with impetuous velocity; and at the bottom of all staircases the mixed multitude receives them, hustles, buffets, chases and disperses them.[2]

Such sight meets Lafayette, in the dusk of the evening, as he returns, successful with difficulty at Vincennes: Sansculotte Scylla hardly weathered, here is Aristocrat Charybdis gurgling under his lee! The patient Hero of two Worlds almost loses temper. He accelerates, does not retard, the flying Chevaliers; delivers, indeed, this or the other hunted Loyalist of quality, but rates him in bitter words, such as the hour suggested; such as no saloon could pardon. Hero ill-bested; hanging, so to speak, in mid-air; hateful to Rich divinities above; hateful to Indigent mortals below! Duke de

[1] [This affair of the poniards was ridiculously exaggerated. The rising of the rabble of St. Antoine had seemed at first to threaten the King; so some three hundred royalist gentlemen, who had come to Paris expressly to defend him, made their way to the Tuileries to defend him, with the result described above.—ED.]

[2] "Hist. Parl.," ix. 139-148.

Villequier, Gentleman of the Chamber, gets such contumelious rating, in presence of all people there, that he may see good first to exculpate himself in the Newspapers; then, that not prospering, to retire over the Frontiers, and begin plotting at Brussels.[1] His Apartment will stand vacant; usefuller, as we may find, than when it stood occupied.

So fly the Chevaliers of the Poniard; hunted of Patriotic men, shamefully in the thickening dusk. A dim miserable business; born of darkness; dying away there in the thickening dusk and dimness. In the midst of which, however, let the reader discern clearly one figure running for its life: Crispin-Catiline d'Espréménil,—for the last time, or the last but one. It is not yet three years since these same Centre Grenadiers, Gardes Françaises then, marched him towards the Calypso Isles, in the gray of the May morning; and he and they have got thus far. Buffeted, beaten down, delivered by popular Pétion, he might well answer bitterly: "And I too, Monsieur, have been carried on the People's shoulders."[2] A fact which popular Pétion, if he like, can meditate.

But happily, one way and another, the speedy night covers up this ignominious Day of Poniards; and the Chevaliers escape, though maltreated, with torn coat-skirts and heavy hearts, to their respective dwelling-houses. Riot twofold is quelled; and little blood shed, if it be not insignificant blood from the nose: Vincennes stands undemolished, reparable; and the Hereditary Representative has not been stolen, nor the Queen smuggled into Prison. A day long remembered: commented on with loud hahas and deep grumblings; with bitter scornfulness of triumph, bitter rancour of defeat. Royalism, as usual, imputes it to D'Orléans and the Anarchists intent on insulting Majesty: Patriotism, as usual, to Royalists, and even Constitutionalists, intent on stealing Majesty to Metz: we, also as usual, to Pre-

[1] Montgaillard, ii. 286.

[2] See Mercier, ii. 40, 202.

ternatural Suspicion, and Phoebus Apollo having made himself like the Night.

Thus, however, has the reader seen, in an unexpected arena, on this last day of February 1791, the Three long-contending elements of French Society dashed forth into singular comico-tragical collision; acting and reacting openly to the eye. Constitutionalism, at once quelling Sansculottic riot at Vincennes, and Royalist treachery in the Tuileries, is great, this day, and prevails. As for poor Royalism, tossed to and fro in that manner, its daggers all left in a heap, what can one think of it? Every dog, the Adage says, has its day: *has* it; has had it; or will have it. For the present, the day is Lafayette's and the Constitution's. Nevertheless Hunger and Jacobinism, fast growing fanatical, still work; their day, were they once fanatical, will come. Hitherto, in all tempests, Lafayette, like some divine Sea-ruler, raises his serene head: the upper Aeolus blasts fly back to their caves, like foolish unbidden winds: the under sea-billows they had vexed into froth allay themselves. But if, as we often write, the *sub*marine Titanic Fire-powers came into play, the Ocean-bed from beneath being *burst*? If they hurled Poseidon Lafayette and his Constitution out of Space; and, in the Titanic melly, sea were mixed with sky?

CHAPTER VI

MIRABEAU

THE spirit of France waxes ever more acrid, fever-sick: towards the final outburst of dissolution and delirium. Suspicion rules all minds: contending parties cannot now commingle; stand separated sheer asunder, eyeing one another, in most aguish mood, of cold terror or hot rage. Counter-Revolution, Days of Poniards, Castries Duels; Flight of Mesdames, of Monsieur and Royalty! Journalism shrills ever louder its cry of alarm. The sleepless Dionysius-Ear of the Forty-eight Sections, how feverishly quick has it grown; convulsing with strange pangs the whole sick Body, as in such sleeplessness and sickness the ear will do!

Since Royalists get Poniards made to order, and a Sieur Motier is no better than he should be, shall not Patriotism too, even of the indigent sort, have Pikes, secondhand Firelocks, in readiness for the worst? The anvils ring, during this March month, with hammering of Pikes. A Constitutional Municipality promulgated its Placard, that no citizen except the "active" or cash-citizen was entitled to have arms; but there rose, instantly responsive, such a tempest of astonishment from Club and Section, that the Constitutional Placard, almost next morning, had to cover itself up, and die away into inanity, in a second improved edition.[1] So the hammering continues; as all that it betokens does.

Mark, again, how the extreme tip of the Left is mounting in favour, if not in its own National Hall, yet with

[1] Ordonnance du 17 Mars 1791 ("Hist. Parl.," ix. 257).

the Nation, especially with Paris. For in such universal panic of doubt, the opinion that is sure of itself, as the meagrest opinion may the soonest be, is the one to which all men will rally. Great is Belief, were it never so meagre; and leads captive the doubting heart. Incorruptible Robespierre has been elected Public Accuser in our new Courts of Judicature; virtuous Pétion, it is thought, may rise to be Mayor. Cordelier Danton, called also by triumphant majorities, sits at the Departmental Council-table; colleague there of Mirabeau. Of incorruptible Robespierre it was long ago predicted that he might go far, mean meagre mortal though he was; for Doubt dwelt not in him.

Under which circumstances ought not Royalty likewise to cease doubting, and begin deciding and acting? Royalty has always that sure trump-card in its hand: Flight out of Paris. Which sure trump-card Royalty, as we see, keeps ever and anon clutching at, grasping; and swashes it forth tentatively; yet never tables it, still puts it back again. Play it, O Royalty! If there be a chance left, this seems it, and verily the last chance; and now every hour is rendering this a doubtfuler.[1] Alas, one would so fain both fly and not fly; play one's card and have it to play. Royalty, in all human likelihood, will not play its trump-card till the honours, one after one, be mainly lost; and such trumping of it prove to be the sudden finish of the game!

Here accordingly a question always arises; of the prophetic sort; which cannot now be answered. Suppose Mirabeau, with whom Royalty takes deep counsel, as with a Prime Minister that cannot yet legally avow himself as such, had got his arrangements *completed*? Arrangements he has; far-stretching plans that dawn fitfully on us, by fragments, in the confused darkness. Thirty Departments ready to sign loyal Addresses, of prescribed tenor: King carried out of Paris, but only to

[1] [Marie Antoinette's secret correspondence shows that very early in 1791 the King and she had resolved on flight. M. de la Rocheterie's "Life of Marie Antoinette," vol. ii., chaps. vii.-viii.

Compiègne and Rouen, hardly to Metz, since, once for all, no Emigrant rabble shall take the lead in it: National Assembly consenting, by dint of loyal Addresses, by management, by force of Bouillé, to hear reason, and follow thither![1] Was it so, on *these* terms, that Jacobinism and Mirabeau were then to grapple, in their Hercules-and-Typhon duel; Death inevitable for the one or the other? The duel itself is determined on, and sure: but on what terms; much more, with what issue, we in vain guess. It is vague darkness all: unknown what is to be; unknown even what has already been. The giant Mirabeau walks in darkness, as we said; companionless, on wild ways: what his thoughts during these months were, no record of Biographer, nor vague "Fils Adoptif," will now ever disclose.[2]

To us, endeavouring to cast his horoscope, it of course remains doubly vague. There is one Herculean Man; in internecine duel with him, there is Monster after Monster. Emigrant Noblesse return, sword on thigh, vaunting of their Loyalty never sullied; descending from the air, like Harpy-swarms with ferocity, with obscene greed. Earthward there is the Typhon of Anarchy, Political, Religious; sprawling hundred headed, say with Twenty-five million heads; wide as the area of France; fierce as Frenzy; strong in very Hunger. With these shall the Serpent-queller do battle continually, and expect no rest.

As for the King, he as usual will go wavering chameleon-like; changing colour and purpose with the colour of his environment;—good for no Kingly use. On one royal person, on the Queen only, can Mirabeau perhaps place dependence. It is possible, the greatness of this man, not unskilled too in blandishments, courtiership, and graceful adroitness, might, with most legitimate sorcery, fascinate the volatile Queen, and fix her to him. She has courage for all noble daring; an eye and a heart: the soul of Theresa's Daughter. "*Faut-il donc*, Is

[1] See "Fils Adoptif," vii. l. 6; Dumont, c. 11, 12, 14.
[2] [For these plans see Appendix I.—ED.]

it fated then," she passionately writes to her Brother, "that I with the blood I am come of, with the sentiments I have, must live and die among such mortals?"[1] Alas, poor Princess, Yes. "She is the only *man*," as Mirabeau observes, "whom his Majesty has about him." Of one other man Mirabeau is still surer: of himself. There lie his resources; sufficient or insufficient.

Dim and great to the eye of Prophecy looks that future. A perpetual life-and-death battle; confusion from above and from below;—mere confused darkness for us; with here and there some streak of faint lurid light. We see a King perhaps laid aside; not tonsured,—tonsuring is out of fashion now,—but say, sent away anywhither, with handsome annual allowance, and stock of smith-tools. We see a Queen and Dauphin, Regent and Minor; a Queen "mounted on horseback," in the din of battles, with *Moriamur pro rege nostro!* "Such a day," Mirabeau writes, "may come."

Din of battles, wars more than civil, confusion from above and from below: in such environment the eye of Prophecy sees Comte de Mirabeau, like some Cardinal de Retz, stormfully maintain himself; with head all-devising, heart all-daring, if not victorious, yet unvanquished, while life is left him. The specialities and issues of it, no eye of Prophecy can guess at: it is clouds, we repeat, and tempestuous night; and in the middle of it, now visible, far-darting, now labouring in eclipse, is Mirabeau indomitably struggling to be Cloud-Compeller!—One can say that, had Mirabeau lived, the History of France and of the World had been different.[2] Further, that the man would have needed, as few men

[1] "Fils Adoptif," *ubi supra*.

[2] [The fuller knowledge which we now possess seems to show that Mirabeau's plans were all but hopeless. He was distrusted both by the King and by the populace; the rank and file of the army were almost wholly for the Revolution; and the Jacobin clubs were fast making the Provinces (except the far West and the South) almost as democratic as Paris. The language used by Mirabeau in his Notes to the King (especially Note 47) shows how desperate he thought the position to be.—ED.]

ever did, the whole compass of that same "Art of Daring, *Art d'Oser*," which he so prized; and likewise that he, above all men then living, would have practised and manifested it. Finally, that some substantiality, and no empty simulacrum of a formula, would have been the result realised by him: a result you could have loved, a result you could have hated; by no likelihood, a result you could only have rejected with closed lips, and swept into quick forgetfulness forever. Had Mirabeau lived one other year!

CHAPTER VII

DEATH OF MIRABEAU

BUT Mirabeau could not live another year, any more than he could live another thousand years. Men's years are numbered, and the tale of Mirabeau's was now complete. Important or unimportant; to be mentioned in World-History for some centuries, or not to be mentioned there beyond a day or two,—it matters not to peremptory Fate. From amid the press of ruddy busy Life, the Pale Messenger beckons silently: wide-spreading interests, projects, salvation of French Monarchies, what thing soever man has on hand, he must suddenly quit it all, and go. Wert thou saving French Monarchies; wert thou blacking shoes on the Pont Neuf! The most important of men cannot stay; did the World's History depend on an hour, that hour is not to be given. Whereby, indeed, it comes that these same *would-have-beens* are mostly a vanity; and the World's History could never in the least be what it would, or might, or should, by any manner of potentiality, but simply and altogether what it *is*.

The fierce wear and tear of such an existence has wasted out the giant oaken strength of Mirabeau. A fret and fever that keeps heart and brain on fire: excess of effort, of excitement; excess of all kinds: labour incessant, almost beyond credibility! "If I had not lived with him," says Dumont, "I never should have known what a man can make of one day; what things may be placed within the interval of twelve hours. A day for this man was more than a week or a month is for others: the mass of

things he guided on together was prodigious; from the scheming to the executing not a moment lost."—"Monsieur le Comte," said his Secretary to him once, "what you require is impossible."—"Impossible!"—answered he, starting from his chair, "*Ne me dites jamais ce bête de mot*, Never name to me that blockhead of a word."[1] And then the social repasts; the dinner which he gives as Commandant of National Guards, which "cost five hundred pounds"; alas, and "the Syrens of the Opera"; and all the ginger that is hot in the mouth:—down what a course is this man hurled! Cannot Mirabeau stop; cannot he fly, and save himself alive? No! there is a Nessus-Shirt on this Hercules; he must storm and burn there, without rest, till he be consumed. Human strength, never so Herculean, has its measure. Herald shadows flit pale across the fire-brain of Mirabeau; heralds of the pale repose. While he tosses and storms, straining every nerve, in that sea of ambition and confusion, there comes, sombre and still, a monition that for him the issue of it will be swift death.

In January last, you might see him as President of the Assembly;[2] "his neck wrapt in linen cloths, at the evening session": there was sick heat of the blood, alternate darkening and flashing in the eyesight; he had to apply leeches, after the morning labour, and preside bandaged. "At parting he embraced me," says Dumont, "with an emotion I had never seen in him: 'I am dying, my friend; dying as by slow fire; we shall perhaps not meet again. When I am gone, they will know what the value of me was. The miseries I have held back will burst from all sides on France.'"[3] Sick-

[1] Dumont, p. 311.

[2] [This was the only time that Mirabeau acted as President, viz.: January 31st-February 14th. Nonenties were generally chosen.—Ed.]

[3] Dumont, p. 267. [The question of the Regency had much excited him. He furiously opposed Sieyès' motion that the Regent should be named by the Assembly, and carried the day (March 22nd). The question on the 27th was whether mines belonged to the State, or to the owner of the soil. This nearly concerned his

ness gives louder warning; but cannot be listened to. On the 27th day of March, proceeding towards the Assembly, he had to seek rest and help in Friend de Lamarck's, by the road; and lay there, for an hour, half-fainted, stretched on a sofa. To the Assembly nevertheless he went, as if in spite of Destiny itself; spoke, loud and eager, five several times; then quitted the Tribune—forever. He steps out, utterly exhausted, into the Tuileries Gardens; many people press round him, as usual, with applications, memorials; he says to the Friend who was with him: "Take me out of this!"

And so, on the last day of March 1791, endless anxious multitudes beset the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin; incessantly inquiring: within doors there, in that House numbered, in our time, 42, the overwearied giant has fallen down, to die.[1] Crowds of all parties and kinds; of all ranks from the King to the meanest man! The King sends publicly twice a-day to inquire; privately besides: from the world at large there is no end of inquiring. "A written bulletin is handed out every three hours," is copied and circulated; in the end, it is printed. The People spontaneously keep silence; no carriage shall enter with its noise: there is crowding pressure; but the Sister of Mirabeau is reverently recognised, and has free way made for her. The People stand mute, heart-stricken; to all it seems as if a great calamity were nigh: as if the last man of France, who could have swayed these coming troubles, lay there at hand-grips with the unearthly Power.

The silence of a whole People, the wakeful toil of Cabanis, Friend and Physician, skills not: on Saturday the second day of April, Mirabeau feels that the last of

friend La Marck, and he eagerly defended the rights of property. From notes supplied by his secretary, Pellenc, he "replied to every objection" (says La Marck) "and gave all the explanations with the most admirable precision" (La Marck, "Correspondance," vol. i., p. 249).—ED.]

[1] "Fils Adoptif," viii. 420-479.

the Days has risen for him; that on this day he has to depart and be no more. His death is Titanic, as his life has been! Lit up, for the last time, in the glare of coming dissolution, the mind of the man is all glowing and burning; utters itself in sayings, such as men long remember. He longs to live, yet acquiesces in death, argues not with the inexorable. His speech is wild and wondrous: unearthly Phantasms dancing now their torch-dance round his soul; the soul itself looking out, fire-radiant, motionless, girt together for that great hour! At times comes a beam of light from him on the world he is quitting. "I carry in my heart the death-dirge of the French Monarchy; the dead remains of it will now be the spoil of the factious." Or again, when he heard the cannon fire, what is characteristic too: "Have we the Achilles' Funeral already?" So likewise, while some friend is supporting him: "Yes, support that head; would I could bequeath it thee!" For the man dies as he has lived; self-conscious, conscious of a world looking on.[1] He gazes forth on the young Spring, which for him will never be Summer. The Sun has risen; he says, "*Si ce n'est pas là Dieu, c'est du moins son cousin germain.*"[2]—Death has mastered the outworks; power of speech is gone; the citadel of the heart still holding out: the moribund giant, passionately, by sign, demands paper and pen; writes his passionate demand for opium, to end these agonies. The sorrowful Doctor shakes his head: *Dormir*, "To sleep," writes the other, passionately pointing at it! So dies a gigantic Heathen and Titan; stumbling blindly, undismayed, down to his rest. At half-past eight in the morning, Doctor Petit, standing at the foot of the bed, says, "*Il ne souffre plus.*" His suffering and his working are now ended.

[1] [So too he said to La Marck: "Well, my dear connoisseur in beautiful deaths, are you satisfied with me?" (La Marck, "Correspondance," vol. i., p. 259).—ED.]

[2] "Fils Adoptif," viii. 450; "Journal de la maladie et de la mort de Mirabeau," par P. J. G. Cabanis (Paris, 1803).

Even so, ye silent Patriot multitudes, all ye men of France; this man is rapt away from you. He has fallen suddenly, without bending till he broke; as a tower falls, smitten by sudden lightning. His word ye shall hear no more, his guidance follow no more.—The multitudes depart, heartstruck; spread the sad tidings. How touching is the loyalty of men to their Sovereign Man! All theatres, public amusements close; no joyful meeting can be held in these nights, joy is not for them: the People break in upon private dancing-parties, and sullenly command that they cease. Of such dancing-parties apparently but two came to light; and these also have gone out. The gloom is universal; never in this City was such sorrow for one death; never since that old night when Louis XII. departed, "and the *Crieurs des Corps* went sounding their bells, and crying along the streets: *Le bon roi Louis, père du peuple, est mort*, The good King Louis, Father of the People, is dead!"[1] King Mirabeau is now the lost King; and one may say with little exaggeration, all the People mourns for him.

For three days there is low wide moan; weeping in the National Assembly itself. The streets are all mournful; orators mounted on the *bornes*, with large silent audience, preaching the funeral sermon of the dead. Let no coachman whip fast, distractively with his rolling wheels, or almost at all, through these groups! His traces may be cut; himself and his fare, as incurable Aristocrats, hurled sulkily into the kennels. The bourne-stone orators speak as it is given them; the Sansculottic People, with its rude soul, listens eager,—as men will to any Sermon, or *Sermo*, when it *is* a spoken Word meaning a Thing, and not a Babblement meaning No-thing. In the Restaurateur's of the Palais-Royal, the waiter remarks, "Fine weather, Monsieur": —"Yes, my friend," answers the ancient Man of Letters, "very fine; but Mirabeau is dead." Hoarse rhythmic

[1] Hénault, "Abrégé Chronologique," p. 429.

threnodies come also from the throats of ballad-singers; are sold on gray-white paper at a *sou* each.[1] But of Portraits, engraved, painted, hewn and written; of Eulogies, Reminiscences, Biographies, nay *Vaudevilles*, Dramas and Melodramas, in all Provinces of France, there will, through these coming months, be the due immeasurable crop; thick as the leaves of Spring. Nor, that a tincture of burlesque might be in it, is Gobel's Episcopal *Mandement* wanting; goose Gobel, who has just been made Constitutional Bishop of Paris. A Mandement wherein *Ça ira* alternates very strangely with *Nomine Domini*; and you are, with a grave countenance, invited to "rejoice at possessing in the midst of you a body of Prelates created by Mirabeau, zealous followers of his doctrine, faithful imitators of his virtues."[2] So speaks, and cackles manifold, the Sorrow of France; wailing articulately, inarticulately, as it can, that a Sovereign Man is snatched away. In the National Assembly, when difficult questions are astir, all eyes will "turn mechanically to the place where Mirabeau sat,"—and Mirabeau is absent now.

On the third evening of the lamentation, the fourth of April, there is solemn Public Funeral; such as deceased mortal seldom had. Procession of a league in length; of mourners reckoned loosely at a hundred thousand. All roofs are thronged with onlookers, all windows, lamp-irons, branches of trees. "Sadness is painted on every countenance; many persons weep." There is double hedge of National Guards; there is National Assembly in a body; Jacobin Society, and Societies; King's Ministers, Municipals, and all Notabilities, Patriot or Aristocrat. Bouillé is noticeable there, "with his hat on"; say, hat drawn over his brow, hiding many thoughts! Slow-wending, in religious silence, the Procession of a league in length, under the level sun-rays, for it is five o'clock, moves and marches:

[1] "Fils Adoptif," viii. l. 10; Newspapers and Excerpts (in "Hist. Parl.," ix. 366-402).
[2] "Hist. Parl.," ix. 405.

with its sable plumes; itself in a religious silence; but, by fits with the muffled roll of drums, by fits with some long-drawn wail of music, and strange new clangour of trombones,[1] and metallic dirge-voice; amid the infinite hum of men. In the Church of Saint-Eustache, there is funeral oration by Cerutti; and discharge of fire-arms, which "brings down pieces of the plaster." Thence, forward again to the Church of Sainte-Geneviève; which has been consecrated, by supreme decree, on the spur of this time, into a Pantheon for the Great Men of the Fatherland, *Aux Grands Hommes la Patrie réconnaissante.* Hardly at midnight is the business done; and Mirabeau left in his dark dwelling: first tenant of that Fatherland's Pantheon.

Tenant, alas, who inhabits but at will, and shall be cast out. For, in these days of convulsion and disjection, not even the dust of the dead is permitted to rest. Voltaire's bones are, by and by, to be carried from their stolen grave in the Abbey of Scellières, to an eager *stealing* grave, in Paris his birth-city: all mortals processioning and perorating there; cars drawn by eight white horses, goadsters in classical costume, with fillets and wheat-ears enough;—though the weather is of the wettest.[2] Evangelist Jean Jacques too, as is most proper, must be dug up from Ermenonville, and processioned, with pomp, with sensibility, to the Pantheon of the Fatherland.[3] He and others: while again Mirabeau, we say, is cast forth from it, happily incapable of being *re*placed; and rests now, irrecognisable, reburied hastily at dead of night "in the central part of the Churchyard Sainte-Catherine, in the Suburb Saint-Marceau," to be disturbed no farther.

So blazes out, far-seen, a Man's Life, and becomes ashes and a *caput mortuum*, in this World-Pyre, which we name French Revolution: not the first that con-

[1] [Trombones first came into prominent notice in this procession.—ED.]
[2] "Moniteur," du 13 Juillet 1791.
[3] *Ibid.*, du 18 Septembre 1794. See also du 30 Août, etc., 1791.

sumed itself there; nor, by thousands and many millions, the last! A man who "had swallowed all formulas"; who, in these strange times and circumstances, felt called to live Titanically, and also to die so. As he, for his part, had swallowed all formulas, what Formula is there, never so comprehensive, that will express truly the *plus* and the *minus* of him, give us the accurate net-result of him? There is hitherto none such. Moralities not a few must shriek condemnatory over this Mirabeau; the Morality by which he could be judged has not yet got uttered in the speech of men. We will say this of him again: That he is a Reality and no Simulacrum; a living Son of Nature our general Mother; not a hollow Artifice, and mechanism of Conventionalities, son of nothing, *brother* to nothing. In which little word, let the earnest man, walking sorrowful in a world mostly of "Stuffed Clothes-suits," that chatter and grin meaningless on him, quite *ghastly* to the earnest soul,—think what significance there is!

Of men who, in such sense, are alive, and see with eyes, the number is now not great: it may be well, if in this huge French Revolution itself, with its all-developing fury, we find some Three.[1] Mortals driven rabid we find; sputtering the acridest logic; baring their breast to the battle-hail, their neck to the guillotine:—of whom it is so painful to say that they too are still, in good part, manufactured Formalities, not Facts but Hearsays!

Honour to the strong man, in these ages, who has shaken himself loose of shams, and *is* something. For in the way of being *worthy*, the first condition surely is that one *be*. Let Cant cease, at all risks and at all costs: till Cant cease, nothing else can begin. Of human Criminals, in these centuries, writes the Moralist, I find but one unforgivable: the Quack. "Hateful to God," as divine Dante sings, "and to the Enemies of God,

"*A Dio spiacente ed a' nemici sui!*"

[1] [Evidently the three are Mirabeau, Danton, Bonaparte.—ED.]

But whoever will, with sympathy, which is the first essential towards insight, look at this questionable Mirabeau, may find that there lay verily in him, as the basis of all, a Sincerity, a great free Earnestness; nay call it Honesty, for the man did before all things see, with that clear flashing vision, into what *was*, into what existed as fact; and did, with his wild heart, follow that and no other. Whereby on what ways soever he travels and struggles, often enough falling, he is still a brother man. Hate him not; thou canst not hate him! Shining through such soil and tarnish, and now victorious effulgent, and oftenest struggling eclipsed, the light of genius itself is in this man; which was never yet base and hateful; but at worst was lamentable, lovable with pity. They say that he was ambitious, that he wanted to be Minister. It is most true. And was he not simply the one man in France who could have done any good as Minister? Not vanity alone, not pride alone; far from that! Wild burstings of affection were in this great heart; of fierce lightning, and soft dew of pity. So sunk bemired in wretchedest defacements, it may be said of him, like the Magdalen of old, that he loved much: his Father, the harshest of old crabbed men, he loved with warmth, with veneration.

Be it that his falls and follies are manifold,—as himself often lamented even with tears.[1] Alas, is not the Life of every such man already a poetic Tragedy; made up "of Fate and of one's own Deservings," of *Schicksal und eigene Schuld*; full of the elements of Pity and Fear? This brother man, if not Epic for us, is Tragic; if not great, is large; large in his qualities, world-large in his destinies. Whom other men, recognising him as such, may, through long times, remember, and draw nigh to examine and consider: these, in their several dialects, will say of him and sing of him,—till the right thing be said; and so the Formula that *can* judge him be no longer an undiscovered one.

[1] Dumont, p. 287.

Here then the wild Gabriel Honoré drops from the tissue of our History; not without a tragic farewell. He is gone: the flower of the wild Riquetti or Arrighetti kindred; which seems as if in him, with one last effort, it had done its best, and then expired, or sunk down to the undistinguished level. Crabbed old Marquis Mirabeau, the Friend of Men, sleeps sound. The Bailli Mirabeau, worthy Uncle, will soon die forlorn, alone. Barrel-Mirabeau, already gone across the Rhine, his Regiment of Emigrants will drive nigh desperate. "Barrel-Mirabeau," says a biographer of his, "went indignantly across the Rhine, and drilled Emigrant Regiments. But as he sat one morning in his tent, sour of stomach doubtless and of heart, meditating in Tartarean humour on the turn things took, a certain Captain or Subaltern demanded admittance on business. Such Captain is refused; he again demands, with refusal; and then again; till Colonel Viscount Barrel-Mirabeau, blazing up into a mere burning brandy-barrel, clutches his sword, and tumbles out on this *canaille* of an intruder,—alas, on the *canaille* of an intruder's sword-point, who had drawn with swift dexterity; and dies, and the Newspapers name it *apoplexy* and *alarming accident*." So die the Mirabeaus.

New Mirabeaus one hears not of: the wild kindred, as we said, is gone out with this its greatest. As families and kindreds sometimes do; producing, after long ages of unnoted notability, some living quintessence of all the qualities they had, to flame forth as a man world-noted; after whom they rest as if exhausted; the sceptre passing to others. The chosen Last of the Mirabeaus is gone; the chosen man of France is gone. It was he who shook old France from its basis; and, as if with his single hand, has held it toppling there, still unfallen. What things depended on that one man! He is as a ship suddenly shivered on sunk rocks: much swims on the waste waters, far from help.

BOOK FOURTH

VARENNES

CHAPTER I

EASTER AT SAINT-CLOUD

THE French Monarchy may now therefore be considered as, in all human probability, lost; as struggling henceforth in blindness as well as weakness, the last light of reasonable guidance having gone out. What remains of resources their poor Majesties will waste still further, in uncertain loitering and wavering. Mirabeau himself had to complain that they only gave him half confidence, and always had some plan within his plan. Had they fled frankly with him to Rouen or anywhither, long ago! They may fly now with chance immeasurably lessened; which will go on lessening towards absolute zero. Decide, O Queen; poor Louis can decide nothing: execute this Flight-project, or at least abandon it. Correspondence with Bouillé there has been enough; what profits consulting and hypothesis, while all around is in fierce activity of practice? The Rustic sits waiting till the river run dry: alas, with you it is not a common river, but a Nile Inundation; snows melting in the unseen mountains; till all, and you where you sit, be submerged.

Many things invite to flight. The voice of Journals invites; Royalist Journals proudly hinting it as a threat, Patriot Journals rabidly denouncing it as a terror. Mother Society, waxing more and more emphatic, in-

vites ;—so emphatic that, as was prophesied, Lafayette and your limited Patriots have ere long to branch off from her, and form themselves into Feuillans;[1] with infinite public controversy; the victory in which, doubtful though it look, will remain with the *un*limited Mother. Moreover, ever since the Day of Poniards, we have seen unlimited Patriotism openly equipping itself with arms. Citizens denied ' activity," which is facetiously made to signify a certain weight of purse, cannot buy blue uniforms, and be Guardsmen; but man is greater than blue cloth; man can fight, if need be, in multiform cloth, or even almost without cloth,—as Sansculotte. So pikes continue to be hammered, whether those Dirks of improved structure with barbs be " meant for the West-India market," or not meant. Men beat, the wrong way, their ploughshares into swords. Is there not what we may call an " Austrian Committee," *Comité Autrichien*, sitting daily and nightly in the Tuileries? Patriotism, by vision and suspicion, knows it too well! If the King fly, will there not be Aristocrat-Austrian invasion; butchery; replacement of Feudalism; wars more than civil? The hearts of men are saddened and maddened.

Dissident Priests likewise give trouble enough. Expelled from their Parish Churches, where Constitutional Priests, elected by the Public, have replaced them, these unhappy persons resort to Convents of Nuns, or other such receptacles; and there, on Sabbath, collecting assemblages of Anti-Constitutional individuals, who have grown devout all on a sudden,[2] they worship or pretend to worship in their strait-laced contumacious manner; to the scandal of Patriotism. Dissident Priests, passing along with their sacred wafer for the dying, seem wishful to be massacred in the streets; wherein Patriotism will not gratify them. Slighter palm of martyrdom, however, shall not be denied: martyrdom not of massacre, yet of fustigation. At the refractory places of worship, Patriot men appear; Patriot women with strong hazel

[1] [This was not till after the flight to Varennes.—ED.]
[2] Toulongeon, i. 262. [See note, p. 14.—ED.]

wands, which they apply. Shut thy eyes, O Reader; see not this misery, peculiar to these later times,—of martyrdom without sincerity, with only cant and contumacy! A dead Catholic Church is not allowed to lie dead; no, it is *galvanised* into the detestablest death-life; whereat Humanity, we say, shuts its eyes. For the Patriot women take their hazel wands, and fustigate, amid laughter of bystanders, with alacrity: broad bottom of Priests; alas, Nuns too, reversed and *cotillons retroussés*! The National Guard does what it can: Municipality "invokes the Principles of Toleration"; grants Dissident worshippers the Church of the *Théatins*: promising protection. But it is to no purpose: at the door of that *Théatins* Church appears a Placard, and suspended atop, like Plebeian Consular *fasces*—a Bundle of Rods! The Principles of Toleration must do the best they may: but no Dissident man shall worship contumaciously; there is a *Plebiscitum* to that effect; which, though unspoken, is like the laws of the Medes and Persians. Dissident contumacious Priests ought not to be harboured, even in private, by any man: the Club of the Cordeliers openly denounces Majesty himself as doing it.[1]

Many things invite to flight: but probably this thing above all others, that it has become impossible! On the 15th of April, notice is given that his Majesty, who has suffered much from catarrh lately, will enjoy the Spring weather, for a few days, at Saint-Cloud. Out at Saint-Cloud? Wishing to celebrate his Easter, his *Pâques* or Pasch, there; with refractory Anti-Constitutional Dissidents?—Wishing rather to make off for Compiègne, and thence to the Frontiers? As were, in good sooth, perhaps feasible, or would once have been; nothing but some two *chasseurs* attending you; chasseurs easily corrupted! It is a pleasant possibility, execute it or not. Men say there are thirty thousand Chevaliers of the Poniard lurking in the woods there: lurking in the woods, and thirty thousand,—for the human Imagina-

[1] Newspapers of April and June 1791 (in "Hist. Parl.," ix. 449; x. 217).

tion is not fettered. But now, how easily might these, dashing out on Lafayette, snatch off the Hereditary Representative; and roll away with him, after the manner of a whirl-blast, whither they listed!—Enough, it were well the King did not go. Lafayette is forewarned and forearmed: but, indeed, is the risk his only; or his and all France's?

Monday the eighteenth of April is come; the Easter Journey to Saint-Cloud shall take effect. National Guard has got its orders; a First Division, as Advanced Guard, has even marched, and probably arrived. His Majesty's *Maison-bouche*, they say, is all busy stewing and frying at Saint-Cloud; the King's dinner not far from ready there. About one o'clock, the Royal Carriage, with its eight royal blacks, shoots stately into the Place du Carrousel; draws up to receive its royal burden.[1] But hark! from the neighbouring Church of Saint-Roch, the tocsin begins ding-dong-ing. Is the King stolen, then; is he going; gone? Multitudes of persons crowd the Carrousel: the Royal Carriage still stands there,—and, by Heaven's strength, shall stand!

Lafayette comes up, with aides-de-camp and oratory; pervading the groups: "*Taisez-vous,*" answer the groups; "the King shall not go." Monsieur appears, at an upper window: ten thousand voices bray and shriek, "*Nous ne voulons pas que le Roi parte.*" Their Majesties have mounted. Crack go the whips; but twenty Patriot arms have seized each of the eight bridles: there is rearing, rocking, vociferation; not the smallest headway. In vain does Lafayette fret, indignant; and perorate and strive: Patriots in the passion of terror bellow round the Royal Carriage; it is one bellowing sea of Patriot terror run frantic. Will Royalty fly off towards Austria; like a lit rocket, towards endless Conflagration of Civil War? Stop it, ye Patriots, in the name of Heaven! Rude voices passionately apostrophise Royalty itself. Usher Campan, and other the like official persons, pressing for-

[1] [It was not the royal carriage, but a travelling *berline* (Klinkowström's "Comte de Fersen," vol. i., p. 103).—ED.]

ward with help or advice, are clutched by the sashes, and hurled and whirled, in a confused perilous manner; so that her Majesty has to plead passionately from the carriage-window.

Order cannot be heard, cannot be followed; National Guards know not how to act. Centre Grenadiers, of the Observatoire Battalion, are there; not on duty; alas, in quasi-mutiny; speaking rude disobedient words; threatening the mounted Guards with sharp shot if they hurt the people. Lafayette mounts and dismounts; runs haranguing, panting; on the verge of despair. For an hour and three-quarters; "seven quarters of an hour," by the Tuileries Clock! Desperate Lafayette will open a passage, were it by the cannon's mouth, if his Majesty will order. Their Majesties, counselled to it by Royalist friends, by Patriot foes, dismount; and retire in, with heavy indignant heart; giving up the enterprise. *Maison-bouche* may eat that cooked dinner themselves: his Majesty shall not see Saint-Cloud this day,—nor any day.[1]

The pathetic fable of imprisonment in one's own Palace has become a sad fact, then? Majesty complains to Assembly; Municipality deliberates, proposes to petition or address; Sections respond with sullen brevity of negation. Lafayette flings down his Commission; appears in civic pepper-and-salt frock; and cannot be flattered back again; not in less than three days; and by unheard-of entreaty; National Guards kneeling to him, and declaring that it is not sycophancy, that they are free men kneeling here to the *Statue of Liberty*. For the rest, those Centre Grenadiers of the Observatoire are disbanded,—yet indeed are reinlisted, all but fourteen, under a new name, and with new quarters. The King must keep his Easter in Paris; meditating much on this singular posture of things; but as good as determined now to fly from it, desire being whetted by difficulty.[2]

[1] "Deux Amis," vi. c. l.; "Hist. Parl.," ix. 407-414.

[2] [Mme. Campan says that the whole affair was not very deeply felt by the King and Queen; they looked on it as legitimising their determination to fly secretly.—Ed.]

CHAPTER II

EASTER AT PARIS

FOR above a year, ever since March 1790, it would seem, there has hovered a project of Flight before the royal mind; and ever and anon has been condensing itself into something like a purpose; but this or the other difficulty always vaporised it again. It seems so full of risks, perhaps of civil war itself; above all, it cannot be done without effort. Somnolent laziness will not serve: to fly, if not in a leather *vache*, one must verily stir oneself. Better to adopt that Constitution of theirs; execute it so as to show all men that it is *in*executable? Better or not so good: surely it is *easier*. To all difficulties you need only say, There is a lion in the path, behold your Constitution will not act! For a somnolent person it requires no effort to counterfeit death,—as Dame de Staël and Friends of Liberty can see the King's Government long doing, *faisant la mort*.

Nay now, when desire whetted by difficulty has brought the matter to a head, and the royal mind no longer halts between two, what can come of it? Grant that poor Louis were safe with Bouillé, what, on the whole, could he look for there? Exasperated Tickets of Entry answer: Much, all. But cold Reason answers: Little, almost nothing. Is not loyalty a law of Nature? ask the Tickets of Entry. Is not love of your King, and even death for him, the glory of all Frenchmen,—except these few Democrats? Let Democrat Constitution-builders see what they will do without their Keystone; and France rend its hair, having lost the Hereditary Representative

Thus will King Louis fly; one sees not reasonably towards what.[1] As a maltreated Boy, shall we say, who, having a Stepmother, rushes sulky into the wide world; and will wring the paternal heart?—Poor Louis escapes from known unsupportable evils, to an unknown mixture of good and evil, coloured by Hope. He goes, as Rabelais did when dying, to seek a great May-be: *je vais chercher un grand Peut-être*! As not only the sulky Boy but the wise grown Man is obliged to do, so often, in emergencies.

For the rest, there is still no lack of stimulants, and stepdame maltreatments, to keep one's resolution at the due pitch. Factious disturbances cease not: as indeed how can they, unless authoritatively *conjured*, in a Revolt which is by nature bottomless? If the ceasing of faction be the price of the King's somnolence, he may awake when he will and take wing.

Remark, in any case, what somersets and contortions a dead Catholicism is making,—skilfully galvanised: hideous, and even piteous, to behold! Jurant and Dissident, with their shaved crowns, argue frothing everywhere; or are ceasing to argue, and stripping for battle. In Paris was scourging while need continued: contrariwise, in the Morbihan of Brittany, without scourging, armed Peasants are up, roused by pulpit-drum, they know not why. General Dumouriez, who has got missioned thitherward, finds all in sour heat of darkness; finds also that explanation and conciliation will still do much.[2]

But again, consider this: that his Holiness, Pius Sixth, has seen good to excommunicate Bishop Talleyrand! Surely, we will say then, considering it, there is no living or dead Church in the Earth that has not the indubitablest right to excommunicate Talleyrand. Pope Pius has right and might, in his way. But truly so like-

[1] [The aim was to get to Bouillé and his few loyal troops, and wait for the aid given by the *émigrés* and, perhaps, by Austria.—Ed.]

[2] "Deux Amis," v. 410-421; Dumouriez, ii. c. 5.

wise has Father Adam, *ci-devant* Marquis Saint-Huruge, in his way. Behold, therefore, on the Fourth of May, in the Palais Royal, a mixed loud-sounding multitude; in the middle of whom, Father Adam, bull-voiced Saint-Huruge, in white hat, towers visible and audible. With him, it is said, walks Journalist Gorsas, walk many others of the washed sort; for no authority will interfere. Pius Sixth, with his plush and tiara, and power of the Keys, they bear aloft: of natural size,—made of lath and combustible gum. Royou, the King's Friend, is borne too in effigy; with a pile of Newspaper "King's-Friends," condemned Numbers of the "Ami-du-Roi"; fit fuel of the sacrifice. Speeches are spoken; a judgment is held, a doom proclaimed, audible in bull-voice, towards the four winds. And thus, amid great shouting, the holocaust is consummated, under the summer sky; and our lath-and-gum Holiness, with the attendant victims mounts up in flame, and sinks down in ashes; a decomposed Pope: and right or might, among all the parties, has better or worse accomplished itself, as it could.[1] But, on the whole, reckoning from Martin Luther in the Market-place of Wittenberg to Marquis Saint-Huruge in this Palais Royal of Paris, what a journey have we gone; into what strange territories has it carried us! No Authority can now interfere. Nay Religion herself, mourning for such things, may after all ask, What have *I* to do with them?

In such extraordinary manner does dead Catholicism somerset and caper, skilfully galvanised. For, does the reader inquire into the subject-matter of controversy in this case; what the difference between Orthodoxy or *My-doxy* and Heterodoxy or *Thy-doxy* might here be? My-doxy is, that an august National Assembly can equalise the extent of Bishopricks; that an equalised Bishop, his Creed and Formularies being left quite as they were, can swear Fidelity to King, Law and Nation, and so become a Constitutional Bishop. Thy-doxy, if thou be Dissident, is that he cannot; but that he must

[1] "Hist. Parl.," x. 99-102.

become an accursed thing. Human ill-nature needs but some Homoiousian *iota*, or even the pretence of one; and will flow copiously through the eye of a needle: thus always must mortals go jargoning and fuming,

> And, like the ancient Stoics in their porches,
> With fierce dispute maintain their churches.

This *Auto-da-fé* of Saint-Huruge's was on the Fourth of May 1791. Royalty sees it; but says nothing.

CHAPTER III

COUNT FERSEN

ROYALTY, in fact, should, by this time, be far on with its preparations. Unhappily much preparation is needful. Could a Hereditary Representative be carried in leather *vache*, how easy were it! But it is not so.

New Clothes are needed; as usual, in all Epic transactions, were it in the grimmest iron ages; consider "Queen Chrimhilde, with her sixty sempstresses," in that iron "Nibelungen Song"! No Queen can stir without new clothes. Therefore, now, Dame Campan whisks assiduous to this mantua-maker and to that: and there is clipping of frocks and gowns, upper clothes and under, great and small; such a clipping and sewing as—might have been dispensed with. Moreover, her Majesty cannot go a step anywhither without her *Nécessaire*; dear *Nécessaire*, of inlaid ivory and rosewood; cunningly devised; which holds perfumes, toilette-implements, infinite small queen-like furnitures: necessary to terrestrial life. Not without a cost of some five hundred louis, of much precious time, and difficult hoodwinking which does not blind, can this same Necessary of life be forwarded by the Flanders Carriers,—never to get to hand.[1] All which, you would say, augurs ill for the prospering of the enterprise. But the whims of women and queens must be humoured.

Bouillé, on his side, is making a fortified Camp at Montmédi; gathering Royal-Allemand, and all manner of other German and true French Troops thither, "to watch the Austrians." His Majesty will not cross the

[1] Campan, ii. c. 18.

frontiers, unless on compulsion. Neither shall the Emigrants be much employed, hateful as they are to all people.[1] Nor shall old war-god Broglie have any hand in the business; but solely our brave Bouillé; to whom, on the day of meeting, a Marshal's Baton shall be delivered, by a rescued King, amid the shouting of all the troops. In the mean while, Paris being so suspicious, were it not perhaps good to write your Foreign Ambassadors an ostensible Constitutional Letter; desiring all Kings and men to take heed that King Louis loves the Constitution, that he has voluntarily sworn, and does again swear, to maintain the same, and will reckon those his enemies who affect to say otherwise? Such a Constitutional Circular is despatched by Couriers, is communicated confidentially to the Assembly, and printed in all Newspapers; with the finest effect.[2] Simulation and dissimulation mingle extensively in human affairs.

We observe, however, that Count Fersen is often using his Ticket of Entry; which surely he has clear right to do. A gallant Soldier and Swede, devoted to this fair Queen;—as indeed the Highest Swede now is. Has not King Gustav, famed fiery *Chevalier du Nord*, sworn himself, by the old laws of chivalry, her Knight? He will descend on fire-wings, of Swedish musketry, and deliver her from these foul dragons,—if, alas, the assassin's pistol intervene not!

But, in fact, Count Fersen does seem a likely young soldier, of alert decisive ways: he circulates widely, seen, unseen; and has business on hand. Also Colonel the Duke de Choiseul, nephew of Choiseul the great, of Choiseul the now deceased; he and Engineer Goguelat are passing and repassing between Metz and the Tuileries: and Letters go in cipher,—one of them, a most important one, hard to *de*cipher; Fersen having ciphered it in haste.[3] As for Duke de Villequier, he is

[1] Bouillé, "Mémoires," ii. c. 10.
[2] "Moniteur," Séance du 23 Avril 1791.
[3] Choiseul, "Relation du Départ de Louis XVI" (Paris, 1822), p. 39.

gone ever since the Day of Poniards; but his Apartment is useful for her Majesty.

On the other side, poor Commandant Gouvion, watching at the Tuileries, second in National command, sees several things hard to interpret. It is the same Gouvion who sat, long months ago, at the Townhall, gazing helpless into that Insurrection of Women; motionless, as the brave stabled steed when conflagration rises, till Usher Maillard snatched his drum. Sincerer Patriot there is not; but many a shiftier. He, if Dame Campan gossip credibly, is paying some similitude of love-court to a certain false Chambermaid of the Palace, who betrays much to him: the *Nécessaire*, the clothes, the packing of jewels,[1]—could he understand it when betrayed. Helpless Gouvion gazes with sincere glassy eyes into it; stirs up his sentres to vigilance; walks restless to and fro; and hopes the best.

But, on the whole, one finds that, in the second week of June, Colonel de Choiseul is privately in Paris; having come "to see his children." Also that Fersen has got a stupendous new Coach built, of the kind named *Berline*;[2] done by the first artists; according to a model: they bring it home to him, in Choiseul's presence; the two friends take a proof-drive in it, along the streets; in meditative mood; then send it up to "Madame Sullivan's, in the Rue de Clichy," far North, to wait there till wanted. Apparently a certain Russian Baroness de Korff, with Waiting-woman, Valet, and two Children, will travel homewards with some state: in whom these young military gentlemen take interest? A Passport has been procured for her; and much assistance shown, with Coachbuilders and suchlike;—so helpful-polite are

[1] Campan, ii. 141.

[2] [Choiseul's narrative shows that a new and *strong* Berline was needed owing to the badness of the roads (since *corvées* had been abolished). It also carried materials for repairing in case of a breakdown. It was not "stupendous." The Duchesse de Tourzel in her "Mémoires" (vol. i., chap. xii.) says: "We travelled in a large *Berline*, very comfortable, but not at all extraordinary in appearance."—ED.]

young military men. Fersen has likewise purchased a Chaise fit for two, at least for two waiting-maids; further, certain necessary horses: one would say, he is himself quitting France, not without outlay? We observe finally that their Majesties, Heaven willing, will assist at *Corpus-Christi Day*, this blessed Summer Solstice, in Assumption Church, here at Paris, to the joy of all the world. For which same day, moreover, brave Bouillé, at Metz, as we find, has invited a party of friends to dinner; but indeed is gone from home, in the interim, over to Montmédi.

These are of the Phenomena, or visual Appearances, of this wide-working terrestrial world: which truly is all phenomenal, what they call spectral; and never rests at any moment; one never at any moment can know why.

On Monday night, the Twentieth of June 1791, about eleven o'clock, there is many a hackney-coach, and glass-coach (*carrosse de remise*), still rumbling, or at rest, on the streets of Paris. But of all glass-coaches, we recommend this to thee, O Reader, which stands drawn up in the Rue de l'Echelle, hard by the Carrousel and outgate of the Tuileries; in the Rue de l'Echelle that then was; "opposite Ronsin the saddler's door," as if waiting for a fare there! Not long does it wait: a hooded Dame, with two hooded Children has issued from Villequier's door, where no sentry walks, into the Tuileries Court-of-Princes; into the Carrousel; into the Rue de l'Echelle; where the Glass-coachman readily admits them; and again waits. Not long; another Dame, likewise hooded or shrouded, leaning on a servant, issues in the same manner; bids the servant good-night;[1] and is, in the same manner, by the Glass-coachman, cheerfully admitted. Whither go so many Dames? 'Tis his Majesty's *Couchée*, Majesty just gone to bed, and

[1] [The hooded dame was the Duchesse de Tourzel, governess of the royal children, who has described the escape in her "Mémoires" (vol. i., chap. xii.).—ED.]

all the Palace-world is retiring home. But the Glass-coachman still waits; his fare seemingly incomplete.

By and by, we note a thickset Individual, in round hat and peruke, arm-and-arm with some servant, seemingly of the Runner or Courier sort; he also issues through Villequier's door; starts a shoebuckle as he passes one of the sentries, stoops down to clasp it again; is however, by the Glass-coachman, still more cheerfully admitted.[1] And *now*, is his fare complete? Not yet; the Glass-coachman still waits.—Alas! and the false Chambermaid has warned Gouvion that she thinks the Royal Family will fly this very night; and Gouvion, distrusting his own glazed eyes, has sent express for Lafayette; and Lafayette's Carriage, flaring with lights, rolls this moment through the inner Arch of the Carrousel,—where a Lady shaded in broad gypsy-hat, and leaning on the arm of a servant, also of the Runner or Courier sort, stands aside to let it pass, and has even the whim to touch a spoke of it with her *badine*,—light little magic rod which she calls *badine*, such as the Beautiful then wore. The flare of Lafayette's Carriage rolls past: all is found quiet in the Court-of-Princes; sentries at their post; Majesties' Apartments closed in smooth rest. Your false Chambermaid must have been mistaken? Watch thou, Gouvion, with Argus' vigilance; for, of a truth, treachery is within these walls.

But where is the Lady that stood aside in gypsy-hat, and touched the wheel-spoke with her *badine*? O Reader, that Lady that touched the wheel-spoke was the Queen of France! She has issued safe through that inner Arch, into the Carrousel itself; but not into the Rue de l'Echelle. Flurried by the rattle and rencounter, she took the right hand not the left; neither she nor her Courier knows Paris; he indeed is no Courier, but a loyal stupid *ci-devant* Bodyguard disguised as one. They

[1] [The Duchesse de Tourzel states that the King left the Tuileries quite easily by the front door because the Duc de Coigny, who much resembled him, had left by that for many nights past. Carlyle's version is perhaps more trustworthy.—ED.]

are off, quite wrong, over the Pont Royal and River; roaming disconsolate in the Rue du Bac; far from the Glass-coachman, who still waits. Waits, with flutter of heart; with thoughts—which he must button close up, under his jarvie-surtout![1]

Midnight clangs from all the City-steeples; one precious hour has been spent so; most mortals are asleep. The Glass-coachman waits; and in what mood! A brother jarvie drives up, enters into conversation; is answered cheerfully in jarvie-dialect: the brothers of the whip exchange a pinch of snuff;[2] decline drinking together; and part with good-night. Be the Heavens blest! here at length is the Queen-lady, in gypsy-hat; safe after perils; who has had to inquire her way. She too is admitted; her Courier jumps aloft, as the other, who is also a disguised Bodyguard, has done: and now, O Glass-coachman of a thousand,—Count Fersen, for the Reader sees it is thou,—drive!

Dust shall not stick to the hoofs of Fersen: crack! crack! the Glass-coach rattles, and every soul breathes lighter. But is Fersen on the right road? North-eastward, to the Barrier of Saint-Martin and Metz Highway, thither were we bound: and lo, he drives right Northward! The royal Individual, in round hat and peruke, sits astonished; but right or wrong, there is no remedy. Crack, crack, we go incessant, through the slumbering City. Seldom, since Paris rose out of mud, or the Long-haired Kings went in Bullock-carts, was there such a drive. Mortals on each hand of you, close by, stretched out horizontal, dormant; and we alive and quaking!

[1] [Carlyle here followed the narrative of the Archbishop of Toulouse, which had already been discredited by Croker's article in the "Quarterly Review" of January, 1823 (since reprinted in his "Essays on the French Rev.," p. 124). The narratives of Fersen and of the Duchesse de Tourzel (vol. i., p. 324, Eng. edit.) show that the Queen came after the King. The little princess, who became the Duchesse d'Angoulême, states in her narrative that it was Madame Elizabeth, the King's sister, who ran the risk of discovery by Lafayette.—ED.]

[2] Weber, ii. 340-342; Choiseul, pp. 44-56.

Crack, crack, through the Rue de Grammont; across the Boulevard; up the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin,—these windows, all silent, of Number 42, were Mirabeau's. Towards the Barrier not of Saint-Martin, but of Clichy on the utmost North! Patience, ye royal Individuals; Fersen understands what he is about. Passing up the Rue de Clichy, he alights for one moment at Madame Sullivan's: "Did Count Fersen's Coachman get the Baroness de Korff's new Berline?"—"Gone with it an hour-and-half ago," grumbles responsive the drowsy Porter.—"*C'est bien.*" Yes, it is well;—though had not such hour-and-half been *lost*, it were still better. Forth therefore, O Fersen, fast, by the Barrier de Clichy; then Eastward along the Outer Boulevard, what horses and whipcord can do!

Thus Fersen drives, through the ambrosial night. Sleeping Paris is now all on the right-hand of him; silent except for some snoring hum: and now he is Eastward as far as the Barrier de Saint-Martin; looking earnestly for Baroness de Korff's Berline. This Heaven's Berline he at length does descry, drawn up with its six horses, his own German Coachman waiting on the box. Right, thou good German: now haste, whither thou knowest!—And as for us of the Glass-coach, haste too, O haste; much time is already lost! The august Glass-coach fare, six Insides, hastily packs itself into the new Berline; two Bodyguard Couriers behind. The Glass-coach itself is turned adrift, its head towards the City; to wander whither it lists,—and be found next morning tumbled in a ditch. But Fersen is on the new box, with its brave new hammer-cloths; flourishing his whip; he bolts forward towards Bondy. There a third and final Bodyguard Courier of ours ought surely to be, with post-horses ready-ordered. There likewise ought that purchased Chaise, with the two Waiting-maids and their bandboxes, to be; whom also her Majesty could not travel without. Swift, thou deft Fersen, and may the Heavens turn it well!

Once more, by Heaven's blessing, it is all well. Here

is the sleeping Hamlet of Bondy; Chaise with Waiting-women; horses all ready, and postillions with their churn-boots, impatient in the dewy dawn. Brief harnessing done, the postillions with their churn-boots vault into the saddles; brandish circularly their little noisy whips. Fersen, under his jarvie-surtout, bends in lowly silent reverence of adieu; royal hands wave speechless inexpressible response; Baroness de Korff's Berline, with the Royalty of France, bounds off: forever, as it proved. Deft Fersen dashes obliquely Northward, through the country, towards Bougret;[1] gains Bougret, finds his German Coachman and chariot waiting there; cracks off, and drives undiscovered into unknown space. A deft active man, we say; what he undertook to do is nimbly and successfully done.

And so the Royalty of France is actually fled? This precious night, the shortest of the year, it flies, and drives! *Baroness de Korff* is, at bottom, Dame de Tourzel, Governess of the Royal Children: she who came hooded with the two hooded little ones; little Dauphin; little Madame Royale, known long afterwards as Duchesse d'Angoulême. Baroness de Korff's *Waiting-maid* is the Queen in gypsy-hat. The royal Individual in round hat and peruke, he is *Valet* for the time being. That other hooded Dame, styled *Travelling-companion*, is kind Sister Elizabeth; she had sworn, long since, when the Insurrection of Women was, that only death should part her and them. And so they rush there, not too impetuously, through the Wood of Bondy:—over a Rubicon in their own and France's History.

Great; though the future is all vague! If we reach Bouillé? If we do not reach him? O Louis! and this all round thee is the great slumbering Earth (and overhead, the great watchful Heaven); the slumbering Wood of Bondy,—where Longhaired Childeric Donothing was

[1] [Bougret should be Bourget. For this and other slight corrections see Mr. Oscar Browning's "Flight to Varennes," pp. 61-63.—ED.]

struck through with iron;[1] not unreasonably, in a world like ours. These peaked stone-towers are Raincy; towers of wicked D'Orléans. All slumbers save the multiplex rustle of our new Berline. Loose-skirted scarecrow of an Herb-merchant, with his ass and early greens, toilsomely plodding, seems the only creature we meet. But right ahead the great Northeast sends up evermore his gray brindled dawn: from dewy branch, birds here and there, with short deep warble, salute the coming Sun. Stars fade out, and Galaxies; Street-lamps of the City of God. The Universe, O my brothers, is flinging wide its portals for the Levee of the GREAT HIGH KING. Thou, poor King Louis, farest nevertheless, as mortals do, towards Orient lands of Hope; and the Tuileries with *its* Levees, and France and the Earth itself, is but a larger kind of doghutch,—occasionally going rabid.

[1] Hénault, "Abrégé Chronologique," p. 36.

CHAPTER IV

ATTITUDE

BUT in Paris, at six in the morning; when some Patriot Deputy, warned by a billet, awoke Lafayette, and they went to the Tuileries?—Imagination may paint, but words cannot, the surprise of Lafayette; or with what bewilderment helpless Gouvion rolled glassy Argus' eyes, discerning now that his false Chambermaid had told true!

However, it is to be recorded that Paris, thanks to an august National Assembly, did, on this seeming doomsday, surpass itself. Never, according to Historian eye-witnesses, was there seen such an "imposing attitude."[1] Sections all "in permanence"; our Townhall too, having first, about ten o'clock, fired three solemn alarm-cannons: above all, our National Assembly! National Assembly, likewise permanent, decides what is needful; with unanimous consent, for the *Côté Droit* sits dumb, afraid of the Lanterne. Decides with a calm promptitude, which rises towards the sublime. One must needs vote, for the thing is self-evident, that his Majesty has been *abducted*, or spirited away, "*enlevé*," by some person or persons unknown: in which case, what will the Constitution have us do? Let us return to first principles, as we always say: "*revenons aux principes*."

By first or by second principles, much is promptly decided: Ministers are sent for, instructed how to continue their functions; Lafayette is examined; and

[1] "Deux Amis," vi. 67-178; Toulongeon, ii. 1-38; Camille, Prudhomme and Editors (in "Hist. Parl.," x. 240-244).

Gouvion, who gives a most helpless account, the best he can. Letters are found written: one Letter, of immense magnitude; all in his Majesty's hand, and evidently of his Majesty's own composition; addressed to the National Assembly. It details with earnestness, with a childlike simplicity, what woes his Majesty has suffered. Woes great and small: A Necker seen applauded, a Majesty not; then insurrection; want of due furniture in Tuileries Palace; want of due cash in Civil List; *general* want of cash, of furniture and order; anarchy everywhere: Deficit never yet, in the smallest, "choked or *comblé*":—wherefore, in brief, his Majesty has retired towards a place of Liberty; and, leaving Sanctions, Federation, and what Oaths there may be, to shift for themselves, does now refer—to what, thinks an august Assembly? To that "Declaration of the Twenty-third of June," with its "*Seul il fera*, He alone will make his People happy." As if *that* were not buried, deep enough, under two irrevocable Twelvemonths, and the wreck and rubbish of a whole Feudal World![1] This strange autograph Letter the National Assembly decides on printing; on transmitting to the Eighty-three Departments, with exegetic commentary, short but pithy. Commissioners also shall go forth on all sides; the People be exhorted; the Armies be increased; care taken that the Commonweal suffer no damage.—And now, with a sublime air of calmness, nay of indifference, we "pass to the order of the day"!

By such sublime calmness, the terror of the People is calmed. These gleaming Pike-forests, which bristled fateful in the early sun, disappear again; the far-sounding Street-orators cease, or spout milder. We are to have a civil war; let us have it then. The King is gone; but National Assembly, but France and we remain. The People also takes a great attitude; the People also is calm; motionless as a couchant lion.

[1] [The King, however, also declared that he would recognise the abolition of Feudalism, the authority of the Assembly, the suspensive veto, and other democratic changes.—ED.]

With but a few *broolings*, some waggings of the tail; to show what it *will* do! Cazalès, for instance, was beset by street-groups, and cries of *Lanterne*; but National Patrols easily delivered him. Likewise all King's effigies and statues, at least stucco ones, get abolished. Even King's names; the word *Roi* fades suddenly out of all shop-signs; the Royal Bengal Tiger itself, on the Boulevards, becomes the National Bengal one, *Tigre National*.[1]

How great is a calm couchant People! On the morrow, men will say to one another: "We have no King, yet we slept sound enough." On the morrow, fervent Achille de Châtelet, and Thomas Paine the rebellious Needleman, shall have the walls of Paris profusely plastered with their Placard; announcing that there must be a *Republic*.[2] —Need we add, that Lafayette too, though at first menaced by Pikes, has taken a great attitude, or indeed the greatest of all? Scouts and Aides-de-camp fly forth, vague, in quest and pursuit; young Romœuf towards Valenciennes, though with small hope.

Thus Paris; sublimely calmed, in its bereavement. But from the *Messageries Royales*, in all Mail-bags, radiates forth far-darting the electric news: our Hereditary Representative is flown. Laugh, black Royalists: yet be it in your sleeve only; lest Patriotism notice, and waxing frantic, lower the Lanterne! In Paris alone is a sublime National Assembly with its calmness; truly, other places must take it as they can: with open mouth and eyes; with panic cackling, with wrath, with conjecture. How each one of those dull leathern Diligences, with its leathern bag and "The King is fled," furrows up smooth France as it goes; through town and hamlet, ruffles the smooth public mind into quivering agitation of death-terror; then lumbers on, as if nothing had happened! Along all highways; towards the utmost borders; till all France is ruffled,—roughened up (metaphorically speaking) into one enormous, desperate-minded, red guggling Turkey Cock!

[1] "Walpoliana."   [2] Dumont, c. 16.

For example, it is under cloud of night that the leathern Monster reaches Nantes; deep sunk in sleep. The word spoken rouses all Patriot men; General Dumouriez, enveloped in roquelaures, has to descend from his bedroom; finds the street covered with "four or five thousand citizens in their shirts."[1] Here and there a faint farthing rushlight, hastily kindled; and so many swart-featured haggard faces with nightcaps pushed back; and the more or less flowing drapery of nightshirt: open-mouthed till the General say his word! And over-head, as always, the Great Bear is turning so quiet round Boötes; steady, indifferent as the leathern Diligence itself. Take comfort, ye men of Nantes; Boötes and the steady Bear are turning; ancient Atlantic still sends his brine, loud-billowing, up your Loire stream; brandy shall be hot in the stomach: this is not the Last of the Days, but one before the Last.—The fools! If they knew what was doing, in these very instants, also by candlelight, in the far Northeast!

Perhaps, we may say, the most terrified man in Paris or France is—who thinks the Reader?—seagreen Robes-pierre. Double paleness, with the shadow of gibbets and halters, overcasts the seagreen features: it is too clear to him that there is to be "a Saint-Bartholomew of Patriots," that in four-and-twenty hours he will not be in life. These horrid anticipations of the soul he is heard uttering at Pétion's: by a notable witness. By Madame Roland, namely; her whom we saw, last year, radiant at the Lyons Federation. These four months, the Rolands have been in Paris; arranging with Assembly Committees the Municipal affairs of Lyons, affairs all sunk in debt;—communing, the while, as was most natural, with the best Patriots to be found here, with our Brissots, Pétions, Buzots, Robespierres: who were wont to come to us, says the fair Hostess, four evenings in the week. They, running about, busier than ever this day, would fain have comforted the seagreen man;

[1] Dumouriez, "Mémoires," ii. 109.

spake of Achille de Châtelet's Placard; of a Journal to be called "The Republican"; of preparing men's minds for a Republic. "A Republic?" said the Seagreen, with one of his dry husky *un*sportful laughs, "What is that?"[1] O seagreen Incorruptible, thou shalt see!

[1] Madame Roland, ii. 70.

CHAPTER V

THE NEW BERLINE

BUT scouts, all this while, and aides-de-camp, have flown forth faster than the leathern Diligences. Young Romœuf, as we said, was off early towards Valenciennes: distracted Villagers seize him, as a traitor with a finger of his own in the plot; drag him back to the Townhall; to the National Assembly, which speedily grants a new passport. Nay now, that same scarecrow of an Herb-merchant with his ass has bethought him of the grand new Berline seen in the Wood of Bondy; and delivered evidence of it:[1] Romœuf, furnished with new passport, is sent forth with double speed on a hopefuler track; by Bondy, Claye and Châlons, towards Metz, to track the new Berline; and gallops *à franc étrier*.

Miserable new Berline! Why could not Royalty go in some old Berline similar to that of other men? Flying for life, one does not stickle about his vehicle. Monsieur, in a commonplace travelling-carriage is off Northwards; Madame, his Princess, in another, with variation of route: they cross one another while changing horses, without look of recognition; and reach Flanders, no man questioning them. Precisely in the same manner, beautiful Princess de Lamballe set off, about the same hour; and will reach England safe:—would she had continued there! The beautiful, the good, but the unfortunate; reserved for a frightful end!

All runs along, unmolested, speedy, except only the new Berline. Huge leathern vehicle:—huge Argosy, let

[1] "Moniteur" etc. (in "Hist. Parl.," x. 244-253).

us say, or Acapulco ship; with its heavy stern-boat of Chaise-and-pair; with its three yellow Pilot-boats of mounted Bodyguard Couriers, rocking aimless round it and ahead of it to bewilder, not to guide! It lumbers along, lurchingly with stress, at a snail's pace; noted of all the world. The Bodyguard Couriers, in their yellow liveries, go prancing and clattering; loyal but stupid; unacquainted with all things. Stoppages occur; and breakages, to be repaired at Etoges. King Louis too will dismount, will walk up hills, and enjoy the blessed sunshine:—with eleven horses and double drink-money, and all furtherances of Nature and Art, it will be found that Royalty, flying for life, accomplishes Sixty-nine miles in Twenty-two incessant hours.[1] Slow Royalty! And yet not a minute of these hours but is precious: on minutes hang the destinies of Royalty now.

Readers, therefore, can judge in what humour Duke de Choiseul might stand waiting, in the village of Pont-de-Sommevelle, some leagues beyond Châlons, hour after hour, now when the day bends visibly westward. Choiseul drove out of Paris, in all privity, ten hours before their Majesties' fixed time; his Hussars, led by Engineer Goguelat, are here duly, come "to escort a Treasure that is expected": but, hour after hour, is no Baroness de Korff's Berline. Indeed, over all that Northeast Region, on the skirts of Champagne and of Lorraine, where the great Road runs, the agitation is considerable. For all along, from this Pont-de-Sommevelle Northeastward as far as Montmédi, at Post-villages and Towns, escorts of Hussars and Dragoons do lounge waiting;

[1] [Carlyle here made an unaccountable mistake. The distance from Paris to Châlons-sur-Marne is 101 miles; from Paris to Varennes it is about 150 miles. They left Paris soon after midnight and reached Châlons at 5 p.m. They covered the whole distance, inclusive of delays for changing horses and two slight breakdowns, in twenty-three hours. This gives an average rate of nearly seven miles an hour—not slow travelling, considering the state of the roads. (See Mr. Oscar Browning, *op. cit.*, p. 64.)—Ed.]

a train or chain of Military Escorts; at the Montmédi end of it our brave Bouillé: an electric thunder-chain; which the invisible Bouillé, like a father Jove, holds in his hand—for wise purposes! Brave Bouillé has done what man could; has spread out his electric thunder-chain of Military Escorts, onwards to the threshold of Châlons: it waits but for the new Korff Berline; to receive it, escort it, and, if need be, bear it off in whirlwind of military fire. They lie and lounge there, we say, these fierce Troopers; from Montmédi and Stenai, through Clermont, Sainte-Menehould to utmost Pont-de-Sommevelle, in all Post-villages; for the route shall avoid Verdun and great Towns: they loiter impatient, "till the Treasure arrive."

Judge what a day this is for brave Bouillé: perhaps the first day of a new glorious life; surely the last day of the old! Also, and indeed still more, what a day, beautiful and terrible, for your young full-blooded Captains: your Dandoins, Comte de Damas, Duke de Choiseul, Engineer Goguelat, and the like; intrusted with the secret!—Alas, the day bends ever more westward; and no Korff Berline comes to sight. It is four hours beyond the time, and still no Berline. In all Village-streets, Royalist Captains go lounging, looking often Paris-ward; with face of unconcern, with heart full of black care: rigorous Quartermasters can hardly keep the private dragoons from *cafés* and dramshops.[1] Dawn on our bewilderment, thou new Berline; dawn on us, thou Sun-Chariot of a new Berline, with the destinies of France!

It was of his Majesty's ordering, this military array of Escorts: a thing solacing the Royal imagination with a look of security and rescue; yet, in reality, creating only alarm, and, where there was otherwise no danger, danger without end. For each Patriot, in these Post-villages, asks naturally: This clatter of cavalry, and marching and lounging of troops, what means it? To

[1] "Déclaration du Sieur La Gache du Régiment Royal-Dragons" (in Choiseul, pp. 125-139).

escort a Treasure? Why escort, when no Patriot will steal from the Nation; or where is your Treasure?—There has been such marching and counter-marching: for it is another fatality, that certain of these Military Escorts came out so early as yesterday; the Nineteenth not the Twentieth of the month being the day *first* appointed; which her Majesty, for some necessity or other, saw good to alter. And now consider the suspicious nature of Patriotism; suspicious, above all, of Bouillé the Aristocrat; and how the sour doubting humour has had leave to accumulate and exacerbate for four-and-twenty hours!

At Pont-de-Sommevelle, these Forty foreign Hussars of Goguelat and Duke Choiseul are becoming an unspeakable mystery to all men. They lounged long enough, already, at Sainte-Menehould; lounged and loitered till our National Volunteers there, all risen into hot wrath of doubt, "demanded three hundred fusils of their Townhall," and got them. At which same moment too, as it chanced, our Captain Dandoins was just coming in, from Clermont with *his* troop, at the other end of the Village. A fresh troop; alarming enough; though happily they are only Dragoons and French! So that Goguelat with his Hussars had to ride, and even to do it fast; till here at Pont-de-Sommevelle, where Choiseul lay waiting, he found resting-place. Resting-place as on burning marle. For the rumour of him flies abroad; and men run to and fro in fright and anger: Châlons sends forth exploratory pickets of National Volunteers towards this hand; which meet exploratory pickets, coming from Sainte-Menehould, on that. What is it, ye whiskered Hussars, men of foreign guttural speech; in the name of Heaven, what is it that brings you? A Treasure?—exploratory pickets shake their heads. The hungry Peasants, however, know too well what Treasure it is; Military seizure for rents, feudalities; which no Bailiff could make us pay! This they know;—and set to jingling their Parish-bell by way of tocsin; with rapid effect! Choiseul and Goguelat, if the whole country is

not to take fire, must needs, be there Berline, be there no Berline, saddle and ride.

They mount; and this parish tocsin happily ceases.[1] They ride slowly Eastward; towards Sainte-Menehould; still hoping the Sun-Chariot of a Berline may overtake them. Ah me, no Berline! And near now is that Sainte-Menehould, which expelled us in the morning, with its "three hundred National fusils"; which looks, belike, not too lovingly on Captain Dandoins and his fresh Dragoons, though only French;—which, in a word, one dare not enter the *second* time, under pain of explosion! With rather heavy heart, our Hussar Party strikes off to the left; through by-ways, through pathless hills and woods, they, avoiding Sainte-Menehould and all places which have seen them heretofore, will make direct for the distant Village of Varennes. It is probable they will have a rough evening ride.

This first military post, therefore, in the long thunder-chain, has gone off with no effect; or with worse, and your chain threatens to entangle itself!—The Great Road, however, is got hushed again into a kind of quietude, though one of the wakefulest. Indolent Dragoons cannot, by any Quartermaster, be kept altogether from the dramshop; where Patriots drink, and will even treat, eager enough for news. Captains, in a state near distraction, beat the dusty highway, with a face of indifference; and no Sun-Chariot appears. Why lingers it? Incredible, that with eleven horses, and such yellow Couriers and furtherances, its rate should be under the weightiest dray-rate, some three miles an hour! Alas, one knows not whether it ever even got out of Paris;—and yet also one knows not whether, this very moment, it is not at the Village-end! One's heart flutters on the verge of unutterabilities.

[1] [Croker shows ("Essays," pp. 131-133) that Choiseul's departure was quite unjustifiable, and largely accounts for the failure of the whole plan. The Duchesse de Tourzel says he "completely lost his head." A hot correspondence took place between him and Bouillé in 1800.—ED.]

CHAPTER VI

OLD-DRAGOON DROUET

IN this manner, however, has the Day bent downwards. Wearied mortals are creeping home from their field-labour; the village-artisan eats with relish his supper of herbs, or has strolled forth to the village-street for a sweet mouthful of air and human news. Still summer-eventide everywhere! The great Sun hangs flaming on the utmost Northwest; for it is his longest day this year. The hill-tops rejoicing will ere long be at their ruddiest, and blush Good-night. The thrush, in green dells, on long-shadowed leafy spray, pours gushing his glad serenade, to the babble of brooks grown audibler; silence is stealing over the Earth. Your dusty Mill of Valmy, as all other mills and drudgeries, may furl its canvas, and cease swashing and circling. The swenkt grinders in this Treadmill of an Earth have ground out another Day; and lounge there, as we say, in village-groups; movable, or ranked on social stone-seats;[1] their children, mischievous imps, sporting about their feet. Unnotable hum of sweet human gossip rises from this Village of Sainte-Menehould, as from all other villages. Gossip mostly sweet, unnotable; for the very Dragoons are French and gallant; nor as yet has the Paris-and-Verdun Diligence, with its leathern bag, rumbled in, to terrify the minds of men.

One figure nevertheless we do note at the last door of the Village: that figure in loose-flowing nightgown, of Jean Baptiste Drouet, Master of the Post here. An

[1] "Rapport de M. Remy" (in Choiseul, p. 143).

acrid choleric man, rather dangerous-looking; still in the prime of life, though he has served, in his time, as a Condé Dragoon.[1] This day, from an early hour Drouet got his choler stirred, and has been kept fretting. Hussar Goguelat in the morning saw good, by way of thrift, to bargain with his own Innkeeper, not with Drouet regular *Maître de Post*, about some gig-horse for the sending back of his gig; which thing Drouet perceiving came over in red ire, menacing the Innkeeper, and would not be appeased. Wholly an unsatisfactory day. For Drouet is an acrid Patriot too, was at the Paris Feast of Pikes: and what do these Bouillé soldiers mean? Hussars,—with their gig, and a vengeance to it!—have hardly been thrust out, when Dandoins and his fresh Dragoons arrive from Clermont, and stroll. For what purpose? Choleric Drouet steps out and steps in, with long-flowing nightgown; looking abroad, with that sharpness of faculty which stirred choler gives to man.

On the other hand, mark Captain Dandoins on the street of that same Village; sauntering with a face of indifference, a heart eaten of black care! For no Korff Berline makes its appearance. The great Sun flames broader towards setting: one's heart flutters on the verge of dread unutterabilities.

By Heaven! here is the yellow Bodyguard Courier; spurring fast, in the ruddy evening light! Steady, O Dandoins, stand with inscrutable indifferent face; though the yellow blockhead spurs past the Post-house; inquires to find it; and stirs the Village, all delighted with his fine livery.—Lumbering along with its mountains of bandboxes, and Chaise behind, the Korff Berline rolls in; huge Acapulco ship with its Cockboat, having got thus far. The eyes of the Villagers look enlightened, as such eyes do when a coach-transit, which is an event, occurs for them. Strolling Dragoons respectfully, so fine are the yellow liveries, bring hand to helmet; and

[1] [Drouet was only twenty-eight years old. Ste. Menehould was a town of 5,000 inhabitants.—ED.]

a Lady in gypsy-hat responds with a grace peculiar to her.[1] Dandoins stands with folded arms, and what look of indifference and disdainful garrison-air a man can, while the heart is like leaping out of him. Curled disdainful mustachio; careless glance,—which however surveys the Village-groups, and does not like them. With his eye he bespeaks the yellow Courier, Be quick, be quick! Thick-headed Yellow cannot understand the eye; comes up mumbling, to ask in words: seen of the Village!

Nor is Post-master Drouet unobservant all this while: but steps out and steps in, with his long-flowing night-gown, in the level sunlight; prying into several things. When a man's faculties, at the right time, are sharpened by choler, it may lead to much. That Lady in slouched gypsy-hat, though sitting back in the Carriage, does she not resemble some one we have seen, some time;—at the Feast of Pikes, or elsewhere? And this *Grosse-Tête* in round hat and peruke, which, looking rearward, pokes itself out from time to time, methinks there are features in it——? Quick, Sieur Guillaume, Clerk of the *Directoire*, bring me a new Assignat! Drouet scans the new Assignat; compares the Paper-money Picture with the Gross Head in round hat there: by Day and Night! you might say the one was an attempted Engraving of the other. And this march of Troops; this sauntering and whispering,—I see it!

Drouet Post-master of this Village, hot Patriot, Old-Dragoon of Condé, consider, therefore, what thou wilt do. And fast, for behold the new Berline, expeditiously yoked, cracks whipcord, and rolls away!—Drouet dare not, on the spur of the instant, clutch the bridles in his own two hands; Dandoins, with broadsword, might hew you off. Our poor Nationals, not one of them here, have three hundred fusils, but then no powder; besides one is not sure, only morally-certain. Drouet, as an adroit Old-Dragoon of Condé, does what is advisablest;

[1] "Déclaration de La Gache" (in Choiseul, *ubi suprà*).

privily bespeaks Clerk Guillaume, Old-Dragoon of Condé he too; privily, while Clerk Guillaume is saddling two of the fleetest horses, slips over to the Townhall to whisper a word; then mounts with Clerk Guillaume; and the two bound eastward in pursuit, to *see* what can be done.[1]

They bound eastward, in sharp trot: their moral-certainty permeating the Village, from the Townhall outwards, in busy whispers. Alas! Captain Dandoins orders his Dragoons to mount; but they, complaining of long fast, demand bread-and-cheese first;—before which brief repast can be eaten, the whole Village is permeated; not whispering now, but blustering and shrieking! National Volunteers, in hurried muster, shriek for gunpowder; Dragoons halt between Patriotism and Rule of the Service, between bread-and-cheese and fixed bayonets: Dandoins hands secretly his Pocket-book, with its secret despatches, to the rigorous Quartermaster: the very Ostlers have stable-forks and flails. The rigorous Quartermaster, half-saddled, cuts out his way with the sword's edge, amid levelled bayonets, amid Patriot vociferations, adjurations, flail-strokes; and rides frantic;[2]—few or even none following him; the rest, so sweetly constrained, consenting to stay there.

And thus the new Berline rolls; and Drouet and Guillaume gallop after it, and Dandoins' Troopers or Trooper gallops after them; and Sainte-Menehould, with some leagues of the King's Highway, is in explosion;—and your Military thunder-chain has gone off in a self-destructive manner; one may fear, with the frightfulest issues.

[1] [The *procès-verbal* drawn up at Ste. Menehould on this affair shows that the municipality *ordered* Drouet and his companion to go in pursuit.—ED.]

[2] "Déclaration de La Gache" (in Choiseul, p. 134).

CHAPTER VII

THE NIGHT OF SPURS

THIS comes of mysterious Escorts, and a new Berline with eleven horses: "he that has a secret should not only hide it, but hide that he has it to hide." Your first Military Escort has exploded self-destructive; and all Military Escorts, and a suspicious Country will now be up, explosive; comparable *not* to victorious thunder. Comparable, say rather, to the first stirring of an Alpine Avalanche; which, once stir it, as here at Sainte-Menehould, will spread,—all round, and on and on, as far as Stenai; thundering with wild ruin, till Patriot Villagers, Peasantry, Military Escorts, new Berline and Royalty are down,—jumbling in the Abyss!

The thick shades of Night are falling. Postillions crack and whip: the Royal Berline is through Clermont, where Colonel Comte de Damas got a word whispered to it; is safe through, towards Varennes; rushing at the rate of double drink-money: an Unknown, "*Inconnu* on horseback," shrieks earnestly some hoarse whisper, not audible, into the rushing Carriage-window, and vanishes, left in the night.[1] August Travellers palpitate; nevertheless overwearied Nature sinks every one of them into a kind of sleep. Alas, and Drouet and Clerk Guillaume spur; taking side-roads, for shortness, for safety; scattering abroad that moral-certainty of theirs; which flies, a bird of the air carrying it!

And your rigorous Quartermaster spurs; awakening hoarse trumpet-tone,—as here at Clermont, calling out Dragoons gone to bed. Brave Colonel de Damas has

[1] Campan, ii. 159.

them mounted, in part, these Clermont men; young Cornet Remy dashes off with a few. But the Patriot Magistracy is out here at Clermont too; National Guards shrieking for ball-cartridges; and the Village "illuminates itself";—deft Patriots springing out of bed; alertly, in shirt or shift, striking a light; sticking up each his farthing candle, or penurious oil-cruse, till all glitters and glimmers; so deft are they! A *camisado*, or shirt-tumult, everywhere: storm-bell set a-ringing; village-drum beating furious *générale*, as here at Clermont, under illumination; distracted Patriots pleading and menacing! Brave young Colonel de Damas, in that uproar of distracted Patriotism, speaks some fire-sentences to what Troopers he has: "Comrades insulted at Sainte-Menehould: King and Country calling on the brave"; then gives the fire-word, *Draw swords.* Whereupon, alas, the Troopers only *smite* their sword-handles, driving them farther home! "To me, whoever is for the King!" cries Damas in despair; and gallops, he with some poor loyal Two, of the Subaltern sort, into the bosom of the Night.[1]

Night unexampled in the Clermontais; shortest of the year; remarkablest of the century: Night deserving to be named of Spurs! Cornet Remy, and those Few he dashed off with, has missed his road; is galloping for hours towards Verdun; then, for hours, across hedged country, through roused hamlets, towards Varennes. Unlucky Cornet Remy; unluckier Colonel Damas, with whom there ride desperate only some loyal Two! More ride not of that Clermont Escort: of other Escorts, in other Villages, not even Two may ride; but only all curvet and prance,—impeded by storm-bell and your Village illuminating itself.

[1] "Procès-verbal du Directoire de Clermont" (in Choiseul, pp. 189-195). [So too La Marck says that, though Bouillé had chosen the best squadrons of cavalry (which were more loyal than the infantry), yet, when the officers called "Vive le Roi," the men replied with "Vive la Nation" (La Marck, "Correspondance," vol. i., p. 241, note).—ED.]

And Drouet rides and Clerk Guillaume; and the Country runs.—Goguelat and Duke Choiseul are plunging through morasses, over cliffs, over stock and stone, in the shaggy woods of the Clermontais; by tracks; or trackless, with guides; Hussars tumbling into pitfalls, and lying "swooned three quarters of an hour," the rest refusing to march without them. What an evening ride from Pont-de-Sommevelle; what a thirty hours, since Choiseul quitted Paris, with Queen's-valet Leonard in the chaise by him! Black Care sits behind the rider. Thus go they plunging; rustle the owlet from his branchy nest; champ the sweet-scented forest-herb, queen-of-the-meadows *spilling* her spikenard; and frighten the ear of Night. But hark! towards twelve o'clock, as one guesses, for the very stars are gone out: sound of the tocsin from Varennes? Checking bridle, the Hussar Officer listens: "Some fire undoubtedly!"—yet rides on, with double breathlessness, to verify.

Yes, gallant friends that do your utmost, it is a certain sort of fire: difficult to quench.—The Korff Berline, fairly ahead of all this riding Avalanche, reached the little paltry Village of Varennes about eleven o'clock; hopeful, in spite of that hoarse-whispering Unknown. Do not all Towns now lie behind us; Verdun avoided, on our right? Within wind of Bouillé himself, in a manner; and the darkest of midsummer nights favouring us! And so we halt on the hill-top at the South end of the Village; expecting our relay; which young Bouillé, Bouillé's own son, with his escort of Hussars, was to have ready; for in this Village is no Post. Distracting to think of: neither horse nor Hussar is here! Ah, and stout horses, a proper relay belonging to Duke Choiseul, do stand at hay, but in the Upper Village over the Bridge; and we know not of them. Hussars likewise do wait, but drinking in the taverns. For indeed it is six hours beyond the time; young Bouillé, silly stripling, thinking the matter over for this night, has retired to bed. And so our yellow Couriers, inexperienced, must rove, groping, bungling, through a Village mostly asleep: Postillions

will not, for any money, go on with the tired horses; not at least without refreshment; not they, let the Valet in round hat argue as he likes.

Miserable! "For five-and-thirty minutes" by the King's watch, the Berline is at a dead stand: Round-hat arguing with Churn-boots; tired horses slobbering their meal-and-water; yellow Couriers groping, bungling;—young Bouillé asleep, all the while, in the Upper Village, and Choiseul's fine team standing there at hay. No help for it; not with a King's ransom; the horses deliberately slobber, Round-hat argues, Bouillé sleeps. And mark now, in the thick night, do not two Horsemen, with jaded trot, come clank-clanking; and start with half-pause, if one noticed them, at sight of this dim mass of a Berline, and its dull slobbering and arguing; then prick off faster, into the Village? It is Drouet, he and Clerk Guillaume! Still ahead, they two, of the whole riding hurlyburly; unshot, though some brag of having chased them. Perilous is Drouet's errand also; but he is an Old-Dragoon, with his wits shaken thoroughly awake.

The Village of Varennes lies dark and slumberous; a most unlevel Village, of inverse saddle-shape, as men write. It sleeps; the rushing of the River Aire singing lullaby to it. Nevertheless from the Golden Arm, *Bras d'Or* Tavern, across that sloping Marketplace, there still comes shine of social light; comes voice of rude drovers, or the like, who have not yet taken the stirrup-cup; Boniface Le Blanc, in white apron, serving them: cheerful to behold. To this *Bras d'Or* Drouet enters, alacrity looking through his eyes; he nudges Boniface, in all privacy, "*Camarade, es-tu bon Patriote,* Art thou a good Patriot?"—"*Si je suis!*" answers Boniface.—"In that case," eagerly whispers Drouet—what whisper is needful, heard of Boniface alone.[1]

And now see Boniface Le Blanc bustling, as he never did for the jolliest toper. See Drouet and Guillaume, dexterous Old-Dragoons, instantly down blocking the

[1] "Deux Amis," vi. 139-178.

Bridge, with a "furniture-wagon they find there," with whatever wagons, tumbrils, barrels, barrows their hands can lay hold of;—till no carriage can pass. Then swiftly, the Bridge once blocked, see them take station hard by, under Varennes Archway: joined by Le Blanc, Le Blanc's Brother, and one or two alert Patriots he has roused. Some half-dozen in all, with National muskets, they stand close, waiting under the Archway, till that same Korff Berline rumble up.

It rumbles up: *Alte là!* lanterns flash out from under coat-skirts, bridles chuck in strong fists, two National muskets level themselves fore and aft through the two Coach-doors: "Mesdames, your Passports?"—Alas, alas! Sieur Sausse, Procureur of the Township, Tallow-chandler also and Grocer, is there, with official grocer-politeness; Drouet with fierce logic and ready wit:—The respected Travelling Party, be it Baroness de Korff's, or persons of still higher consequence, will perhaps please to rest itself in M. Sausse's till the dawn strike up!

O Louis; O hapless Marie-Antoinette, fated to pass thy life with such men! Phlegmatic Louis, art thou but lazy semi-animate phlegm, then, to the centre of thee? King, Captain-General, Sovereign Frank! if thy heart ever formed, since it began beating under the name of heart, any resolution at all, be it now then, or never in this world:—"Violent nocturnal individuals, and if it were persons of high consequence? And if it were the King himself? Has the King not the power, which all beggars have, of travelling unmolested on his own Highway? Yes: it is the King; and tremble ye to know it! The King has said, in this one small matter; and in France, or under God's Throne, is no power that shall gainsay. Not the King shall ye stop here under this your miserable Archway; but his dead body only, and answer it to Heaven and Earth. To me, Bodyguards; Postillions, *en avant!*"—One fancies in that case the pale paralysis of these two Le Blanc musketeers; the drooping of Drouet's underjaw; and how Procureur Sausse had melted like tallow in furnace-heat: Louis

faring on; in some few steps awakening Young Bouillé, awakening relays and Hussars: triumphant entry, with cavalcading high-brandishing Escort, and Escorts, into Montmédi; and the whole course of French History different!

Alas, it was not *in* the poor phlegmatic man. Had it been in him, French History had never come under this Varennes Archway to decide itself.—He steps out; all step out. Procureur Sausse gives his grocer-arms to the Queen and Sister Elizabeth; Majesty taking the two children by the hand. And thus they walk, coolly back, over the Marketplace to Procureur Sausse's; mount into his small upper story; where straightway his Majesty "demands refreshments." Demands refreshments, as is written; gets bread-and-cheese with a bottle of Burgundy; and remarks, that it is the best Burgundy he ever drank![1]

Meanwhile the Varennes Notables, and all men, official and non-official, are hastily drawing-on their breeches; getting their fighting gear. Mortals half-dressed tumble out barrels, lay felled trees; scouts dart off to all the four winds,—the tocsin begins clanging, "the Village illuminates itself." Very singular: how these little Villages do manage, so adroit are they, when startled in midnight alarm of war. Like little adroit municipal rattle-snakes suddenly awakened: for their storm-bell rattles and rings; their eyes glisten luminous (with tallow-light), as in rattle-snake ire; and the Village will *sting*. Old-Dragoon Drouet is our engineer and generalissimo; valiant as a Ruy Diaz:—Now or never, ye Patriots, for the soldiery is coming; massacre by Austrians, by Aristocrats, wars more than civil, it all depends on you and the hour!—National Guards rank themselves, half-buttoned: mortals, we say, still only in breeches, in under-petticoat, tumble out barrels and lumber, lay felled trees for barricades: the Village will *sting*. Rabid Democracy, it would seem, is *not* confined to Paris, then? Ah no, whatsoever Courtiers might talk; too

[1] [This last is quite apocryphal.—ED.]

clearly no. This of dying for one's King is grown into a dying for one's self, *against* the King, if need be.

And so our riding and running Avalanche and Hurly-burly has *reached* the Abyss, Korff Berline foremost; and may pour itself thither, and jumble: endless! For the next six hours, need we ask if there was a clattering far and wide? Clattering and tocsining and hot tumult, over all the Clermontais, spreading through the Three-Bishopricks: Dragoon and Hussar Troops galloping on roads and no-roads; National Guards arming and starting in the dead of night; tocsin after tocsin transmitting the alarm. In some forty minutes, Goguelat and Choiseul, with their wearied Hussars, reach Varennes. Ah, it is no fire, then; or a fire difficult to quench! They leap the tree-barricades, in spite of National sergeant; they enter the village, Choiseul instructing his Troopers how the matter really is; who respond interjectionally, in their guttural dialect, "*Der König; die Königinn!*" and seem stanch. These now, in their stanch humour, will, for one thing, beset Procureur Sausse's house. Most beneficial: had not Drouet stormfully ordered otherwise; and even bellowed, in his extremity, "Cannoneers, to your guns!"—two old honeycombed Field-pieces, empty of all but cobwebs; the rattle whereof, as the Cannoneers with assured countenance trundled them up, did nevertheless abate the Hussar ardour, and produce a respectfuler ranking farther back. Jugs of wine, handed over the ranks,—for the German throat too has sensibility,—will complete the business. When Engineer Goguelat, some hour or so afterwards, steps forth, the response to him is—a hiccuping *Vive la Nation!* [1]

What boots it? Goguelat, Choiseul, now also Count

[1] [It is strange that Carlyle had no censure for Choiseul (as also for Deslons), who ought to have acted *without* the King's order. Louis's words to Deslons were: "I am a prisoner, and have no orders to give"—a foolish enough utterance, but one that almost invited Deslons to take the responsibility. Madame Royale says in her account of the stoppage at Varennes: "Six resolute men would have intimidated them all (the peasants), and might have saved the King."—ED.]

Damas, and all the Varennes Officiality are with the King; and the King can give no order, form no opinion; but sits there, as he has ever done, like clay on potter's wheel; perhaps the absurdest of all pitiable and pardonable clay-figures that now circle under the Moon. He will go on, next morning, and take the National Guard *with* him; Sausse permitting! Hapless Queen: with her two children laid there on the mean bed, old Mother Sausse kneeling to Heaven, with tears and an audible prayer, to bless them; imperial Marie-Antoinette near kneeling to Son Sausse and Wife Sausse, amid candle-boxes and treacle-barrels,—in vain! There are Three thousand National Guards got in; before long they will count Ten thousand: tocsins spreading like fire on dry heath, or far faster.

Young Bouillé, roused by this Varennes tocsin, has taken horse, and—fled towards his Father. Thitherward also rides, in an almost hysterically desperate manner, a certain Sieur Aubriot, Choiseul's Orderly; swimming dark rivers, our Bridge being blocked; spurring as if the Hell-hunt were at his heels.[1] Through the village of Dun, he galloping still on, scatters the alarm; at Dun, brave Captain Deslons and *his* Escort of a Hundred saddle and ride. Deslons too gets into Varennes; leaving his Hundred outside, at the tree-barricade; offers to cut King Louis out, if he will order it: but unfortunately "the work *will* prove hot": whereupon King Louis has "no orders to give."[2]

And so the tocsin clangs, and Dragoons gallop, and can do nothing, having galloped: National Guards stream in like the gathering of ravens: your exploding Thunder-chain, falling Avalanche, or what else we liken it to, does play, with a vengeance,—up now as far as Stenai and Bouillé himself.[3] Brave Bouillé, son of the whirlwind, he saddles Royal-Allemand; speaks fire-

[1] "Rapport de M. Aubriot" (in Choiseul, pp. 150-157).

[2] "Extrait d'un Rapport de M. Deslons" (in Choiseul), pp. 164 167).

[3] Bouillé, ii. 74-76.

words, kindling heart and eyes; distributes twenty-five gold-louis a company:—Ride, Royal-Allemand, long-famed: no Tuileries Charge and Necker-Orléans Bust-Procession; a very King made captive, and world all to win!—Such is the Night deserving to be named of Spurs.

At six o'clock two things have happened. Lafayette's Aide-de-camp, Romœuf, riding *à franc étrier*, on that old Herb-merchant's route, quickened during the last stages, has got to Varennes; where the Ten thousand now furiously demand, with fury of panic terror, that Royalty shall forthwith return Paris-ward, that there be not infinite bloodshed. Also, on the other side, "English Tom," Choiseul's *jokei*, flying with that Choiseul relay, has met Bouillé on the heights of Dun; the adamantine brow flushed with dark thunder; thunderous rattle of Royal-Allemand at his heels. English Tom answers as he can the brief question, How it is at Varennes?—then asks in turn, What he, English Tom, with M. de Choiseul's horses, is to do, and whither to ride?—To the Bottomless Pool! answers a thunder-voice; then again speaking and spurring, orders Royal-Allemand to the gallop; and vanishes, swearing (*en jurant*).[1] 'Tis the last of our brave Bouillé. Within sight of Varennes, he having drawn bridle, calls a council of officers; finds that it is in vain. King Louis has departed, consenting: amid the clangour of universal storm-bell; amid the tramp of Ten thousand armed men, already arrived; and say, of Sixty thousand flocking thither. Brave Deslons, even without "orders," darted at the River Aire with his Hundred;[2] swam one branch of it, could not the other; and stood there, dripping and panting, with inflated nostril; the Ten thousand answering him with a shout of mockery, the new Berline lumbering Paris-ward its weary inevitable way. No help, then, in Earth; nor, in an age not of miracles, in Heaven!

[1] "Déclaration du Sieur Thomas" (in Choiseul, p. 188).
[2] Weber, ii. 386.

That night, "Marquis de Bouillé and twenty-one more of us rode over the Frontiers: the Bernardine monks at Orval in Luxemburg gave us supper and lodging."[1] With little of speech, Bouillé rides; with thoughts that do not brook speech. Northward, towards uncertainty, and the Cimmerian Night: towards West-Indian Isles, for with thin Emigrant delirium the son of the whirlwind cannot act; towards England, towards premature Stoical death; not towards France any more. Honour to the Brave; who, be it in this quarrel or that, *is* a substance and articulate-speaking piece of human Valour, not a fanfaronading hollow Spectrum and squeaking and gibbering Shadow! One of the few Royalist Chief-actors this Bouillé, of whom so much can be said.

The brave Bouillé too, then, vanishes from the tissue of our Story. Story and tissue, faint ineffectual Emblem of that grand Miraculous Tissue, and Living Tapestry named *French Revolution*, which did weave itself then in very fact, "on the loud-sounding LOOM OF TIME"! The old Brave drop out from it, with their strivings; and new acrid Drouets, of new strivings and colour, come in:—as is the manner of that weaving.

[1] Aubriot, *ut suprà*, p. 158.

CHAPTER VIII

THE RETURN

SO, then, our grand Royalist Plot, of Flight to Metz, has *executed* itself. Long hovering in the background, as a dread royal *ultimatum*, it has rushed forward in its terrors: verily to some purpose. How many Royalist Plots and Projects, one after another, cunningly-devised, that were to explode like powder-mines and thunder-claps; not one solitary Plot of which has issued otherwise! Powder-mine of a *Séance Royale* on the Twenty-third of June 1789, which exploded as we then said, "through the touchhole"; which next, your wargod Broglie having *re*loaded it, brought a Bastille about your ears. Then came fervent Opera-Repast, with flourishing of sabres, and "O Richard, O my King"; which, aided by hunger, produces Insurrection of Women, and Pallas Athene in the shape of Demoiselle Théroigne. Valour profits not; neither has fortune smiled on fanfaronade. The Bouillé Armament ends as the Broglie one had done. Man after man spends himself in this cause, only to work it quicker ruin; it seems a cause doomed, forsaken of Earth and Heaven.

On the Sixth of October gone a year, King Louis, escorted by Demoiselle Théroigne and some two hundred thousand, made a Royal Progress and Entrance into Paris, such as man had never witnessed; we prophesied him Two more such; and accordingly another of them, after this Flight to Metz, is now coming to pass. Théroigne will not escort here; neither does Mirabeau now "sit in one of the accompanying carriages." Mirabeau lies dead, in the Pantheon of Great

Men. Théroigne lies living, in dark Austrian Prison; having gone to Liége, professionally, and been seized there. Bemurmured now by the hoarse-flowing Danube: the light of her Patriot Supper-parties gone quite out; so lies Théroigne: she shall speak with the Kaiser face to face, and return. And France lies—how! Fleeting Time shears down the great and the little; and in two years alters many things.

But at all events, here, we say, is a second Ignominious Royal Procession, though much altered; to be witnessed also by its hundreds of thousands. Patience, ye Paris Patriots; the Royal Berline is returning. Not till Saturday: for the Royal Berline travels by slow stages; amid such loud-voiced confluent sea of National Guards, sixty thousand as they count; amid such tumult of all people. Three National-Assembly Commissioners, famed Barnave, famed Pétion, generally-respectable Latour-Maubourg, have gone to meet it; of whom the two former ride in the Berline itself beside Majesty, day after day. Latour, as a mere respectability, and man of whom all men speak well, can ride in the rear, with Dame de Tourzel and the *Soubrettes.*

So on Saturday evening, about seven o'clock, Paris by hundreds of thousands is again drawn up: not now dancing the tricolor joy-dance of hope; nor as yet dancing in fury-dance of hate and revenge: but in silence, with vague look of conjecture, and curiosity mostly scientific. A Saint-Antoine Placard has given notice this morning that "whosoever insults Louis shall be caned, whosoever applauds him shall be hanged." Behold then, at last, that wonderful New Berline; encircled by blue National sea with fixed bayonets, which flows slowly, floating it on, through the silent assembled hundreds of thousands. Three yellow Couriers sit atop bound with ropes;[1] Pétion, Barnave, their Majesties,

[1] [Sergent Marceau ("Reminiscences of a Regicide," p. 116, Eng. edit.) says: "The Staff of the National Guard called out, 'No cries, citizens; keep silence and remain covered.'—I affirm that this order was executed majestically."—ED.]

with Sister Elizabeth, and the Children of France, are within.

Smile of embarrassment, or cloud of dull sourness, is on the broad phlegmatic face of his Majesty; who keeps declaring to the successive Official persons, what is evident, "*Eh bien, me voilà*, Well, here you have me"; and what is not evident, "I do assure you I did not mean to pass the frontiers"; and so forth: speeches natural for that poor Royal Man; which Decency would veil. Silent is her Majesty, with a look of grief and scorn; natural for that Royal Woman. Thus lumbers and creeps the ignominious Royal Procession, through many streets, amid a silent-gazing people: comparable, Mercier thinks,[1] to some *Procession du Roi de Basoche*; or say, Procession of King Crispin, with his Dukes of Sutormania and royal blazonry of Cordwainery. Except indeed that this is *not* comic; ah no, it is comico-tragic; with bound Couriers, and a Doom hanging over it; most fantastic, yet most miserably real. Miserablest *flebile ludibrium* of a Pickleherring Tragedy! It sweeps along there, in most *un*gorgeous pall, through many streets in the dusty summer evening; gets itself at length wriggled out of sight; vanishing in the Tuileries Palace,—towards its doom, of slow torture, *peine forte et dure.*

Populace, it is true, seizes the three rope-bound yellow Couriers; will at least massacre *them*. But our august Assembly, which is sitting at this great moment, sends out Deputation of rescue; and the whole is got huddled up. Barnave, "all dusty," is already there, in the National Hall; making brief discreet address and report. As indeed, through the whole journey, this Barnave has been most discreet, sympathetic; and has gained the Queen's trust, whose noble instinct teaches her always who is to be trusted. Very different from heavy Pétion; who, if Campan speak truth, ate his luncheon, comfortably filled his wine-glass, in the Royal Berline; flung out his chicken-bones past the nose of Royalty itself; and, on the King's saying, "France can-

[1] "Nouveau Paris," iii. 22.

not be a Republic," answered, "No, it is not ripe yet." Barnave is henceforth a Queen's adviser, if advice could profit: and her Majesty astonishes Dame Campan by signifying almost a regard for Barnave; and that, in a day of retribution and Royal triumph, Barnave shall *not* be executed.[1]

On Monday night Royalty went; on Saturday evening it returns: so much, within one short week, has Royalty accomplished for itself. The Pickleherring Tragedy has vanished in the Tuileries Palace, towards "pain strong and hard." Watched, fettered and humbled, as Royalty never was. Watched even in its sleeping-apartments and inmost recesses: for it has to sleep with door set ajar, blue National Argus watching, his eye fixed on the Queen's curtains; nay, on one occasion, as the Queen cannot sleep, he offers to sit by her pillow, and converse a little![2]

[1] Campan, ii. c. 18. [The story that Barnave was converted to royalism by the Queen's demeanour on this journey is more picturesque than correct. For some time past the increase of anarchy had sobered his views and drawn him and Lameth to an attempted reconciliation with Montmorin, the King's Minister.—ED.]

[2] *Ibid.*, ii. 149.

CHAPTER IX

SHARP SHOT

IN regard to all which, this most pressing question arises: What is to be done with it? Depose it! resolutely answer Robespierre and the thoroughgoing few. For, truly, with a King who runs away, and needs to be watched in his very bedroom that he may stay and govern you, what other reasonable thing can be done? Had Philippe d'Orléans not been a *caput mortuum*! But of him, known as one defunct, no man now dreams. Depose it not; say that it is inviolable, that it was spirited away, was *enlevé*; at any cost of sophistry and solecism, reëstablish it! so answer with loud vehemence all manner of Constitutional Royalists; as all your pure Royalists do naturally likewise, with low vehemence, and rage compressed by fear, still more passionately answer. Nay Barnave and the two Lameths, and what will follow them, do likewise answer so. Answer, with their whole might: terrorstruck at the unknown Abysses on the verge of which, driven thither by themselves mainly, all now reels, ready to plunge.[1]

By mighty effort and combination, this latter course is the course fixed on; and it shall by the strong arm, if not by the clearest logic, be made good. With the sacrifice of all their hard-earned popularity, this notable Triumvirate, says Toulongeon, "set the Throne up again, which they had so toiled to overturn: as one might set up an overturned pyramid, on its vertex"; to stand so long as it is *held*.

[1] [Probably the Assembly would have deposed Louis but for fear of provoking war with Austria.—ED.]

Unhappy France; unhappy in King, Queen and Constitution; one knows not in which unhappiest! Was the meaning of our so glorious French Revolution this, and no other, That when Shams and Delusions, long soul-killing, had become body-killing, and got the length of Bankruptcy and Inanition, a great People rose and, with one voice, said, in the Name of the Highest: *Shams shall be no more*? So many sorrows and bloody horrors, endured, and to be yet endured through dismal coming centuries, were they not the heavy price paid and payable for this same: Total Destruction of Shams from among men? And now, O Barnave Triumvirate! is it in such *double*-distilled Delusion, and Sham even of a Sham, that an effort of this kind will rest acquiescent? Messieurs of the popular Triumvirate, never!—But, after all, what can poor popular Triumvirates, and fallible august Senators, do? They can, when the Truth is all-too horrible, stick their heads ostrich-like into what sheltering Fallacy is nearest, and wait there, *à posteriori*.

Readers who saw the Clermontais and Three-Bishopricks gallop in the Night of Spurs; Diligences ruffling up all France into one terrific terrified Cock of India; and the Town of Nantes in its shirt,[1]—may fancy what an affair to settle this was. Robespierre, on the extreme Left, with perhaps Pétion and lean old Goupil, for the very Triumvirate has defalcated, are shrieking hoarse; drowned in Constitutional clamour. But the debate and arguing of a whole Nation; the bellowings through all Journals, for and against; the reverberant voice of Danton; the Hyperion shafts of Camille, the porcupine-quills of implacable Marat:—conceive all this.

[1] [This ferment had one very practical result not noted by Carlyle, namely, the organisation of 169 battalions of national volunteers ready for campaigning, of whom 60 were soon cantonned on the northern frontier. The menaces of the Austrian and Prussian sovereigns at Pilnitz (see bk. v., chap. v.) were quite helpless in face of this national movement.—ED.]

Constitutionalists in a body, as we often predicted, do now recede from the Mother Society, and become *Feuillans*; threatening her with inanition, the rank and respectability being mostly gone.[1] Petition after Petition, forwarded by Post, or borne in Deputation, comes praying for Judgment and *Déchéance*, which is our name for Deposition; praying, at lowest, for Reference to the Eighty-three Departments of France. Hot Marseillese Deputation comes declaring, among other things: "Our Phocean Ancestors flung a Bar of Iron into the Bay at their first landing; this Bar will float again on the Mediterranean brine before we consent to be slaves." All this for four weeks or more, while the matter still hangs doubtful; Emigration streaming with double violence over the frontiers;[2] France seething in fierce agitation of this question and prize-question: What is to be done with the fugitive Hereditary Representative?

Finally, on Friday the 15th of July 1791, the National Assembly decides; in what negatory manner we know. Whereupon the Theatres all close, the *Bourne*-stones and Portable-chairs begin spouting. Municipal Placards flaming on the walls, and Proclamations published by sound of trumpet, "invite to repose"; with small effect. And so, on Sunday the 17th, there shall be a thing seen, worthy of remembering. Scroll of a Petition, drawn up by Brissots, Dantons, by Cordeliers, Jacobins; for the thing was infinitely shaken and manipulated, and many had a hand in it:[3] such Scroll lies now visible, on the wooden framework of the Fatherland's Altar, for signature. Unworking Paris, male and female, is crowding thither, all day, to sign or to see. Our fair Roland

[1] [A member of the Jacobins, Sergent Marceau, says that the club was at this time *reconstructed*. It was dissolved, but appointed twelve commissioners to invite back all who were thought to be good patriots: "We refused re-admission to many who got in afterwards, and who, by their subsequent conduct, justified our severity" ("Reminiscences of a Regicide," p. 232).—ED.]

[2] Bouillé, ii. 101.

[3] [For the different versions of this petition, none of them frankly republican, see Aulard, "La Rév. Française," pp. 149-152.—ED.]

herself the eye of History can discern there "in the morning";[1] not without interest. In few weeks the fair Patriot will quit Paris; yet perhaps only to return.

But, what with sorrow of balked Patriotism, what with closed theatres, and Proclamations still publishing themselves by sound of trumpet, the fervour of men's minds, this day, is great. Nay, over and above, there has fallen out an incident, of the nature of Farce-Tragedy and Riddle; enough to stimulate all creatures. Early in the day, a Patriot (or some say, it was a Patriotess, and indeed the truth is undiscoverable), while standing on the firm deal-board of Fatherland's Altar, feels suddenly, with indescribable torpedo-shock of amazement, his bootsole pricked through from below; clutches up suddenly this electrified bootsole and foot: discerns next instant—the point of a gimlet or bradawl playing up, through the firm deal-board, and now hastily drawing itself back! Mystery, perhaps Treason? The wooden framework is impetuously broken up; and behold, verily a mystery; never explicable fully to the end of the world! Two human individuals, of mean aspect, one of them with a wooden leg, lie ensconced there, gimlet in hand: they must have come in overnight; they have a supply of provisions,—no "barrel of gunpowder" that one can *see*; they affect to be asleep; look blank enough, and give the lamest account of themselves. "Mere curiosity; they were boring up, to get an eye-hole; to see, perhaps 'with lubricity,' whatsoever, from that *new* point of vision, could be seen":—little that was edifying, one would think! But indeed what stupidest thing may not human Dulness, Pruriency, Lubricity, Chance and the Devil, choosing Two out of Half-a-million idle human heads, tempt them to?[2]

Sure enough, the two human individuals with their gimlet are there. Ill-starred pair of individuals! For the result of it all is, that Patriotism, fretting itself, in this state of nervous excitability, with hypotheses, sus-

[1] Madame Roland, ii. 74.

[2] "Hist. Parl.," xi. 104-107.

picions and reports, keeps questioning these two distracted human individuals, and again questioning them; claps them into the nearest Guardhouse, clutches them out again; one hypothetic group snatching them from another: till finally, in such extreme state of nervous excitability, Patriotism hangs them as spies of Sieur Motier; and the life and secret is choked out of them forevermore. Forevermore, alas! Or is a day to be looked for when these two evidently mean individuals, who are human nevertheless, will become Historical Riddles; and, like him of the *Iron Mask* (also a human individual, and evidently nothing more),—have their Dissertations? To us this only is certain, that they had a gimlet, provisions and a wooden leg; and have died there on the Lanterne, as the unluckiest fools might die.

And so the signature goes on, in a still more excited manner. And Chaumette, for Antiquarians possess the very Paper to this hour,[1]—has signed himself "in a flowing saucy hand slightly leaned"; and Hébert, detestable *Père Duchesne*, as if "an inked spider had dropped on the paper"; Usher Maillard also has signed, and many Crosses, which cannot write. And Paris, through its thousand avenues, is welling to the Champ-de-Mars and from it, in the utmost excitability of humour; central Fatherland's Altar quite heaped with signing Patriots and Patriotesses; the Thirty benches and whole internal Space crowded with onlookers, with comers and goers; one regurgitating whirlpool of men and women in their Sunday clothes. All which a Constitutional Sieur Motier sees; and Bailly, looking into it with his long visage made still longer. Auguring no good; perhaps *Déchéance* and Deposition after all! Stop it, ye Constitutional Patriots; fire itself is quenchable,—yet only quenchable at *first*.

Stop it, truly: but how stop it? Have not the first free People of the Universe a right to petition?—Happily, if

[1] "Hist. Parl.," xi. 113, etc.

also unhappily, here is one proof of riot: these two human individuals hanged at the Lanterne. Proof, O treacherous Sieur Motier? Were they not two human individuals sent hither by *thee* to be hanged; to be a pretext for thy bloody *Drapeau Rouge*? This question shall many a Patriot, one day, ask; and answer affirmatively, strong in Preternatural Suspicion.

Enough, towards half-past seven in the evening, the mere natural eye can behold this thing: Sieur Motier, with Municipals in scarf, with blue National Patrollotism, rank after rank, to the clang of drums; wending resolutely to the Champ-de-Mars; Mayor Bailly, with elongated visage, bearing, as in sad duty bound, the *Drapeau Rouge*. Howl of angry derision rises in treble and bass from a hundred thousand throats, at the sight of Martial Law; which nevertheless, waving its Red sanguinary Flag, advances there, from the Gros-Caillou Entrance; advances, drumming and waving, towards Altar of Fatherland. Amid still wilder howls, with objurgation, obtestation; with flights of pebbles and mud, *saxa et faeces*; with crackle of a pistol-shot;—finally with volley-fire of Patrollotism; levelled muskets; roll of volley on volley! Precisely after one year and three days, our sublime Federation Field is wetted, in this manner, with French blood.

Some "Twelve unfortunately shot," reports Bailly, counting by units; but Patriotism counts by tens and even by hundreds. Not to be forgotten, nor forgiven! Patriotism flies, shrieking, execrating. Camille ceases journalising, this day; great Danton with Camille and Fréron have taken wing, for their life;[1] Marat burrows deep in the Earth, and is silent. Once more Patrollotism has triumphed; one other time; but it is the last.[2]

[1] [Danton went to England, but returned to Paris on September 9th. For his flight see M. Aulard's article in the Review, "La Rév. Française," vol. xxiv.—ED.]

[2] [Madame Roland tells how terrified Robespierre was, believing that he would be dead before twenty-four hours. Buzot and she tried to encourage him.

It seems that, if Lafayette and the moderates had pushed their

This was the Royal Flight to Varennes. Thus was the Throne overturned thereby; but thus also was it victoriously set up again—on its vertex; and will stand while it can be held.[1]

advantage to the uttermost by arresting Robespierre, Danton, and Marat, the excesses of the future might have been avoided. Mirabeau had foretold the danger of letting anarchy *organise itself*: and this was what now took place—the reconstituted Jacobins' Club becoming more aggressive and dangerous, while the National Guards were soon to be swamped by *sansculottes*.—ED.]

[1] [M. Aulard has proved ("La Rév. Française," pp. 86-118) that the most important result of the flight to Varennes was the birth of a republican party. Up to that time even Robespierre and Marat had, practically, been monarchists. On February 17th, 1791, the latter wrote in "L'Ami du Peuple": "A very limited monarchy is what best suits us to-day. . . . Louis XVI. is the King that we want. We ought to thank Heaven for having given him to us." Even after his flight the general wish was (to quote M. Aulard): "Let Louis XVI. ascend the throne, and let him be better advised." But the virtual suspension of Louis for three months—up to his acceptance of the Constitution—gave life to the republican idea, which had only floated vaguely in the minds of certain writers, *e.g.*, Brissot, Desmoulins, and Mme. Roland., Robespierre and the Jacobins' Club still wished for a limited monarchy; but the republican idea was taken up by the Cordeliers' Club, and was advocated by a new journal, "Le Républicain," conducted by Condorcet and Tom Paine.—ED.]

BOOK FIFTH

PARLIAMENT FIRST

CHAPTER I

GRANDE ACCEPTATION

IN the last nights of September, when the autumnal equinox is past, and gray September fades into brown October, why are the Champs Elysées illuminated; why is Paris dancing, and flinging fire-works? They are gala-nights, these last of September; Paris may well dance, and the Universe: the Edifice of the Constitution is completed! Completed; nay *revised*, to see that there was nothing insufficient in it; solemnly proffered to his Majesty; solemnly accepted by him, to the sound of cannon-salvoes, on the fourteenth of the month. And now by such illumination, jubilee, dancing and fire-working, do we joyously handsel the new Social Edifice, and first raise heat and reek there, in the name of Hope.

The Revision, especially with a throne standing on its vertex, has been a work of difficulty, of delicacy. In the way of propping and buttressing, so indispensable now, something could be done; and yet, as is feared, not enough. A repentant Barnave Triumvirate, our Rabauts, Duports, Thourets, and indeed all Constitutional Deputies did strain every nerve: but the Extreme Left was so noisy; the People were so suspicious, clamorous to have the work ended: and then the loyal Right Side sat

feeble-petulant all the while, and as it were pouting and petting; unable to help, had they even been willing. The Two Hundred and Ninety had solemnly made scission, before that; and departed, shaking the dust off their feet.[1] To such transcendency of fret, and desperate hope that worsening of the bad might the sooner end it and bring back the good, had our unfortunate loyal Right Side now come![2]

However, one finds that this and the other little prop has been added, where possibility allowed. Civil-list and Privy-purse were from of old well cared for. King's Constitutional Guard, Eighteen hundred loyal men from the Eighty-three Departments, under a loyal Duke de Brissac; this, with trustworthy Swiss besides, is of itself something. The old loyal Bodyguards are indeed dissolved, in name as well as in fact; and gone mostly towards Coblentz. But now also those Sansculottic violent Gardes Françaises, or Centre Grenadiers, shall have their mittimus: they do ere long, in the Journals, not without a hoarse pathos, publish their Farewell; "wishing all Aristocrats the graves in Paris which to us are denied."[3] They depart, these first Soldiers of the Revolution; they hover very dimly in the distance for about another year; till they can be remodelled, new-named, and sent to fight the Austrians; and then History beholds them no more. A most notable Corps of men; which has its place in World-History;—though to us, so is History written, they remain mere rubrics of men; nameless; a shaggy Grenadier Mass, crossed with buff-belts. And yet might we not ask: What Argonauts, what Leonidas' Spartans had done such a work? Think of their destiny: since that May morning, some three years ago, when they, unparticipating, trundled off D'Espréménil to the Calypso

[1] [The 290 were the members of the Côté Droit, or royalist side, of the National Assembly. Most went to join the *émigrés.*—ED.]

[2] Toulongeon, ii. 56, 59.

[3] "Hist. Parl.," xiii. 73. [It is incorrect to call the Centre Grenadiers *sansculottic*: they had recently obeyed Lafayette's order to disperse the rabble on the Champ de Mars.—ED.]

Isles; since that July evening, some two years ago, when they, participating and *sacre*ing with knit brows, poured a volley into Besenval's Prince de Lambesc! History waves them her mute adieu.

So that the Sovereign Power, these Sansculottic Watch-dogs, more like wolves, being leashed and led away from his Tuileries, breathes freer. The Sovereign Power is guarded henceforth by a loyal Eighteen Hundred,—whom Contrivance, under various pretexts, may gradually swell to Six Thousand; who will hinder no journey to Saint-Cloud. The sad Varennes business has been soldered up; cemented, even in the blood of the Champ-de-Mars, these two months and more; and indeed ever since, as formerly, Majesty has had its privileges, its "choice of residence," though, for good reasons, the royal mind "prefers continuing in Paris." Poor royal mind, poor Paris; that have to go mumming; enveloped in speciosities, in falsehood which knows itself false; and to enact mutually your sorrowful farce-tragedy, being bound to it; and on the whole, to hope always, in spite of hope!

Nay, now that his Majesty has accepted the Constitution, to the sound of cannon-salvoes, who would not hope? Our good King was misguided, but he meant well. Lafayette has moved for an Amnesty, for universal forgiving and forgetting of Revolutionary faults; and now surely the glorious Revolution, cleared of its rubbish, is complete! Strange enough, and touching in several ways, the old cry of *Vive le Roi* once more rises round King Louis the Hereditary Representative. Their Majesties went to the Opera; gave money to the Poor: the Queen herself, now when the Constitution is accepted, hears voice of cheering. Bygone shall be bygone; the New Era *shall* begin! To and fro, amid those lamp-galaxies of the Elysian Fields, the Royal Carriage slowly wends and rolls; everywhere with *vivats*, from a multitude striving to be glad. Louis looks out, mainly on the variegated lamps and gay human groups, with satisfaction enough for the hour. In her Majesty's face, "under

that kind graceful smile a deep sadness is legible."[1] Brilliancies, of valour and of wit stroll here observant: a Dame de Staël, leaning most probably on the arm of her Narbonne. She meets Deputies; who have built this Constitution; who saunter here with vague communings, not without thoughts whether it will stand. But as yet melodious fiddle-strings twang and warble everywhere, with the rhythm of light fantastic feet; long lamp-galaxies fling their coloured radiance; and brass-lunged Hawkers elbow and bawl, "*Grande Acceptation, Constitution Monarchique*": it behoves the Son of Adam to hope. Have not Lafayette, Barnave, and all Constitutionalists set their shoulders handsomely to the inverted pyramid of a throne? Feuillans, including almost the whole Constitutional Respectability of France, perorate nightly from their tribune; correspond through all Post-offices; denouncing unquiet Jacobinism; trusting well that *its* time is nigh done. Much is uncertain, questionable; but if the Hereditary Representative be wise and lucky, may one not, with a sanguine Gaelic temper, hope that he will get in motion better or worse; that what is wanting to him will gradually be gained and added?

For the rest, as we must repeat, in this building of the Constitutional Fabric, especially in this Revision of it, nothing that one could think of to give it new strength, especially to steady it, to give it permanence, and even eternity, has been forgotten. Biennial Parliament, to be called Legislative, *Assemblée Législative*; with Seven Hundred and Forty-five Members, chosen in a judicious manner by the "active citizens" alone, and even by electing of electors still more active:[2] this, with privi-

[1] De Staël, "Considérations," i. c. 23. [This was the hey-day of Mme. de Staël's influence. Her *salon* was frequented by all the notables and was the social centre of the political and literary world, as Mme. Roland's afterwards became.—ED.]

[2] [By the decree of August 27th, 1791, only those citizens might sit in the "primary assemblies," and act as "electors," who paid direct taxes equal to *ten* days' average wages. Only those who

leges of Parliament, shall meet, self-authorised if need be; and self-dissolved; shall grant money-supplies and talk; watch over the administration and authorities; discharge forever the functions of a Constitutional Great Council, Collective Wisdom and National Palaver—as the Heavens will enable. Our First biennial Parliament, which indeed has been a-choosing since early in August, is now as good as chosen. Nay it has mostly got to Paris: it arrived gradually;—not without pathetic greeting to its venerable Parent, the now moribund Constituent; and sat there in the Galleries, reverently listening; ready to begin, the instant the ground were clear.

Then as to changes in the Constitution itself? This, impossible for any Legislative, or common biennial Parliament, and possible solely for some resuscitated Constituent or National Convention, is evidently one of the most ticklish points. The august moribund Assembly debated it for four entire days. Some thought a change, or at least a reviewal and new approval, might be admissible in thirty years, some even went lower, down to twenty, nay to fifteen. The august Assembly had once decided for thirty years; but it revoked that, on better thoughts; and did not fix any date of time, but merely some vague outline of a posture of circumstances, and, on the whole, left the matter hanging.[1] Doubtless a National Convention can be assembled even *within* the thirty years: yet one may hope, not; but that Legislatives, biennial Parliaments of the common kind, with their limited faculty, and perhaps quite successive additions thereto, may suffice for generations, or indeed while computed Time runs.

Furthermore be it noted that no member of this Constituent has been, or could be, elected to the new Legis-

paid a *marc d'argent* in taxes could become members of the Assembly.—ED.]

[1] "Choix de Rapports," etc. (Paris, 1825), vi. 239-317. [It was not left wholly vague. If three consecutive Assemblies (each sitting for two years) voted for revision, it could take place.—ED.]

lative. So noble-minded were these Law-makers! cry some: and Solon-like would banish themselves. So splenetic! cry more: each grudging the other, none daring to be outdone in self-denial by the other. So unwise in either case! answer all practical men. But consider this other self-denying ordinance, That none of us can be King's Minister, or accept the smallest Court Appointment, for the space of four, or at lowest (and on long debate and Revision) for the space of two years. moves the incorruptible seagreen Robespierre; with cheap magnanimity he; and none dare be outdone by him. It was such a law, not superfluous *then*, that sent Mirabeau to the gardens of Saint-Cloud, under cloak of darkness, to that colloquy of the gods; and thwarted many things. Happily and unhappily there is no Mirabeau now to thwart.

Welcomer meanwhile, welcome surely to all right hearts, is Lafayette's chivalrous Amnesty.[1] Welcome too is that hard-wrung Union of Avignon;[2] which has cost us, first and last, "thirty sessions of debate," and so much else: may it at length prove lucky! Rousseau's statue is decreed: virtuous Jean-Jacques, Evangelist of the Contrat Social. Not Drouet of Varennes; nor worthy Lataille, master of the old world-famous Tennis-Court in Versailles, is forgotten; but each has his honourable mention, and due reward in money.[3] Whereupon, things being all so neatly winded up, and the Deputations, and Messages, and royal and other ceremonials having rustled by; and the King having now affection-

[1] [Lafayette's amnesty, referring to all those who had connived at the flight to Varennes, was supplemented on the next day (September 4th) by an amnesty for all political offences of the last two years, and the repeal of the law against *émigrés*.—Ed.]

[2] [This annexation of Avignon, without any compensation to its sovereign, the Pope, was one of the causes of the war with Europe. —Ed.]

[3] "Moniteur" (in "Hist. Parl.," xi. 473). [Drouet and Sausse each received 30,000 francs; and a musket and sword were presented to every National Guard of Varennes.—Ed.]

ately perorated about peace and tranquillisation,[1] and members having answered "*Oui! oui!*" with effusion, even with tears,—President Thouret, he of the Law Reforms, rises, and, with a strong voice, utters these memorable last-words: "The National Constituent Assembly declares that it has finished its mission; and that its sittings are all ended." Incorruptible Robespierre, virtuous Pétion are borne home on the shoulders of the people; with vivats heaven-high. The rest glide quietly to their respective places of abode. It is the last afternoon of September 1791; on the morrow morning the new Legislative will begin.

So, amid glitter of illuminated streets and Champs Elysées, and crackle of fire-works and glad deray, has the first National Assembly vanished; *dissolving*, as they well say, into blank Time; and is no more. National Assembly is gone, its work remaining; as all Bodies of men go, and as man himself goes: it had its beginning, and must likewise have its end. A Phantasm-Reality born of Time, as the rest of us are; flitting ever backwards now on the tide of Time; to be long remembered of men. Very strange Assemblages, Sanhedrims, Amphictyonics, Trades-Unions, Ecumenic Councils, Parliaments and Congresses, have met together on this Planet, and dispersed again; but a stranger Assemblage than this august Constituent, or with a stranger mission, perhaps never met there. Seen from the distance, this also will be a miracle. Twelve Hundred human individuals, with the Gospel of Jean-Jacques Rousseau in their pocket, congregating in the name of Twenty-five Millions, with full assurance of faith, to "make the Constitution": such sight, the acme and main product of the Eighteenth Century, our World can witness once only. For Time is rich in wonders, in monstrosities most rich; and is observed never to repeat himself, or any of his Gospels: —surely least of all, this Gospel according to Jean-

[1] [For the slights put upon the King when he took the oath to the constitution see Tourzel, "Mems.," vol. i., chap. xiii.—ED.]

Jacques. Once it was right and indispensable, since such had become the Belief of men; but once also is enough.

They have made the Constitution, these Twelve Hundred Jean-Jacques Evangelists; not without result. Near twenty-nine months they sat, with various fortune; in various capacity;—always, we may say, in that capacity of car-borne Carroccio, and miraculous Standard of the Revolt of Men, as a Thing high and lifted up; whereon whosoever looked might hope healing. They have seen much, cannons levelled on them; then suddenly, by interposition of the Powers, the cannons drawn back; and a wargod Broglie vanishing, in thunder *not* his own, amid the dust and downrushing of a Bastille and Old Feudal France. They have suffered somewhat: Royal Session, with rain and Oath of the Tennis-Court; Nights of Pentecost; Insurrections of Women. Also have they not done somewhat? Made the Constitution, and managed all things the while; passed, in these twenty-nine months, "twenty-five hundred Decrees," which on the average is some three for each day, including Sundays! Brevity, one finds, is possible, at times: had not Moreau de St. Méry to give three thousand orders before rising from his seat?—There was valour (or value) in these men; and a kind of faith, were it only faith in this, That cobwebs are not cloth; that a Constitution could be made. Cobwebs and chimeras ought verily to disappear; for *a* Reality there is. Let formulas, soul-killing, and now grown body-killing, insupportable, begone, in the name of Heaven and Earth!—Time, as we say, brought forth these Twelve Hundred; Eternity was before them, Eternity behind: they worked, as we all do, in the confluence of Two Eternities; what work was given them. Say not that it was nothing they did. Consciously they did somewhat; unconsciously how much! They had their giants and their dwarfs, they accomplished their good and their evil; they are gone, and return no more. Shall they not go with our blessing, in these circumstances; with our mild farewell?

By post, by diligence, on saddle or sole; they are gone: towards the four winds. Not a few over the marches, to rank at Coblentz. Thither wended Maury, among others; but in the end towards Rome,—to be clothed there in red Cardinal plush; in falsehood as in a garment; pet son (her *last* born?) of the Scarlet Woman. Talleyrand-Perigord, excommunicated Constitutional Bishop, will make his way to London: to be Ambassador, spite of the self-denying Law; brisk young Marquis Chauvelin acting as Ambassador's-Cloak. In London too, one finds Pétion the virtuous; harangued and haranguing, pledging the wine-cup with Constitutional Reform-Clubs, in solemn tavern-dinner. Incorruptible Robespierre retires for a little to native Arras: seven short weeks of quiet; the last appointed him in this world. Public Accuser in the Paris Department, acknowledged highpriest of the Jacobins; the glass of incorruptible thin Patriotism, for his narrow emphasis is loved of all the narrow,—this man seems to be rising, somewhither? He sells his small heritage at Arras; accompanied by a Brother and a Sister, he returns, scheming out with resolute timidity a small sure destiny for himself and them, to his old lodging, at the Cabinet-maker's, in the Rue St. Honoré: O resolute-tremulous incorruptible seagreen man, towards *what* a destiny!

Lafayette, for his part, will lay down the command. He retires Cincinnatus-like to his hearth and farm; but soon leaves them again. Our National Guard, however, shall henceforth have no one Commandant; but all Colonels shall command in succession, month about. Other Deputies we have met, or Dame de Staël has met, "sauntering in a thoughtful manner"; perhaps uncertain what to do. Some, as Barnave, the Lameths, and their Duport, will continue here in Paris; watching the new biennial Legislative, Parliament the First; teaching it to walk, if so might be; and the Court to lead it.

Thus these: sauntering in a thoughtful manner; travelling by post or diligence,—whither Fate beckons. Giant Mirabeau slumbers in the Pantheon of Great

Men: and France? and Europe?—the brass-lunged Hawkers sing "Grand Acceptation, Monarchic Constitution" through these gay crowds: the Morrow, grandson of Yesterday, must be what it can, as Today its father is. Our new biennial Legislative begins to constitute itself on the first of October 1791.

CHAPTER II

THE BOOK OF THE LAW

IF the august Constituent Assembly itself, fixing the regards of the Universe, could, at the present distance of time and place, gain comparatively small attention from us, how much less can this poor Legislative! It has its Right Side and its Left; the less Patriotic and the more, for Aristocrats exist not here or now: it spouts and speaks; listens to Reports, reads Bills and Laws; works in its vocation, for a season: but the History of France, one finds, is seldom or never there. Unhappy Legislative, what can History do with it; if not drop a tear over it, almost in silence? First of the two-year Parliaments of France, which, if Paper Constitution and oft-repeated National Oath could avail aught, were to follow in softly-strong indissoluble sequence while Time ran,—it had to vanish dolefully within *one* year; and there came no second like it. Alas! your biennial Parliaments in endless indissoluble sequence; they, and all that Constitutional Fabric, built with such explosive Federation Oaths, and its top-stone brought out with dancing and variegated radiance, went to pieces, like frail crockery, in the crash of things; and already, in eleven short months, were in that Limbo near the Moon, with the ghosts of other Chimeras. There, except for rare specific purposes, let them rest, in melancholy peace.

On the whole, how unknown is a man to himself; or a public Body of men to itself! Aesop's fly sat on the chariot-wheel, exclaiming, What a dust I do raise! Great Governors, clad in purple with fasces and insignia,

are governed by their valets, by the pouting of their women and children; or, in Constitutional countries, by the paragraphs of their Able Editors. Say not, I am this or that; I am doing this or that! For thou knowest *it* not, thou knowest only the name it as yet goes by. A purple Nebuchadnezzar rejoices to feel himself now verily Emperor of this great Babylon which he has builded; and *is* a nondescript biped-quadruped, on the eve of a seven-years course of grazing! These Seven Hundred and Forty-five elected individuals doubt not but they are the first biennial Parliament, come to govern France by parliamentary eloquence: and they *are* what? And they have come to do what? Things foolish and not wise![1]

It is much lamented by many that this First Biennial had no members of the old Constituent in it, with their experience of parties and parliamentary tactics; that such was their foolish Self-denying Law. Most surely, old members of the Constituent had been welcome to us here. But, on the other hand, what old or what new members of any Constituent under the Sun could have effectually profited? There are first biennial Parliaments so postured as to be, in a sense, *beyond* wisdom; where wisdom and folly differ only in degree, and wreckage and dissolution are the appointed issue for both.

Old-Constituents, your Barnaves, Lameths and the like, for whom a special Gallery has been set apart, where they may sit in honour and listen, are in the habit of sneering at these new Legislators;[2] but let not us! The poor Seven Hundred and Forty-five, sent together by the active citizens of France, are what they

[1] [Of the new legislators more than half were under thirty years of age. The great defect of the constitution was that the King's Ministers, who held the executive powers, had no real power: they were little more than head clerks registering the decrees of the new Assembly. The chief authority now lay with the Jacobin clubs: despite the law of September 29th, 1791, forbidding their affiliation, and their interference in politics, their motions soon had the force of law.—ED.]

[2] Dumouriez, ii. 150, etc.

could be; do what is fated them. That they are of Patriot temper we can well understand. Aristocrat Noblesse had fled over the marches, or sat brooding silent in their unburnt Châteaus; small prospect had they in Primary Electoral Assemblies. What with Flights to Varennes, what with Days of Poniards, with plot after plot, the People are left to themselves; the People must needs choose Defenders of the People, such as can be had. Choosing, as *they* also will ever do, "if not the ablest man, yet the man ablest to be chosen"! Fervour of character, decided Patriot-Constitutional feeling; these are qualities: but free utterance, mastership in tongue-fence; this is the quality of qualities. Accordingly one finds, with little astonishment, in this First Biennial, that as many as Four hundred Members are of the Advocate or Attorney species. Men who can speak, if there be aught to speak: nay here are men also who can think, and even act. Candour will say of this ill-fated First French Parliament, that it wanted not its modicum of talent, its modicum of honesty; that it, neither in the one respect nor in the other, sank below the average of Parliaments, but rose above the average. Let average Parliaments, whom the world does *not* guillotine, and cast forth to long infamy, be thankful not to themselves but to their stars!

France, as we say, has once more done what it could: fervid men have come together from wide separation; for strange issues. Fiery Max Isnard[1] is come, from the utmost Southeast; fiery Claude Fauchet, Te-Deum Fauchet Bishop of Calvados, from the utmost Northwest. No Mirabeau now sits here, who had swallowed formulas: our only Mirabeau now is Danton, working as yet out of doors; whom some call "Mirabeau of the Sansculottes."

Nevertheless we have our gifts,—especially of speech

[1] [Sergent Marceau says: "The first time that Isnard was heard in the Jacobins, a tumult of applause from every part of the house spread to the galleries: all rules were broken through" ("Reminisc. of a Regicide," p. 250).—ED.]

and logic. An eloquent Vergniaud we have; most mellifluous yet most impetuous of public speakers; from the region named Gironde, of the Garonne: a man unfortunately of indolent habits; who will sit playing with your children, when he ought to be scheming and perorating.[1] Sharp-bustling Guadet; considerate grave Gensonné; kind-sparkling mirthful young Ducos; Valazé doomed to a sad end: all these likewise are of that Gironde or Bordeaux region: men of fervid Constitutional principles; of quick talent, irrefragable logic, clear respectability; who will have the Reign of Liberty establish itself, but only by respectable methods. Round whom others of like temper will gather; known by and by as *Girondins*, to the sorrowing wonder of the world. Of which sort note Condorcet, Marquis and Philosopher; who has worked at much, at Paris Municipal Constitution, Differential Calculus, Newspaper "Chronique de Paris," Biography, Philosophy; and now sits here as two-years Senator: a notable Condorcet, with stoical Roman face and fiery heart; "volcano hid under snow"; styled likewise, in irreverent language, "*mouton enragé*," peaceablest of creatures bitten rabid! Or note, lastly, Jean-Pierre Brissot;[2] whom Destiny, long working noisily with him, has hurled hither, say, to have done with him. A biennial Senator he too; nay, for the present, the king of such. Restless, scheming, scribbling Brissot; who took to himself the style *de Warville*, heralds know not in the least why;—unless it were that the father of him did, in an unexceptional manner, perform Cookery and Vintnery in the Village of *Ouar*ville? A man of the windmill species, that grinds always, turning towards all winds; not in the steadiest manner.

[1] [Vergniaud (1753-1793), son of a contractor of Limoges, attracted the notice of Turgot and was educated at St. Sulpice, entered the bar at Bordeaux in 1781, and in 1790 made a memorable "éloge" on Mirabeau, was elected fourth deputy for the Gironde in 1791.—Ed.]

[2] [Brissot (1754-1793), editor of the "Patriote Français," a leader of the Girondins, guillotined in 1793.—Ed.]

In all these men there is talent, faculty to work; and they will do it: working and shaping, not *without* effect, though alas not in marble, only in quicksand!—But the highest faculty of them all remains yet to be mentioned; or indeed has yet to unfold itself for mention: Captain Hippolyte Carnot, sent hither from the Pas de Calais; with his cold mathematical head, and silent stubbornness of will: iron Carnot, far-planning, imperturbable, unconquerable; who, in the hour of need, shall not be found wanting.[1] His hair is yet black; and it shall grow gray, under many kinds of fortune, bright and troublous; and with iron aspect this man shall face them all.

Nor is *Côté Droit*, and band of King's friends, wanting: Vaublanc, Dumas, Jaucourt the honoured Chevalier; who love Liberty, yet with Monarchy over it; and speak fearlessly according to that faith;—whom the thick-coming hurricanes will sweep away. With them let a new military Theodore Lameth be named;—were it only for his two Brothers' sake, who look down on him, approvingly there, from the Old-Constituents' Gallery. Frothy professing Pastorets, honey-mouthed conciliatory Lamourettes, and speechless nameless individuals sit plentiful, as Moderates, in the middle. Still less is a *Côté Gauche* wanting: extreme Left; sitting on the topmost benches, as if aloft on its speculatory Height or *Mountain*, which will become a practical fulminatory Height, and make the name of Mountain famous-infamous to all times and lands.

Honour waits not on this Mountain; nor as yet even loud dishonour. Gifts it boasts not, nor graces, of speaking or of thinking; solely this one gift of assured faith, of audacity that will defy the Earth and the Heavens. Foremost here are the Cordelier Trio: hot Merlin from

[1] [Carnot (1753-1823), who supervised war affairs in the Committee of Public Safety and organised victory: voted for Louis death. It was he who first saw Bonaparte's military genius, but he went into exile when the Empire was established in 1804.—ED.]

Thionville, hot Bazaire, Attorneys both; Chabot, disfrocked Capuchin, skilful in agio. Lawyer Lacroix, who wore once as subaltern the single epaulette, has loud lungs and a hungry heart. There too is Couthon, little dreaming *what* he is;—whom a sad chance has paralysed in the lower extremities. For, it seems, he sat once a whole night, not warm in his true-love's bower (who indeed was by law another's), but sunken to the middle in a cold peat-bog, being hunted out from her; quaking for his life, in the cold quaking morass;[1] and goes now on crutches to the end. Cambon likewise, in whom slumbers undeveloped such a finance-talent for printing of Assignats; Father of Paper-money;[2] who, in the hour of menace, shall utter this stern sentence, "War to the Manor-house, peace to the Hut, *Guerre aux Châteaux, paix aux Chaumières!*"[3] Lecointre, the intrepid Draper of Versailles, is welcome here; known since the Opera-Repast and Insurrection of Women. Thuriot too; Elector Thuriot, who stood in the embrasures of the Bastille, and saw Saint-Antoine rising in mass; who has many other things to see. Last and grimmest of all, note old Ruhl, with his brown dusky face and long white hair; of Alsatian Lutheran breed; a man whom age and book-learning have not taught; who, haranguing the old men of Rheims, shall hold up the Sacred *Ampulla* (Heaven-sent, wherefrom Clovis and all Kings have been anointed) as a mere worthless oil-bottle, and dash it to sherds on the pavement there; who, alas, shall dash much to sherds, and finally his own wild head by pistol-shot, and *so* end it.

Such lava welters redhot in the bowels of this Mountain; unknown to the world and to itself! A mere commonplace Mountain hitherto; distinguished from the Plain chiefly by its superior *barrenness*, its baldness of look: at the utmost it may, to the most observant, perceptibly *smoke*. For as yet all lies so solid, peace-

[1] Dumouriez, ii. 370.
[2] [This is incorrect: paper-money was due to Clavière.—ED.]
[3] "Choix de Rapports," xi. 25.

able; and doubts not, as was said, that it will endure while Time runs. Do not all love Liberty and the Constitution? All heartily;—and yet with degrees. Some, as Chevalier Jaucourt and his Right Side, may love Liberty less than Royalty, were the trial made; others, as Brissot and his Left Side, may love it more than Royalty. Nay again, of these latter some may love Liberty more than Law itself; others not more. Parties *will* unfold themselves; no mortal as yet knows how. Forces work within these men and without: dissidence grows opposition; ever widening; waxing into incompatibility and internecine feud; till the strong is abolished by a stronger; himself in his turn by a strongest! Who can help it? Jaucourt and his Monarchists, Feuillans, or Moderates; Brissot and his Brissotins, Jacobins, or Girondins; these, with the Cordelier Trio, and all men, must work what is appointed them, and in the way appointed them.[1]

And to think what fate these poor Seven Hundred and Forty-five are assembled, most unwittingly, to meet! Let no heart be so hard as not to pity them. Their soul's wish was to live and work as the First of the French Parliaments; and make the Constitution march. Did they not, at their very instalment, go through the most affecting Constitutional ceremony, almost with tears? The Twelve eldest are sent solemnly to fetch the Constitution itself, the printed Book of the Law. Archivist Camus, an Old-Constituent appointed Archivist, he and the Ancient Twelve, amid blare of military pomp and clangour, enter, bearing the divine Book: and President and all Legislative Senators, laying their hand on the same, successively take the Oath, with cheers and heart-

[1] [There was no clear dividing line between Jacobins and Girondins at first, but early in 1792 they gradually separated on the question of war, which the Gironde—especially the Brissotins—strongly advocated, and the Jacobins (including Robespierre, Danton and Marat) firmly opposed. Neither party was as yet republican (see Aulard, "La Rév. Fran.," pp. 74-75, 180-183).—ED.]

effusion, universal three-times-three.[1] In this manner they begin their Session. Unhappy mortals! For, that same day, his Majesty having received their Deputation of welcome, as seemed, rather drily, the Deputation cannot but feel slighted, cannot but lament such slight: and thereupon our cheering swearing First Parliament sees itself, on the morrow, obliged to explode into fierce retaliatory sputter of anti-royal Enactment as to how they, for their part, will receive Majesty; and how Majesty shall not be called Sire any more, except they please: and then, on the following day, to recall this Enactment of theirs, as too hasty, and a mere sputter, though not unprovoked.

An effervescent well-intentioned set of Senators; too combustible, where continual sparks are flying! Their History is a series of sputters and quarrels; true desire to do their function, fatal impossibility to do it. Denunciations, reprimandings of King's Ministers, of traitors supposed and real; hot rage and fulmination against fulminating Emigrants; terror of Austrian Kaiser, of "Austrian Committee" in the Tuileries itself; rage and haunting terror, haste and doubt and dim bewilderment!—Haste, we say; and yet the Constitution had provided against haste. No Bill can be passed till it have been printed, till it have been thrice read, with intervals of eight days;—"unless the Assembly shall beforehand decree that there is urgency." Which, accordingly the Assembly, scrupulous of the Constitution, never omits to do. Considering this, and also considering that, and then that other, the Assembly decrees always "*qu'il y a urgence*"; and thereupon "the Assembly, having decreed that there is urgence," is free to decree—what indispensable distracted thing seems best to it. Two thousand and odd decrees, as men reckon, within Eleven months![2] The haste of the Constituent seemed great; but this is treble-quick. For the time itself is rushing treble-quick; and they have to keep

[1] "Moniteur," Séance du 4 Octobre 1791.
[2] Montgaillard, iii. 1, 237.

pace with that. Unhappy Seven Hundred and Forty-five: true-patriotic, but so combustible; being fired, they must needs fling fire: Senate of touchwood and rockets, in a world of smoke-storm, with sparks wind-driven continually flying!

Or think, on the other hand, looking forward some months, of that scene they call *Baiser de Lamourette!* The dangers of the country are now grown imminent, immeasurable; National Assembly, hope of France, is divided against itself. In such extreme circumstances, honey-mouthed Abbé Lamourette, new Bishop of Lyons, rises, whose name, *l'amourette*, signifies *the sweetheart*, or Delilah doxy,—he rises, and, with pathetic honeyed eloquence, calls on all august Senators to forget mutual griefs and grudges, to swear a new oath, and unite as brothers. Whereupon they all, with vivats, embrace and swear; Left Side confounding itself with Right; barren Mountain rushing down to fruitful Plain, Pastoret into the arms of Condorcet, injured to the breast of injurer, with tears: and all swearing that whosoever wishes either Feuillant Two-Chamber Monarchy or Extreme-Jacobin Republic, or any thing but the Constitution and that only, shall be anathema maranatha.[1] Touching to behold! For, literally on the morrow morning, they must again quarrel, driven by Fate; and their sublime reconcilement is called derisively the *Baiser de L'amourette*, or Delilah Kiss.

Like fated Eteocles-Polynices Brothers, embracing, though in vain; weeping that they must not love, that they must hate only, and die by each other's hands! Or say, like doomed Familiar Spirits; ordered, by Art Magic under penalties, to do a harder than twist ropes of sand: "to make the Constitution march." If the Constitution would but march! Alas, the Constitution will not stir. It falls on its face; they tremblingly lift it on end again: march, thou gold Constitution! The Constitution will not march.—"He shall march, by

[1] "Moniteur," Séance du 6 Juillet 1792.

——!" said kind Uncle Toby, and even swore. The Corporal answered mournfully: "He will never march in this world."

A Constitution, as we often say, will march when it images, if not the old Habits and Beliefs of the Constituted, then accurately their Rights, or better indeed their Mights;—for these two, well understood, are they not one and the same? The old Habits of France are gone: her new Rights and Mights are not yet ascertained, except in Paper-theorem; nor can be, in any sort, till she have *tried*. Till she have measured herself, in fell death-grip, and were it in utmost preternatural spasm of madness, with Principalities and Powers, with the upper and the under, internal and external; with the Earth and Tophet and the very Heaven! Then will she know.—Three things bode ill for the marching of this French Constitution: the French People; the French King; thirdly, the French Noblesse and an assembled European World.

CHAPTER III

AVIGNON

BUT quitting generalities, what strange Fact is this, in the far Southwest, towards which the eyes of all men do now, in the end of October, bend themselves? A tragical combustion, long smoking and smouldering unluminous, has now burst into flame there.

Hot is that Southern Provençal blood: alas, collisions, as was once said, must occur in a career of Freedom; different directions will produce such; nay different *velocities* in the same direction will! To much that went on there, History, busied elsewhere, would not specially give heed: to troubles of Uzez, troubles of Nismes, Protestant and Catholic, Patriot and Aristocrat; to troubles of Marseilles, Montpellier, Arles; to Aristocrat Camp of Jalès, that wondrous real-imaginary Entity, now fading pale-dim, then always again glowing forth deep-hued (in the imagination mainly);—ominous magical, "an Aristocrat *picture* of war done naturally"! All this was a tragical deadly combustion, with plot and riot, tumult by night and by day; but a *dark* combustion, not luminous, not noticed; which now, however, one cannot help noticing.

Above all places, the unluminous combustion in Avignon and the Comtat Venaissin was fierce. Papal Avignon, with its Castle rising sheer over the Rhone-stream; beautifulest Town, with its purple vines and gold-orange groves; why must foolish old rhyming Réné, the last Sovereign of Provence, bequeath it to the Pope and Gold Tiara, not rather to Louis Eleventh with

the Leaden Virgin in his hatband? For good and for evil! Popes, Antipopes, with their pomp, have dwelt in that Castle of Avignon rising sheer over the Rhone-stream: there Laura de Sade went to hear mass; her Petrarch twanging and singing by the Fountain of Vaucluse hard by, surely in a most melancholy manner. This was in the old days.

And now in these new days such issues do come from a squirt of the pen by some foolish rhyming. Réné, after centuries—this is what we have: Jourdan *Coupe-tête*, leading to siege and warfare an Army, from three to fifteen thousand strong, called the Brigands of Avignon; which title they themselves accept, with the addition of an epithet, "The *brave* Brigands of Avignon"! It is even so. Jourdan the Headsman fled hither from that Châtelet Inquest, from that Insurrection of Women; and began dealing in madder: but the scene was rife in other than dye-stuffs; so Jourdan shut his madder-shop, and has risen, for he was the man to do it. The tile-beard of Jourdan is shaven off; his fat visage has got coppered and studded with black carbuncles; the Silenus trunk is swollen with drink and high living: he wears blue National uniform with epaulettes, "an enormous sabre, two horse-pistols crossed in his belt, and other two smaller sticking from his pockets;" styles himself General, and is the tyrant of men.[1] Consider this one fact, O Reader; and what sort of facts must have preceded it, must accompany it! Such things come of old Réné; and of the question which has risen, Whether Avignon cannot now cease wholly to be Papal, and become French and free?

For some twenty-five months the confusion has lasted. Say three months of arguing; then seven of raging; then finally some fifteen months now of fighting, and even of hanging. For already in February 1790, the Papal Aristocrats had set up four gibbets, for a sign; but the People rose in June, in retributive frenzy; and,

[1] Dampmartin, "Evénemens," i. 267.

forcing the public Hangman to act, hanged four Aristocrats, on each Papal gibbet a Papal Haman. Then were Avignon Emigrations, Papal Aristocrats emigrating over the Rhone River; demission of Papal Consul, flight, victory: reëntrance of Papal Legate, truce, and new onslaught; and the various turns of war. Petitions there were to National Assembly; Congresses of Townships; threescore and odd Townships voting for French Reunion and the blessings of Liberty; while some twelve of the smaller, manipulated by Aristocrats, gave vote the other way: with shrieks and discord! Township against Township, Town against Town: Carpentras, long jealous of Avignon, is now turned out in open war with it;—and Jourdan *Coupe-tête*, your first General being killed in mutiny, closes his dye-shop; and does there visibly, with siege-artillery, above all with bluster and tumult, with the "brave Brigands of Avignon," beleaguer the rival Town, for two months, in the face of the world.[1]

Feats were done, doubt it not, far-famed in Parish History; but to Universal History unknown. Gibbets we see rise, on the one side and on the other; and wretched carcasses swinging there, a dozen in the row; wretched Mayor of Vaison buried before dead.[2] The fruitful seedfields lie unreaped, the vineyards trampled down; there is red cruelty, madness of universal choler and gall. Havoc and anarchy everywhere; a combustion most fierce, but *un*lucent, not to be noticed here!—Finally, as we saw, on the 14th of September last, the National Constituent Assembly,—having sent Commissioners and heard them;[3] having heard Petitions, held Debates, month after month ever since August

[1] [The siege really lasted from April 6th to May 6th (1791), when the garrison routed the assailants; these killed their leader and returned to Avignon. On August 21st the French party triumphed, overthrew the "moderate" municipality, and elected Jourdan commander of the National Guards of Avignon.—ED.]

[2] Barbaroux, "Mémoires," p. 26.

[3] Lescène Desmaisons, "Compte rendu à l'Assemblée Nationale," 10 Septembre 1791 ("Choix des Rapports," vii. 273-293).

1789; and on the whole "spent thirty sittings" on this matter,—did solemnly decree that Avignon and the Comtat were incorporated with France, and his Holiness the Pope should have what indemnity was reasonable.

And so hereby all is amnestied and finished? Alas, when madness of choler has gone through the blood of men, and gibbets have swung on this side and on that, what will a parchment Decree and Lafayette Amnesty do? Oblivious Lethe flows not *above* ground! Papal Aristocrats and Patriot Brigands are still an eye-sorrow to each other; suspected, suspicious, in what they do and forbear. The august Constituent Assembly is gone but a fortnight, when, on Sunday the Sixteenth morning of October 1791, the unquenched combustion suddenly becomes luminous. For Anti-constitutional Placards are up, and the Statue of the Virgin is said to have shed tears, and grown red.[1] Wherefore, on that morning, Patriot l'Escuyer, one of our "six leading Patriots," having taken counsel with his brethren and General Jourdan, determines on going to Church, in company with a friend or two: not to hear mass, which he values little; but to meet all the Papalists there in a body, nay to meet that same weeping Virgin, for it is the Cordeliers Church; and give them a word of admonition. Adventurous errand; which has the fatalest issue! What L'Escuyer's word of admonition might be, no History records; but the answer to it was a shrieking howl from the Aristocrat Papal worshippers, many of them women. A thousand-voiced shriek and menace; which, as L'Escuyer did not fly, became a thousand-handed hustle and jostle; a thousand-footed kick, with tumblings and tramplings, with the pricking of sempstress stilettoes, scissors and female pointed instruments. Horrible to behold; the ancient Dead, and Petrarchan Laura, sleeping round it there:[2] high Altar and burning tapers

[1] "Procès-verbal de la Commune d'Avignon," etc. (in "Hist. Parl.," xii. 419-423).
[2] Ugo Foscolo, "Essay on Petrarch," p. 35.

looking down on it; the Virgin quite tearless, and of the natural stone-colour!—L'Escuyer's friend or two rush off, like Job's Messengers, for Jourdan and the National Force. But heavy Jourdan will seize the Town-Gates first; does not run treble-fast, as he might: on arriving at the Cordeliers Church, the Church is silent, vacant; L'Escuyer, all alone, lies there, swimming in his blood, at the foot of the high Altar; pricked with scissors, trodden, massacred;—gives one dumb sob, and gasps out his miserable life forevermore.

Sight to stir the heart of any man; much more of many men, self-styled Brigands of Avignon! The corpse of L'Escuyer, stretched on a bier, the ghastly head girt with laurel, is borne through the streets; with many-voiced unmelodious *Nenia;* funeral-wail still deeper than it is loud! The copper-face of Jourdan, of bereft Patriotism, has grown black. Patriot Municipality despatches official Narrative and tidings to Paris; orders numerous or innumerable arrestments for inquest and perquisition. Aristocrats male and female are haled to the Castle; lie crowded in subterranean dungeons there, bemoaned by the hoarse rushing of the Rhone; cut out from help.

So lie they; waiting inquest and perquisition. Alas, with a Jourdan Headsman for Generalissimo, with his copper-face grown black, and armed Brigand Patriots chanting their *Nenia*, the inquest is likely to be brief. On the next day and the next, let Municipality consent or not, a Brigand Court-Martial establishes itself in the subterranean stories of the Castle of Avignon; Brigand Executioners, with naked sabre, waiting at the door for a Brigand verdict. Short judgment, no appeal! There is Brigand wrath and vengeance; not unrefreshed by brandy. Close by is the dungeon of the *Glacière*, or Ice-Tower: there may be deeds done—? For which language has no name!—Darkness and the shadow of horrid cruelty envelops these Castle Dungeons, that *Glacière* Tower: clear only that many have entered, that few have returned. Jourdan and the Brigands, supreme

now over Municipals, over all authorities Patriot or Papal, reign in Avignon, waited on by Terror and Silence.

The result of all which is, that, on the 15th of November 1791, we behold friend Dampmartin, and subalterns beneath him, and General Choisi above him, with Infantry and Cavalry, and proper cannon-carriages rattling in front, with spread banners, to the sound of fife and drum, wend, in a deliberate formidable manner, towards that sheer Castle Rock, towards those broad Gates of Avignon; three new National-Assembly Commissioners following at safe distance in the rear.[1] Avignon, summoned in the name of Assembly and Law, flings its Gates wide open; Choisi with the rest, Dampmartin and the "*Bons Enfans*, Good Boys, of *Baufremont*,"—so they name these brave Constitutional Dragoons, known to them of old,—do enter, amid shouts and scattered flowers. To the joy of all honest persons; to the terror only of Jourdan Headsman and the Brigands. Nay next we behold carbuncled swollen Jourdan himself show copper-face, with sabre and four pistols; affecting to talk high; engaging, meanwhile, to surrender the Castle that instant. So the Choisi Grenadiers enter with him there. They start and stop, passing that *Glacière*, snuffing its horrible breath; with wild yell, with cries of "Cut the Butcher down!"—and Jourdan has to whisk himself through secret passages, and instantaneously vanish.

Be the mystery of iniquity laid bare, then! A Hundred and Thirty Corpses, of men, nay of women and even children (for the trembling mother, hastily seized, could not leave her infant), lie heaped in that *Glacière*; putrid, under putridities: the horror of the world. For

[1] Dampmartin, i. 251-294. [Soullier ("Hist. de la Rév. d'Avignon") has shown that the French mediator and 1,800 troops were but six miles away when these horrors were done: and only on the command of the King and Assembly did they enter the town, November 7th: not till November 9th was the fact of the massacre revealed.—ED.]

three days there is mournful lifting out, and recognition; amid the cries and movements of a passionate Southern people, now kneeling in prayer, now storming in wild pity and rage: lastly there is solemn sepulture, with muffled drums, religious requiem, and all the people's wail and tears. Their Massacred rest now in holy ground; buried in one grave.

And Jourdan *Coupe-tête*? Him also we behold again, after a day or two: in flight, through the most romantic Petrarchan hill-country; vehemently spurring his nag; young Ligonnet, a brisk youth of Avignon, with Choisi Dragoons, close in his rear! With such swollen mass of a rider no nag can run to advantage. The tired nag, spur-driven, does take the River Sorgue; but sticks in the middle of it; firm on that *chiaro fondo di Sorga*; and will proceed no farther for spurring! Young Ligonnet dashes up; the Copper-face menaces and bellows, draws pistol, perhaps even snaps it; is nevertheless seized by the collar; is tied firm, ankles under horse's belly, and ridden back to Avignon, hardly to be saved from massacre on the streets there.[1]

Such is the combustion of Avignon and the Southwest, when it becomes luminous. Long loud debate is in the august Legislative, in the Mother Society, as to what now shall be done with it. Amnésty, cry eloquent Vergniaud and all Patriots: let there be mutual pardon and repentance, restoration, pacification, and, if so might anyhow be, an end! Which vote ultimately prevails. So the Southwest smoulders and welters again in an "Amnesty," or Non-remembrance, which alas cannot *but* remember, no Lethe flowing above ground! Jourdan himself remains unhanged; gets loose again, as one not yet gallows-ripe; nay, as we transiently discern from the distance, is "carried in triumph through the cities of the South."[2] What things men carry!

[1] Dampmartin, *ubi suprà.*

[2] "Deux Amis" (Paris, 1797), vii. pp. 59-71. [Jourdan was finally taken to Paris, where the Jacobins amnestied him: he returned to the south and was guillotined in 1794 as a *moderate*!—ED.]

With which transient glimpse, of a Copper-faced Portent faring in this manner through the cities of the South, we must quit these regions;—and let them smoulder. They want not their Aristocrats; proud old Nobles, not yet emigrated. Arles has its "*Chiffonne*," so, in symbolical cant, they name that Aristocrat Secret-Association; Arles has its pavements piled up, by and by, into Aristocrat barricades. Against which Rebecqui, the hot-clear Patriot, must lead Marseillese with cannon. The Bar of Iron has not yet risen to the top in the Bay of Marseilles; neither have these hot Sons of the Phoceans submitted to be slaves. By clear management and hot instance, Rebecqui dissipates that *Chiffonne*, without bloodshed; restores the pavement of Arles. He sails in Coast-barks, this Rebecqui, scrutinising suspicious Martello-towers, with the keen eye of Patriotism; marches overland with despatch, singly, or in force; to City after City; dim scouring far and wide;[1]—argues, and if it must be, fights. For there is much to do; Jalès itself is looking suspicious. So that Legislator Fauchet, after debate on it, has to propose Commissioners and a Camp on the Plain of Beaucaire; with or without result.

Of all which, and much else, let us note only this small consequence, that young Barbaroux, Advocate, Town-Clerk of Marseilles, being charged to have these things remedied, arrives at Paris in the month of February 1792. The beautiful and brave: young Spartan, ripe in energy, not ripe in wisdom; over whose black doom there shall flit nevertheless a certain ruddy fervour, streaks of bright Southern tint, not wholly swallowed of Death! Note also that the Rolands of Lyons are again in Paris; for the second and final time. King's Inspectorship is abrogated at Lyons, as elsewhere: Roland has his retiring-pension to claim, if attainable; has Patriot friends to commune with; at lowest, has a Book to publish. That young Barbaroux and the

[1] Barbaroux, p. 21; "Hist. Parl.," xiii. 421-424.

Rolands came together; that elderly Spartan Roland liked, or even loved the young Spartan, and was loved by him, one can fancy: and Madame ——? Breathe not, thou poison-breath, Evil-speech! That soul is taintless, clear as the mirror-sea. And yet if they two did look into each other's eyes, and each, in silence, in tragical renunciance, did find that the other was all-too lovely? *Honi soit!* She calls him "beautiful as Antinous": he will speak elsewhere of that astonishing woman."[1]—A Madame d'Udon (or some such name, for Dumont does not recollect quite clearly) gives copious Breakfast to the Brissotin Deputies and us Friends of Freedom, at her House in the Place Vendôme; with temporary celebrity, with graces and wreathed smiles; not without cost. There, amid wide babble and jingle, our plan of Legislative Debate is settled for the day, and much counselling held. Strict Roland is seen there, but does not go often.[2]

[1] [Mme. Roland's later judgment on Barbaroux was that he was volatile.—"When I see such fine young men too proud of the impression they make, I cannot help thinking that they adore themselves too much to have much adoration left for the Fatherland."—ED.]

[2] Dumont, "Souvenirs," p. 374.

CHAPTER IV

NO SUGAR

SUCH are our inward troubles; seen in the Cities of the South; extant, seen or unseen, in all cities and districts, North as well as South. For in all are Aristocrats, more or less malignant; watched by Patriotism; which again, being of various shades, from light Fayettist-Feuillant down to deep-sombre Jacobin, has to watch even *itself*.

Directories of Departments, what we call County Magistracies, being chosen by Citizens of a too "active" class, are found to pull one way; Municipalities, Town Magistracies, to pull the other way. In all places too are Dissident Priests; whom the Legislative will have to deal with: contumacious individuals, working on that angriest of passions; plotting, enlisting for Coblentz; or suspected of plotting: fuel of a universal unconstitutional heat. What to do with them? They may be conscientious as well as contumacious: gently they should be dealt with, and yet it must be speedily. In unilluminated La Vendée the simple are like to be seduced by them; many a simple peasant, a Cathelineau the wooldealer wayfaring meditative with his woolpacks, in these hamlets, dubiously shakes his head! Two Assembly Commissioners went thither last Autumn; considerate Gensonné, not yet called to be a senator; Gallois, an editorial man. These Two, consulting with General Dumouriez, spake and worked, softly, with judgment; they have hushed down the irritation, and produced a soft Report,—for the time.

The General himself doubts not in the least but he

can keep peace there; being an able man. He passes these frosty months among the pleasant people of Niort, occupies "tolerably handsome apartments in the Castle of Niort," and tempers the minds of men.[1] Why is there but one Dumouriez? Elsewhere you find, South or North, nothing but untempered obscure jarring; which breaks forth ever and anon into open clangour of riot. Southern Perpignan has its tocsin, by torchlight; with rushing and onslaught: Northern Caen, not less, by daylight; with Aristocrats ranged in arms at Places of Worship; Departmental compromise proving impossible; breaking into musketry and a Plot discovered![2] Add Hunger too: for bread, always dear, is getting dearer; not so much as Sugar can be had; for good reasons. Poor Simoneau, Mayor of Etampes, in this Northern region, hanging out his Red Flag in some riot of grains, is trampled to death by a hungry exasperated People. What a trade this of Mayor, in these times! Mayor of Saint-Denis hung at the Lanterne, by Suspicion and Dyspepsia, as we saw long since; Mayor of Vaison, as we saw lately, buried before dead; and now this poor Simoneau the Tanner, of Etampes,—whom legal Constitutionalism will not forget.

With factions, suspicions, want of bread and sugar, it is verily what they call *déchiré*, torn asunder, this poor country: France and all that is French. For, over seas too come bad news. In black Saint-Domingo, before that variegated Glitter in the Champs Elysées was lit for an Accepted Constitution, there had risen, and was burning contemporary with it, quite another variegated Glitter and nocturnal Fulgor, had we known it: of molasses and ardent-spirits; of sugar-boileries, plantations, furniture, cattle and men: sky-high; the Plain of Cap Français one huge whirl of smoke and flame!

What a change here, in these two years; since that first "Box of Tricolor Cockades" got through the Custom-house and atrabiliar Creoles too rejoiced that

[1] Dumouriez, ii. 129.
[2] "Hist. Parl.," xii. 131, 141; xiii. 114, 417.

there was a levelling of Bastilles! Levelling is comfortable, as we often say: levelling, yet only down to oneself. Your pale-white Creoles have their grievances:—and your yellow Quarteroons? And your dark-yellow Mulattoes? And your Slaves soot-black? Quarteroon Ogé, Friend of our Parisian-Brissotin *Friends of the Blacks*, felt, for his share too, that Insurrection was the most sacred of duties. So the tricolor Cockades had fluttered and swashed only some three months on the Creole hat, when Ogé's signal-conflagrations went aloft; with the voice of rage and terror. Repressed, doomed to die, he took black powder or seedgrains in the hollow of his hand, this Ogé; sprinkled a film of white ones on the top, and said to his Judges, "Behold they are white;" then *shook* his hand, and said, "Where are the whites, *Où sont les blancs?*"

So now, in the Autumn of 1791, looking from the sky-windows of Cap Français, thick clouds of smoke girdle our horizon, smoke in the day, in the night fire; preceded by fugitive shrieking white women, by Terror and Rumour. Black demonised squadrons are massacring and harrying, with nameless cruelty. They fight and fire "from behind thickets and coverts," for the Black man loves the Bush; they rush to the attack, thousands strong, with brandished cutlasses and fusils, with caperings, shoutings and vociferation,—which, if the White Volunteer Company stands firm, dwindle into staggerings, into quick gabblement, into panic flight at the first volley, perhaps before it.[1] Poor Ogé could be broken on the wheel; this fire-whirlwind too can be abated, driven up into the Mountains: but Saint-Domingo is

[1] "Deux Amis," x. 157. [Ogé and some two hundred mulattoes and blacks claimed the "Rights of Man" decreed by the National Assembly but denied by the governing classes of St. Domingo: he was broken on the wheel on March 9th, 1791. On May 15th Grégoire carried a decree at Paris for the emancipation of the blacks in French colonies. Again the planters rejected the jurisdiction of the Assembly: but the blacks rose in September, 1791, massacred the whites and wrecked the colony. Troubles also took place at Martinique and Cayenne.—ED.]

shaken, as Ogé's seedgrains were; shaking, writhing in long horrid death-throes, it is Black without remedy; and remains, as African Haiti, a monition to the world.

O my Parisian Friends, is not *this*, as well as Regraters and Feuillant Plotters, one cause of the astonishing dearth of Sugar! The Grocer, palpitant, with drooping lip, sees his Sugar *taxé*; weighed out by female Patriotism, in instant retail, at the inadequate rate of twenty-five sous, or thirteen pence a pound. "Abstain from it?" Yes, ye Patriot Sections, all ye Jacobins, abstain! Louvet and Collot-d'Herbois so advise; resolute to make the sacrifice; though "how shall literary men do without coffee?" Abstain, with an oath; that is the surest![1]

Also, for like reason, must not Brest and the Shipping Interest languish? Poor Brest languishes, sorrowing, not without spleen; denounces an Aristocrat Bertrand-Moleville, traitorous Aristocrat Marine-Minister. Do not her Ships and King's Ships lie rotting piecemeal in harbour; Naval Officers mostly fled, and on furlough too, with pay? Little stirring there; if it be not the Brest Galleys, whip-driven, with their Galley-Slaves,—alas, with some Forty of our hapless Swiss Soldiers of Château-Vieux, among others! These Forty Swiss, too mindful of Nanci, do now, in their red wool caps, tug sorrowfully at the oar; looking into the Atlantic brine, which reflects only their own sorrowful shaggy faces; and seem forgotten of Hope.

But, on the whole, may we not say, in figurative language, that the French Constitution which shall march is very *rheumatic*, full of shooting internal pains, in joint and muscle; and will not march without difficulty?

[1] "Débats des Jacobins," etc. ("Hist. Parl.," xiii. 171, 92-98).

CHAPTER V

KINGS AND EMIGRANTS

EXTREMELY rheumatic Constitutions have been known to march, and keep on their feet, though in a staggering sprawling manner, for long periods, in virtue of one thing only: that the *Head* were healthy. But this Head of the French Constitution! What King Louis is and cannot help being, Readers already know. A King who cannot take the Constitution, nor reject the Constitution: nor do any thing at all, but miserably ask, What shall I do? A King environed with endless confusions; in whose own mind is no germ of order. Haughty implacable remnants of Noblesse struggling with humiliated repentant Barnave-Lameths; struggling in that obscure element of fetchers and carriers, of Half-pay braggarts from the Café Valois, of Chambermaids, whisperers, and subaltern officious persons; fierce Patriotism looking on all the while, more and more suspicious, from without: what, in such struggle, can they do? At best, *cancel* one another, and produce *zero*. Poor King! Barnave and your Senatorial Jaucourts speak earnestly into this ear; Bertrand-Moleville, and Messengers from Coblentz, speak earnestly into that: the poor Royal head turns to the one side and to the other side; can turn itself fixedly to no side. Let Decency drop a veil over it: sorrier misery was seldom enacted in the world. This one small fact, does it not throw the saddest light on much? The Queen is lamenting to Madame Campan: "What am I to do? When they, these Barnaves, get us advised to any step which the Noblesse do not like, then I am pouted at; nobody comes to my card-table; the

King's Couchee is solitary."[1] In such a case of dubiety, what *is* one to do? Go inevitably to the ground!

The King has accepted this Constitution, knowing beforehand that it will not serve: he studies it, and executes it in the hope mainly that it will be found inexecutable. King's Ships lie rotting in harbour, their officers gone; the Armies disorganised; robbers scour the Highways, which wear down unrepaired; all Public Service lies slack and waste: the Executive makes no effort, or an effort only to throw the blame on the Constitution. Shamming death, "*faisant la mort!*" What Constitution, use it in this manner, can march?[2] "Grow to disgust the Nation," it will truly,[3] unless *you* first grow to disgust the Nation! It is Bertrand de Moleville's plan, and his Majesty's; the best they can form.

Or if, after all, this best-plan proved too slow; proved a failure? Provident of that too, the Queen, shrouded in deepest mystery, "writes all day, in cipher, day after day, to Coblentz;" Engineer Goguelat, he of the *Night of Spurs*, whom the Lafayette Amnesty has delivered from Prison, rides and runs. Now and then, on fit occasion, a Royal familiar visit can be paid to that Salle de Manége, an affecting encouraging Royal Speech (sincere, doubt it not, for the moment) can be delivered there, and the Senators all cheer and almost weep;—at the same time Mallet du Pan has visibly ceased editing, and invisibly bears abroad a King's Autograph, soliciting help from the Foreign Potentates.[4] Unhappy Louis, *do* this thing or else that other,—if thou couldst!

The thing which the King's Government did do was to stagger distractedly from contradiction to contradiction; and wedding Fire to Water, envelope itself in hissing and ashy steam. Danton and needy corruptible Patriots are sopped with presents of cash: they accept the sop; they rise refreshed by it, and—travel their own

[1] Campan, ii. 177, 202.

[2] [The King's Ministers were rendered practically helpless by the Constitution itself.—Ed.]

[3] Bertrand-Moleville, i. c. 4.

[4] *Ib.*, i. 370.

way.[1] Nay, the King's Government did likewise hire Hand-clappers, or *claqueurs*, persons to applaud. Subterranean Rivarol has Fifteen Hundred Men in King's pay, at the rate of some £10,000 sterling per month; what he calls "a staff of genius": Paragraph-writers, Placard Journalists; "two hundred and eighty Applauders, at three shillings a day": one of the strangest Staffs ever commanded by man. The muster-rolls and account-books of which still exist.[2] Bertrand-Moleville himself, in a way he thinks very dexterous, contrives to pack the Galleries of the Legislative; gets Sansculottes hired to go thither and applaud at a signal given, they fancying it was Pétion that bade them: a device which was not detected for almost a week. Dexterous enough; as if a man, finding the Day fast decline, should determine on altering the Clock-hands: *that* is a thing possible for him.

Here too let us note an unexpected apparition of Philippe d'Orléans at Court: his last at the Levee of any King. D'Orléans, some time in the winter months seemingly, has been appointed to that old first-coveted rank of Admiral,—though only over ships rotting in port. The wished-for comes too late! However, he waits on Bertrand-Moleville to give thanks: nay to state that he would willingly thank his Majesty in person; that, in spite of all the horrible things men have said and sung, he is far from being his Majesty's enemy; at bottom, how far! Bertrand delivers the message, brings about the royal Interview, which does pass to the satisfaction of his Majesty; D'Orléans seemingly clearly repentant, determined to turn over a new leaf. And yet, next Sunday, what do we see? "Next Sunday," says Bertrand, "he came to the King's Levee; but the Courtiers ignorant of what had passed, the Crowd of Royalists who were accustomed to resort thither on that day specially to pay their court, gave him the most humiliating reception. They came pressing round him;

[1] Bertrand-Moleville, i. c. 17. [2] Montgaillard, iii. 41.

managing, as if by mistake, to tread on his toes, to elbow him towards the door, and not let him enter again. He went down stairs to her Majesty's Apartments, where cover was laid; so soon as he showed face, sounds rose on all sides, '*Messieurs, take care of the dishes*,' as if he had carried poison in his pockets. The insults, which his presence everywhere excited, forced him to retire without having seen the Royal family: the crowd followed him to the Queen's staircase; in descending, he received a spitting (*crachat*) on the head, and some others on his clothes. Rage and spite were seen visibly painted on his face:"[1] as indeed how could they miss to be? He imputes it all to the King and Queen, who know nothing of it, who are even much grieved at it; and so descends to his Chaos again. Bertrand was there at the Château that day himself, and an eye-witness to these things.

For the rest, Non-jurant Priests, and the repression of them, will distract the King's conscience; Emigrant Princes and Noblesse will force him to double-dealing: there must be *veto* on *veto*; amid the ever-waxing indignation of men. For Patriotism, as we said, looks on from without, more and more suspicious. Waxing tempest, blast after blast, of Patriotic indignation, from without; dim inorganic whirl of Intrigues, Fatuities, within! Inorganic, fatuous; from which the eye turns away. De Staël intrigues for her so gallant Narbonne, to get him made War-Minister; and ceases not, having got him made.[2] The King shall fly to Rouen; shall

[1] Bertrand-Moleville, i. 177.

[2] [Narbonne, Comte de (1755-1813), studied law under Koch at Strassburg, and diplomacy at the French Foreign Office: a chivalrous brave man, whose dominating trait was (according to Mme. de Staël) military honour and French bravery. Talleyrand was his private political adviser. Along with Barnave they desired war with Austria so as to improve the army, enhance the royal power, enable the successful general (Lafayette—or Narbonne?) and further the interests of constitutional monarchy (Sorel, "L'Europe et la Rév. Française," Pt. ii., pp. 323-326). Narbonne became an ambassador under Napoleon—the successful general of his dreams. —ED.]

there, with the gallant Narbonne, properly "modify the Constitution." This is the same brisk Narbonne, who, last year, cut out from their entanglement, by force of dragoons, those poor fugitive Royal Aunts: men say he is at bottom their Brother, or even *more*, so scandalous is scandal. He drives now, with his De Staël, rapidly to the Armies, to the Frontier Towns; produces rose-coloured Reports, not too credible; perorates, gesticulates; wavers poising himself on the top, for a moment, seen of men; then tumbles, dismissed, washed away by the Time-flood.

Also the fair Princess de Lamballe intrigues, bosom-friend of her Majesty: to the angering of Patriotism. Beautiful Unfortunate, why did she ever return from England? Her small silver-voice, what can it profit in that piping of the black World-tornado? Which will whirl *her*, poor fragile Bird of Paradise, against grim rocks. Lamballe and De Staël intrigue visibly, apart or together: but who shall reckon how many others, and in what infinite ways, invisibly! Is there not what one may call an "Austrian Committee," sitting invisible in the Tuileries; centre of an invisible Anti-National Spider-web, which, for we sleep among mysteries, stretches its threads to the ends of the Earth? Journalist Carra has now the clearest certainty of it: to Brissotin Patriotism, and France generally, it is growing more and more probable.

O Reader, hast thou no pity for this Constitution? Rheumatic shooting pains in its members; pressure of hydrocephale and hysteric vapours on its Brain: a Constitution divided against itself; which will never march, hardly even stagger! Why were not Drouet and Procureur Sausse in their beds, that unblessed Varennes Night? Why did they not, in the name of Heaven, let the Korff Berline go whither it listed? Nameless incoherency, incompatibility, perhaps prodigies at which the world still shudders, had been spared.

But now comes the third thing that bodes ill for the marching of this French Constitution: besides the French People, and the French King, there is thirdly—the

assembled European World. It has become necessary now to look at that also. Fair France is so luminous: and round and round it, is troublous Cimmerian Night. Calonnes, Breteuils hover dim, far-flown; overnetting Europe with intrigues. From Turin to Vienna; to Berlin, and utmost Petersburg in the frozen North! Great Burke has raised his great voice long ago; eloquently demonstrating that the end of an Epoch is come, to all appearance the end of Civilised Time. Him many answer: Camille Desmoulins, Clootz Speaker of Mankind, Paine the rebellious Needleman, and honourable Gaelic Vindicators in that country and in this:[1] but the great Burke remains unanswerable; "the Age of Chivalry *is* gone," and could not but go, having now produced the still more indomitable Age of Hunger. Altars enough, of the Dubois-Rohan sort, changing to the Gobel-and-Talleyrand sort, are faring by rapid transmutations to—shall we say, the right Proprietor of them? French Game and French Game-Preservers did alight on the Cliffs of Dover, with cries of distress. Who will say that the end of much is not come? A set of mortals has risen, who believe that Truth is not a printed Speculation, but a practical Fact; that Freedom and Brotherhood are possible in this Earth, supposed always to be Belial's, which "the Supreme Quack" was to inherit! Who will say that Church, State, Throne, Altar are not in danger; that the sacred Strongbox itself, last Palladium of effete Humanity, may not be blasphemously blown upon, and its padlocks undone?

The poor Constituent Assembly might act with what delicacy and diplomacy it would; declared that it abjured meddling with its neighbours, foreign conquest, and so forth; but from the first this thing was to be predicted: that old Europe and new France could not subsist *together*. A Glorious Revolution, oversetting State-Prisons and Feudalism; publishing, with outburst of Federative Cannon, in face of all the Earth, that

[1] [Mackintosh's "Vindiciae Gallicae" was the best reply.—ED.]

Appearance is not Reality, how shall it subsist amid Governments which, if Appearance is *not* Reality, are —one knows not what? In death-feud, and internecine wrestle and battle, it shall subsist with them; not otherwise.

Rights of Man, printed on Cotton Handkerchiefs, in various dialects of human speech, pass over to the Frankfort Fair.[1] What say we, Frankfort Fair? They have crossed Euphrates, and the fabulous Hydaspes; wafted themselves beyond the Ural, Altai, Himmalayah; struck off from wood stereotypes, in angular Picture-writing, they are jabbered and jingled of in China and Japan. Where will it stop? Kien-Lung smells mischief; not the remotest Dalai-Lama shall now knead his dough-pills in peace.—Hateful to us, as is the Night! Bestir yourselves, ye Defenders of Order! They do bestir themselves: all Kings and Kinglets, with their spiritual temporal array, are astir; their brows clouded with menace. Diplomatic emissaries fly swift; Conventions, privy Conclaves assemble; and wise wigs wag, taking what counsel they can.

Also, as we said, the Pamphleteer draws pen, on this side and that: zealous fists beat the Pulpit-drum. Not without issue! Did not iron Birmingham, shouting "Church and King," itself knew not why, burst out, last July, into rage, drunkenness and fire; and your Priestleys, and the like, dining there on that Bastille day, get the maddest singeing; scandalous to consider![2] In which same days, as we can remark, High Potentates, Austrian and Prussian, with Emigrants, were faring towards Pilnitz in Saxony; there, on the 27th of August, they, keeping to themselves what farther "secret Treaty" there might or might not be, did publish their hopes and

[1] Toulongeon, i. 256.

[2] [Priestley (1733-1804), a dissenting minister who made important scientific discoveries, including that of oxygen: settled at Birmingham in 1780 and proclaimed his ardent sympathy with the French Revolution. While celebrating the Bastille anniversary the riot took place: he went to the United States in 1794.—ED.]

their threatenings, their Declaration[1] that it was "the common cause of Kings."

Where a will to quarrel is, there is a way. Our readers remember that Pentecost-Night, Fourth of August 1789, when Feudalism fell in a few hours? The National Assembly, in abolishing Feudalism, promised that "compensation" should be given; and did endeavour to give it. Nevertheless the Austrian Kaiser answers that his German Princes, for their part, cannot be unfeudalised; that they have Possessions in French Alsace, and Feudal Rights secured to them, for which no conceivable compensation will suffice. So this of the Possessioned Princes, "*Princes Possessionés*," is bandied from Court to Court; covers acres of diplomatic paper at this day: a weariness to the world. Kaunitz argues from Vienna; Delessart responds from Paris, though perhaps not sharply enough. The Kaiser and his Possessioned Princes will too evidently come and *take* compensation,—so much as they can get. Nay might one not *partition* France, as we have done Poland, and are doing; and so pacify it with a vengeance?

From South to North! For actually it is "the common cause of Kings." Swedish Gustav, sworn Knight of the Queen of France, will lead Coalised Armies;—had not Ankarström treasonously shot him; for, indeed, there were griefs nearer home.[2] Austria and Prussia speak at Pilnitz; all men intensely listening. Imperial Rescripts have gone out from Turin; there will be secret Convention at Vienna. Catherine of Russia beckons approvingly; will help, were she ready.[3] Spanish Bour-

[1] [The Declaration of Pilnitz. See Appendix.—ED.]

[2] March 30th, 1792 ("Annual Register," p. 11). [Gustavus had assembled the Bourbon princes at Aix-la-Chapelle in July and recognized the Comte de Provence as Regent of France, Louis being under restraint at Paris. Gustavus was assassinated at a masquerade by Ankerström, a discharged officer, March 15th, 1792.—ED.]

[3] [This is incorrect. Catherine's policy is summed up in her own words—"I want to engage them [Austria and Prussia] in these affairs in order that I may have elbow-room [in Poland]." This was well known at Vienna and Berlin, and made those Courts

bon stirs amid his pillows; from him too, even from him, shall there come help. Lean Pitt, "the Minister of Preparatives," looks out from his watch-tower in Saint James's, in a suspicious manner.[1] Councillors plotting, Calonnes dim-hovering;—alas, Sergeants rub-a-dubbing openly through all manner of German market-towns, collecting ragged valour![2] Look where you will, immeasurable Obscurantism is girdling this fair France; which, again, will not be girdled by it. Europe is in travail; pang after pang; what a shriek was that of Pilnitz! The birth will be: WAR.

Nay, the worst feature of the business is this last, still to be named; the Emigrants at Coblentz. So many thousands ranking there, in bitter hate and menace: King's Brothers, all Princes of the Blood except wicked D'Orléans; your duelling De Castries, your eloquent Cazalès; bull-headed Malseigne, a wargod Broglie; Distaff Seigneurs, insulted Officers, all that have ridden across the Rhine-stream;—D'Artois welcoming Abbé Maury with a kiss, and clasping him publicly to his own royal heart! Emigration, flowing over the Frontiers, now in drops, now in streams, in various humours of fear, of petulance, rage and hope, ever since those first Bastille days when D'Artois went, "to shame the citizens of Paris,"—has swollen to the size of a Phenomenon for the world. Coblentz is become a small extra-national Versailles; a Versailles *in partibus*: briguing, intriguing, favouritism, strumpetocracy itself, they say, goes on there; all the old activities, on a small scale, quickened by hungry Revenge.

reluctant to have a war with France. It was suspected at Paris (Sorel, ii. 216-217; Clapham, p. 174).—ED.]

[1] [This is incorrect. Pitt's neutrality prevented the league of the monarchs from taking effect: he reduced our armed forces considerably early in 1792. The King's Speech declared that peace had never seemed better assured.—ED.]

[2] Toulongeon, ii. 100-117. [The French Princes in a public letter to Louis XVI. sought to intimidate France, but only exasperated her (Sorel, vol. ii., p. 262).—ED.]

Enthusiasm, of loyalty, of hatred and hope, has risen to a high pitch; as, in any Coblentz tavern you may hear, in speech and in singing. Maury assists in the interior Council; much is decided on: for one thing, they keep lists of the dates of your emigrating; a month sooner, or a month later, determines your greater or your less right to the coming Division of the Spoil. Cazalès himself, because he had occasionally spoken with a Constitutional tone, was looked on coldly at first: so pure are our principles.[1] And arms are a-hammering at Liége; "three thousand horses" ambling hitherward from the Fairs of Germany: Cavalry enrolling; likewise Foot-soldiers, "in blue coat, red waistcoat and nankeen trousers."[2] They have their secret domestic correspondences, as their open foreign: with disaffected Crypto-Aristocrats, with contumacious Priests, with Austrian Committee in the Tuileries. Deserters are spirited over by assiduous crimps; Royal-Allemand is gone almost wholly. Their route of march, towards France and the Division of the Spoil, is marked out, were the Kaiser once ready. "It is said, they mean to poison the sources; but," adds Patriotism making report of it, "they will not poison the source of Liberty"; whereat *on applaudit*, we cannot but applaud. Also they have manufactories of False Assignats; and men that circulate in the interior, distributing and disbursing the same; one of these we denounce now to Legislative Patriotism: "a man Lebrun by name; about thirty years of age, with blonde hair and in quantity; has," only for the time being surely, "a black-eye, *œil poché*; goes in a *wiski* with a black horse,"[3] always keeping his Gig!

Unhappy Emigrants, it was their lot, and the lot of France! They are ignorant of much that they should know: of themselves, of what is around them. A

[1] Montgaillard, iii. 5-17; Toulongeon, *ubi suprà*.
[2] See "Hist. Parl.," xiii. 11-38, 41-61, 358, etc.
[3] "Moniteur," Séance du 2 Novembre 1791 ("Hist. Parl.," xii. 212).

Political Party that knows not *when it is beaten*, may become one of the fatalest of things, to itself, and to all. Nothing will convince these men that they cannot scatter the French Revolution at the first blast of their war-trumpet; that the French Revolution is other than a blustering Effervescence, of brawlers and spouters, which, at the flash of chivalrous broadswords, at the rustle of gallows-ropes, will burrow itself, in dens the deeper the welcomer. But, alas, what man does know and measure himself, and the things that are round him;—else where were the need of physical fighting at all? Never, till they are cleft asunder, can these heads believe that a Sansculottic arm has any vigour in it; cleft asunder, it will be too late to believe.

One may say, without spleen against his poor erring brothers of any side, that above all other mischiefs, this of the Emigrant Nobles acted fatally on France. Could they have known, could they have understood! In the beginning of 1789, a splendour and a terror still surrounded them: the Conflagration of their Châteaus, kindled by months of obstinacy, went out after the Fourth of August; and might have continued out, had they at all known what to defend, what to relinquish as indefensible. They were still a graduated Hierarchy of Authorities, or the accredited similitude of such: they ıt there, uniting King with Commonalty; transmitting ıd translating *gradually*, from degree to degree, the ɔmmand of the one into the obedience of the other; ːndering command and obedience still possible. Had ıey understood their place, and what to do in it, this rench Revolution, which went forth explosively in ːars and in months, might have spread itself over ːnerations; and not a torture-death but a quiet ıthanasia have been provided for many things.

But they were proud and high, these men; they were to consider. They spurned all from them in l hate, they drew the sword and flung away ɔard. France has not only no Hierarchy of es, to translate command into obedience; its

Hierarchy of Authorities has fled to the enemies of France; calls loudly on the enemies of France to interfere armed, who want but a pretext to do that.[1] Jealous Kings and Kaisers might have looked on long, meditating interference, yet afraid and ashamed to interfere: but now do not the King's Brothers, and all French Nobles, Dignitaries and Authorities that are free to speak, which the King himself is not,—passionately invite us, in the name of Right and of Might? Ranked at Coblentz, from Fifteen to Twenty thousand stand now brandishing their weapons, with the cry: On, on! Yes, Messieurs, you shall on!—and divide the spoil according to your dates of emigrating.

Of all which things a poor Legislative Assembly, and Patriot France, is informed: by denunciant friend, by triumphant foe. Sulleau's Pamphlets, of the Rivarol Staff of Genius, circulate; heralding supreme hope. Durosoy's Placards tapestry the walls; "Chant du Coq" crows day, pecked at by Tallien's "Ami des Citoyens." King's-Friend Royou, "Ami du Roi," can name, in exact arithmetical ciphers, the contingents of the various Invading Potentates; in all, Four hundred and nineteen thousand Foreign fighting men, with Fifteen thousand Emigrants. Not to reckon these your daily and hourly desertions, which an Editor must daily record, of whole Companies, and even Regiments, crying *Vive le Roi, Vive la Reine*, and marching over with banners spread:[2] —lies all, and wind; yet to Patriotism not wind; nor, alas, one day, to Royou! Patriotism, therefore, may brawl and babble yet a little while: but its hours are numbered: Europe is coming with Four hundred and nineteen thousand and the Chivalry of France; the gallows, one may hope, will get its own.

[1] [See Appendix II. at end of this volume.—ED.]

[2] "Ami du Roi" Newspaper (in "Hist. Parl.," xiii. 175). [Condé's best plan was to seize Strassburg, where the feeble Lückner commanded; but this was foiled by the patriotic mayor, Dietrich.—ED.]

CHAPTER VI

BRIGANDS AND JALÈS

WE shall have War, then; and on what terms! With an Executive "pretending," really with less and less deceptiveness now, "to be dead"; casting even a wishful eye towards the enemy: on such terms we shall have War.

Public Functionary in vigorous action there is none; if it be not Rivarol with his Staff of Genius and Two hundred and eighty Applauders. The Public Service lies waste; the very Taxgatherer has forgotten his cunning: in this and the other Provincial Board of Management (*Directoire de Département*) it is found advisable to *retain* what Taxes you can gather, to pay your own inevitable expenditures.[1] Our Revenue is Assignats; emission on emission of Paper-money. And the Army; our Three grand Armies, of Rochambeau,[2] of Lückner, of Lafayette? Lean, disconsolate hover these Three grand Armies, watching the Frontiers there; three Flights of long-necked Cranes in moulting-time;—wrecked, disobedient, disorganised; who never saw fire; the old Generals and Officers gone across the Rhine. War-Minister Narbonne, he of the rose-coloured Reports, solicits recruitments, equipments, money, always money;

[1] [These irregularities did not wholly cease till 1800, when Bonaparte intrusted the collection of taxes to a State Director who had subordinates in every Department. See the "Méms." of Gaudin, Duc de Gaëta.—ED.]

[2] [Rochambeau (1725-1807) commanded the French regulars sent in 1780 to help the United States: in May, 1792, he was superseded by Lückner (who had been at Strassburg): he narrowly escaped death in the Terror.—ED.]

threatens, since he can get none, to "take his sword," which belongs to himself, and go serve his country with that.[1]

The question of questions is: What shall be done? Shall we, with a desperate defiance which Fortune sometimes favours, draw the sword at once, in the face of this inrushing world of Emigration and Obscurantism; or wait, and temporise and diplomatise, till, if possible, our resources mature themselves a little? And yet again, are our resources growing towards maturity; or growing the *other* way? Dubious: the ablest Patriots are divided; Brissot and his Brissotins, or Girondins, in the Legislative, cry aloud for the former defiant plan; Robespierre, in the Jacobins, pleads as loud for the latter dilatory one: with responses, even with mutual reprimands; distracting the Mother of Patriotism. Consider also what agitated Breakfasts there may be at Madame d'Udon's in the Place Vendôme! The alarm of all men is great. Help, ye Patriots; and O at least agree; for the hour presses. Frost was not yet gone, when in that "tolerably handsome apartment of the Castle of Niort," there arrived a Letter: General Dumouriez must to Paris. It is War-Minister Narbonne that writes; the General shall give counsel about many things.[2] In the month of February 1792, Brissotin friends welcome their Dumouriez *Polymetis*,—comparable really to an antique Ulysses in modern costume; quick, elastic, shifty, insuppressible, a "many-counselled man."

Let the Reader fancy this fair France with a whole Cimmerian Europe girdling her, rolling in on her, black, to burst in red thunder of War; fair France herself hand-shackled and foot-shackled in the weltering complexities of this Social Clothing, or Constitution, which they have made for her; a France that, in such Constitution, cannot march! And Hunger too; and plotting

[1] "Moniteur," Séance du 23 Janvier 1792; "Biographie des Ministres," § Narbonne.
[2] Dumouriez, ii. c. 6.

Aristocrats, and excommunicating Dissident Priests: "the man Lebrun by name" urging his black *wiski*, visible to the eye; and, still more terrible in his invisibility, Engineer Goguelat, with Queen's cipher, riding and running!

The excommunicatory Priests give new trouble in the Maine and Loire; La Vendée, nor Cathelineau the wool-dealer, has not ceased grumbling and rumbling. Nay behold Jalès itself once more: how often does that real-imaginary Camp of the Fiend require to be extinguished! For near two years now, it has waned faint and again waxed bright, in the bewildered soul of Patriotism: actually, if Patriotism knew it, one of the most surprising products of Nature working with Art. Royalist Seigneurs, under this or the other pretext, assemble the simple people of these Cevennes Mountains; men not unused to revolt, and with heart for fighting, could their poor heads be got persuaded. The Royalist Seigneur harangues; harping mainly on the religious string: "True Priests maltreated, false Priests intruded, Protestants (once dragooned) now triumphing, things sacred given to the dogs"; and so produces, from the pious Mountaineer throat, rough growlings:—"Shall we not testify, then, ye brave hearts of the Cevennes; march to the rescue? Holy Religion; duty to God and the King?"—*Si fait, si fait*, Just so, just so," answer the brave hearts always: "*Mais il y a de bien bonnes choses dans la Révolution*, But there are main good things in the Revolution too!"—And so the matter, cajole as we may, will only turn on its axis, not stir from the spot, and remains theatrical merely.[1]

Nevertheless deepen your cajolery, harp quick and quicker, ye Royalist Seigneurs; with a dead-lift effort you may bring it to that. In the month of June next, this *Camp of Jalès* will step forth as a theatricality suddenly become real; Two thousand strong, and with the boast that it is Seventy thousand: most strange to

[1] Dampmartin, 201.

see; with flags flying, bayonets fixed; with Proclamation, and D'Artois Commission of civil war! Let some Rebecqui, or other the like hot-clear Patriot; let some "Lieutenant-Colonel Aubry," if Rebecqui is busy elsewhere, raise instantaneous National Guards, and disperse and dissolve it; and blow the Old Castle asunder,[1] that so, if possible, we hear of it no more!

In the Months of February and March, it is recorded, the terror, especially of rural France, had risen even to the transcendental pitch: not far from madness. In Town and Hamlet is rumour, of war, massacre: that Austrians, Aristocrats, above all, that *The Brigands* are close by. Men quit their houses and huts; rush fugitive, shrieking, with wife and child, they know not whither. Such a terror, the eye-witnesses say, never fell on a Nation; nor shall again fall, even in Reigns of Terror expressly so-called. The Countries of the Loire, all the Central and Southeast regions, start up distracted, "simultaneously as by an electric shock";—for indeed grain too gets scarcer and scarcer. "The people barricade the entrances of Towns, pile stones in the upper stories, the women prepare boiling water; from moment to moment, expecting the attack. In the Country, the alarm-bell rings incessant; troops of peasants, gathered by it, scour the highways, seeking an imaginary enemy. They are armed mostly with scythes stuck in wood; and, arriving in wild troops at the barricaded Towns, are themselves sometimes taken for Brigands."[2]

So rushes old France: old France is rushing *down*. What the end will be is known to no mortal; that the end is near all mortals may know.

[1] "Moniteur," Séance du 15 Juillet 1792.

[2] Newspapers, etc. (in "Hist. Parl.," xiii. 325).

CHAPTER VII

CONSTITUTION WILL NOT MARCH

TO all which our poor Legislative, tied up by an unmarching Constitution, can oppose nothing, by way of remedy, but mere bursts of parliamentary eloquence! They go on, debating, denouncing, objurgating: loud weltering Chaos, which devours *itself*.

But their two thousand and odd Decrees? Reader, these happily concern not thee, nor me. Mere Occasional-Decrees, foolish and not foolish; sufficient for *that* day was its own evil! Of the whole two thousand there are not now half a score, and these mostly blighted in the bud by royal *Veto*, that will profit or disprofit us. On the 17th January, the Legislative, for one thing, got its High Court, its *Haute Cour*, set up at Orléans. The theory had been given by the Constituent, in May last, but this is the reality: a Court for the trial of Political Offences; a Court which cannot want work. To this it was decreed that there needed no royal Acceptance, therefore that there could be no *Veto*. Also Priests can now be married; ever since last October. A patriotic adventurous Priest had made bold to marry himself then; and not thinking this enough, came to the bar with his new spouse; that the whole world might hold honeymoon with him, and a Law be obtained.

Less joyful are the Laws against Refractory Priests; and yet not less needful! Decrees on Priests and Decrees on Emigrants: these are the two brief Series of Decrees, worked out with endless debate, and then cancelled by *Veto*, which mainly concern us here. For an august National Assembly must needs conquer these

Refractories, Clerical or Laic, and thumbscrew them into obedience: yet, behold, always as you turn your legislative thumbscrew, and will press and even crush till Refractories give way,—King's *Veto* steps in with magical paralysis; and your thumbscrew, hardly squeezing, much less crushing, does not act!

Truly a melancholy Set of Decrees, a pair of Sets; paralysed by *Veto*! First, under date the 28th of October 1791, we have Legislative Proclamation, issued by herald and bill-sticker; inviting Monsieur, the King's Brother, to return within two months, under penalties. To which invitation Monsieur replies nothing; or indeed replies by Newspaper Parody, inviting the august Legislative "to return to common sense within two months," under penalties. Whereupon the Legislative must take stronger measures. So, on the 9th of November, we declare all Emigrants to be "suspect of conspiracy"; and, in brief, to be "outlawed," if they have not returned at Newyear's-day:—Will the King say *Veto*? That "triple impost" shall be levied on these men's Properties, or even their Properties be "put in sequestration," one can understand. But farther, on Newyear's-day itself, not an individual having "returned," we declare, and with fresh emphasis some fortnight later again declare, That Monsieur is *déchu*, forfeited of his eventful Heirship to the Crown;[1] nay more, that Condé, Calonne, and a considerable List of others are accused of high treason; and shall be judged by our High Court of Orléans: *Veto*!—Then again as to Non-jurant Priests: it was decreed, in November last, that they should forfeit what Pensions they had; be "put under inspection, under *surveillance*," and, if need were, be banished:[2]—*Veto*! A still sharper

[1] ["Monsieur" was still posing as Regent of France on the ground that Louis was under restraint.—ED.]

[2] [The decree of November 29th, 1791, ordered that every non-juring priest (see note on p. 13) should be deprived of his rights as a citizen, subjected to *surveillance*, and removed from his place of abode by the Directory of the Department. In spite of the *veto* of the King this decree was generally put in force.

Sorel points out that this and the other persecuting decrees

turn is coming; but to this also the answer will be, *Veto*.

Veto after *Veto*; your thumbscrew paralysed! Gods and men may see that the Legislative is in a false position. As, alas, who is in a true one? Voices already murmur for a "National Convention."[1] This poor Legislative, spurred and stung into action by a whole France and a whole Europe, cannot act; can only objurgate and perorate; with stormy "motions," and motion in which is no *way*; with effervescence, with noise and fuliginous fury!

What scenes in that National Hall! President jingling his inaudible bell; or, as utmost signal of distress, clapping on his hat; "the tumult subsiding in twenty minutes," and this or the other indiscreet Member sent to the Abbaye Prison for three days! Suspected Persons must be summoned and questioned; old M. de Sombreuil of the *Invalides* has to give account of himself, and why he leaves his Gates open. Unusual smoke rose from the Sèvres Pottery, indicating conspiracy; the Potters explained that it was Necklace-Lamotte's "Mémoires," bought up by her Majesty, which they were endeavouring to suppress by fire,[2]—which nevertheless he that runs may still read.

Again, it would seem, Duke de Brissac and the King's Constitutional-Guard are "making cartridges secretly in the cellars": a set of Royalists, pure and impure; black cut-throats many of them, picked out of gaming-houses and sinks; in all Six thousand instead of Eighteen hundred; who evidently gloom on us every time we enter the Château.[3] Wherefore, with infinite debate let Brissac and King's Guard be *disbanded*. Disbanded accordingly they are; after only two months of existence, for they did not get on foot till March of this same year.

alienated the lower clergy and caused the Vendéan War ("L'Europe et la Rév. Française," pt. ii., pp. 306-308).—ED.]

[1] December 1791 ("Hist. Parl.," xii. 257).

[2] "Moniteur," Séance du 28 Mai 1792; Campan, ii. 196.

[3] Dumouriez, ii. 168.

So ends briefly the King's new Constitutional *Maison Militaire*; he must now be guarded by mere Swiss and blue Nationals again. It seems the lot of Constitutional things. New Constitutional *Maison Civile* he would never even establish, much as Barnave urged it; old resident Duchesses sniffed at it, and held aloof; on the whole her Majesty thought it not worth while, the Noblesse would so soon be back triumphant.[1]

Or, looking still into this National Hall and its scenes, behold Bishop Torné, a Constitutional Prelate, not of severe morals, demanding that "religious costumes and such caricatures" be abolished. Bishop Torné warms, catches fire; finishes by untying, and indignantly flinging on the table, as if for gage or bet, his own pontifical cross. Which cross, at any rate, is instantly covered by the cross of *Te-Deum* Fauchet, then by other crosses and insignia, till all are stripped; this clerical Senator clutching off his skull-cup, that other his frill-collar,—lest Fanaticism return on us.[2]

Quick is the movement here! And then so confused, unsubstantial, you might call it almost *spectral*: pallid, dim, inane, like the Kingdoms of Dis! Unruly Linguet, shrunk to a kind of spectre for us, pleads here some cause that he has; amid rumour and interruption, which excel human patience: he "tears his papers, and withdraws," the irascible adust little man. Nay honourable Members will tear their papers, being effervescent: Merlin of Thionville tears his papers, crying: "So, the People cannot be saved by *you*!" Nor are Deputations wanting: Deputations of Sections; generally with complaint and denouncement, always with Patriot fervour of sentiment: Deputation of Women, pleading that they also may be allowed to take Pikes, and exercise in the

[1] Campan, ii. c. 19. [Whether Mme. Campan knew much of the Queen's inmost thoughts may be doubted. Marie Antoinette's letters to Mercy Argenteau breathe little else than despair, owing to the cruel apathy of the Emperor Leopold (see Arneth's "Briefwechsel von Marie Antoinette und Leopold II.," pp. 226, 231).—ED.]

[2] "Moniteur," du 7 Avril 1792; "Deux Amis," vii. 111.

Champ-de-Mars. Why not, ye Amazons, if it be in you? Then occasionally, having done our message and got answer, we "defile through the Hall singing *ça-ira*"; or rather roll and whirl through it, "dancing our *ronde patriotique* the while,"—our new *Carmagnole*, or Pyrrhic war-dance and liberty-dance. Patriot Huguenin, Ex-Advocate, Ex-Carbineer, Ex-Clerk of the Barriers, comes deputed, with Saint-Antoine at his heels; denouncing Anti-patriotism, Famine, Forestalment and Man-eaters; asks an august Legislative: "Is there not a *tocsin in your hearts* against these *mangeurs d'hommes*!"[1]

But above all things, for this is a continual business, the Legislative has to reprimand the King's Ministers. Of his Majesty's Ministers we have said hitherto, and say, next to nothing. Still more spectral these! Sorrowful; of no permanency any of them, none at least since Montmorin vanished: the "eldest of the King's Council" is occasionally not ten days old.[2] Feuillant-Constitutional, as your respectable Cahier de Gerville, as your respectable unfortunate Delessarts; or Royalist-Constitutional, as Montmorin last Friend of Necker; or Aristocrat, as Bertrand-Moleville: they flit there phantom-like, in the huge simmering confusion; poor shadows, dashed in the racking winds; powerless, without meaning;—whom the human memory need not charge itself with.[3]

But how often, we say, are these poor Majesty's Ministers summoned over; to be questioned, tutored; nay threatened, almost bullied! They answer what, with adroitest simulation and casuistry, they can: of which a poor Legislative knows not what to make. One thing only is clear, That Cimmerian Europe is girdling us in; that France (not actually dead, surely?) cannot march. Have a care, ye Ministers! Sharp Guadet transfixes you with cross-questions, with sudden

[1] See "Moniteur," Séances (in "Hist. Parl.," xiii., xiv.).

[2] Dumouriez, ii. 137.

[3] [For a list of them see Morse Stephens' "Fr. Rev.," vol. ii., Appendix.—ED.]

Advocate-conclusions; the sleeping tempest that is in Vergniaud can be awakened. Restless Brissot brings up Reports, Accusations, endless thin Logic; it is the man's highday even now. Condorcet redacts, with his firm pen, our "Address of the Legislative Assembly to the French Nation."[1] Fiery Max Isnard, who, for the rest, will "carry not Fire and Sword" on those Cimmerian Enemies, "but Liberty,"—is for declaring "that we hold Ministers responsible; and that by responsibility we mean death, *nous entendons la mort*."

For verily it grows serious: the time presses, and traitors there are. Bertrand-Moleville has a smooth tongue, the known Aristocrat; gall in his heart. How his answers and explanations flow ready; jesuitic, plausible to the ear! But perhaps the notablest is this, which befell once when Bertrand had done answering and was withdrawn. Scarcely had the august Assembly begun considering what was to be done with him, when the Hall fills with *smoke*. Thick sour smoke: no oratory, only wheezing and barking;—irremediable; so that the august Assembly has to adjourn![2] A miracle? Typical miracle? One knows not: only this one seems to know, that "the Keeper of the Stoves *was appointed* by Bertrand" or by some underling of his!—O fuliginous confused Kingdom of Dis, with thy Tantalus-Ixion toils, with thy angry Fire-floods, and Streams named of Lamentation, why hast thou not thy Lethe too, that so one might *finish*?

[1] February 16th, 1792 ("Choix des Rapports," viii. 375-92).

[2] "Courrier de Paris," 14 Janvier 1792 (Gorsas's Newspaper), in "Hist. Parl.," xiii. 83.

CHAPTER VIII

THE JACOBINS

NEVERTHELESS let not Patriotism despair. Have we not, in Paris at least, a virtuous Pétion, a wholly Patriotic Municipality? Virtuous Pétion, ever since November, is Mayor of Paris: in our Municipality, the Public, for the Public is now admitted too, may behold an energetic Danton; farther an epigrammatic slow-sure Manuel; a resolute unrepentant Billaud-Varennes, of Jesuit breeding; Tallien able-editor; and nothing but Patriots, better or worse. So ran the November Elections: to the joy of most citizens; nay the very Court supported Pétion rather than Lafayette. And so Bailly and his Feuillants, long waning like the Moon, had to withdraw then, making some sorrowful obeisance,[1] into extinction:—or indeed into worse, into lurid half-light, grimmed by the shadow of that Red Flag of theirs, and bitter memory of the Champ-de-Mars. How swift is the progress of things and men! Not now does Lafayette, as on that Federation-day, when *his* noon was, "press his sword firmly on the Fatherland's Altar," and swear in sight of France: ah no; he, waning and setting ever since that hour, hangs now, disastrous, on the edge of the horizon; commanding one of those Three moulting Crane-flights of Armies, in a most suspected, unfruitful, uncomfortable manner.

But, at worst, cannot Patriotism, so many thousands strong in this Metropolis of the Universe, help itself? Has it not right-hands, pikes? Hammering of Pikes,

[1] "Discours de Bailly, Réponse de Pétion" ("Moniteur" du 20 Novembre 1791).

which was not to be prohibited by Mayor Bailly, has been sanctioned by Mayor Pétion; sanctioned by Legislative Assembly. How not, when the King's so-called Constitutional Guard "was making cartridges in secret"? Changes are necessary for the National Guard itself; this whole Feuillant-Aristocrat Staff of the Guard must be disbanded. Likewise, citizens without uniform may surely rank in the Guard, the pike beside the musket, in such a time: the "active" citizen and the passive who can fight for us, are they not both welcome?—O my Patriot friends, indubitably Yes! Nay the truth is, Patriotism throughout, were it never so white-frilled, logical, respectable, must either lean itself heartily on Sansculottism, the black, bottomless; or else vanish, in the frightfulest way, to Limbo! Thus some, with upturned nose, will altogether sniff and disdain Sansculottism; others will lean heartily on it; nay others again will lean what we call *heartlessly* on it: three sorts; each sort with a destiny corresponding.

In such point of view, however, have we not for the present a Volunteer Ally, stronger than all the rest; namely, Hunger? Hunger; and what rushing of Panic Terror this and the sum-total of our other miseries may bring! For Sansculottism grows by what all other things die of. Stupid Peter Baille almost made an epigram, though unconsciously, and with the Patriot world laughing not at it but at him, when he wrote: "*Tout va bien ici, le pain manque,* All goes well here, food is not to be had."[1]

Neither, if you knew it, is Patriotism without her Constitution that *can* march; her *not* impotent Parliament; or call it, Ecumenic Council, and General-Assembly of the Jean-Jacques Churches: the MOTHER SOCIETY, namely! Mother Society with her three hundred full-grown Daughters; with what we can call little Granddaughters trying to walk, in every village of France, numerable, as Burke thinks, by the hundred thousand.

[1] Barbaroux, p. 94.

This is the true Constitution; made not by Twelve hundred august Senators, but by Nature herself; and has grown, unconsciously, out of the wants and the efforts of these Twenty-five Millions of men. They are "Lords of the Articles," our Jacobins; they originate debates for the Legislative; discuss Peace and War; settle beforehand what the Legislative is to do. Greatly to the scandal of philosophical men, and of most Historians;—who do in that judge naturally, and yet not wisely. A Governing Power must exist: your other powers here are simulacra; this power is *it*.

Great is the Mother Society; she has had the honour to be denounced by Austrian Kaunitz;[1] and is all the dearer to Patriotism. By fortune and valour she has extinguished Feuillantism itself, at least the Feuillant Club. This latter, high as it once carried its head, she, on the 18th of February, has the satisfaction to see shut, extinct; Patriots having gone thither, with tumult, to hiss it out of pain. The Mother Society has enlarged her locality, stretches now over the whole nave of the Church. Let us glance in, with the worthy Toulongeon, our old Ex-Constituent Friend, who happily has eyes to see. "The nave of the Jacobins Church," says he, "is changed into a vast Circus, the seats of which mount up circularly like an amphitheatre to the very groin of the domed roof. A high Pyramid of black marble, built against one of the walls, which was formerly a funeral monument, has alone been left standing: it serves now as back to the Office-bearers' Bureau. Here on an elevated Platform sit President and Secretaries, behind and above them the white Busts of Mirabeau, of Franklin, and various others, nay finally of Marat. Facing this is the Tribune, raised till it is midway between floor and groin of the dome, so that the speaker's voice may be in the centre. From that point thunder the voices which shake all Europe: down below, in silence, are forging the thunderbolts and the firebrands. Pene-

[1] "Moniteur," Séance du 29 Mars 1792.

trating into this huge circuit, where all is out of measure, gigantic, the mind cannot repress some movement of terror and wonder; the imagination recalls those dread temples which Poetry, of old, had consecrated to the Avenging Deities."[1]

Scenes too are in this Jacobin Amphitheatre,—had History time for them. Flags of the "Three Free Peoples of the Universe," trinal brotherly flags of England, America, France, have been waved here in concert; by London Deputation, of Whigs or *Wighs* and their Club, on this hand, and by young French Citoyennes on that; beautiful sweet-tongued Female Citizens, who solemnly send over salutation and brotherhood, also Tricolor stitched by their own needle, and finally Ears of Wheat; while the dome rebellows with *Vivent les trois peuples libres!*[2] from all throats:—a most dramatic scene. Demoiselle Théroigne recites, from that Tribune in mid air, her persecutions in Austria; comes leaning on the arm of Joseph Chénier, Poet Chénier, to demand Liberty for the hapless Swiss of Château-Vieux.[3] Be of hope, ye forty Swiss; tugging there, in the Brest waters; *not* forgotten!

Deputy Brissot perorates from that Tribune; Desmoulins, our wicked Camille, interjecting audibly from below, "*Coquin!*" Here, though oftener in the Cordeliers, reverberates the lion-voice of Danton; grim Billaud-Varennes is here; Collot d'Herbois, pleading for the forty Swiss, tearing a passion to rags. Apophthegmatic Manuel winds up in this pithy way: "A Minister must perish!"—to which the Amphitheatre responds: "*Tous, Tous,* All, All!" But the Chief Priest and

[1] Toulongeon, ii. 124.

[2] [It should be noted that early in 1792 Talleyrand went over to London to see whether England was really determined to be neutral. He wrote on January 27th: "A *rapprochement* with England is not a chimaera." He intrigued with the Whigs. So did Brissot and Clavière, who opined that an *alliance* with us might readily be obtained (see Sorel, pt. ii., pp. 335, 387-389).—Ed.]

[3] "Débats des Jacobins" ("Hist. Parl.," xiii. 259, etc.).

Speaker of this place, as we said, is Robespierre, the long-winded incorruptible man. What spirit of Patriotism dwelt in men in those times, this one fact, it seems to us, will evince: that fifteen hundred human creatures, not bound to it, sat quiet under the oratory of Robespierre; nay listened nightly, hour after hour, applausive; and gaped as for the word of life. More insupportable individual, one would say, seldom opened his mouth in any Tribune. Acrid, implacable-impotent; dull-drawling, barren as the Harmattan wind. He pleads, in endless earnest-shallow speech, against immediate War, against Woollen Caps, or *Bonnets Rouges*, against many things; and is the Trismegistus and Dalai-Lama of Patriot men. Whom nevertheless a shrill-voiced little man, yet with fine eyes and a broad beautifully sloping brow, rises respectfully to controvert; he is, say the Newspaper Reporters, "M. Louvet, Author of the charming Romance of *Faublas*." Steady, ye Patriots! Pull not *yet* two ways; with a France rushing panic-stricken in the rural districts, and a Cimmerian Europe storming in on you!

CHAPTER IX

MINISTER ROLAND

ABOUT the vernal equinox, however, one unexpected gleam of hope does burst forth on Patriotism: the appointment of a thoroughly Patriot Ministry.[1] This also his Majesty, among his innumerable experiments of wedding fire to water, will try. *Quod bonum sit.* Madame d'Udon's Breakfasts have jingled with a new significance; not even Genevese Dumont but had a word in it. Finally, on the 15th and onwards to the 23d day of March 1792, when all is negotiated,—this is the blessed issue; this Patriot Ministry that we see.

General Dumouriez,[2] with the Foreign Portfolio, shall ply Kaunitz and the Kaiser, in another style than did poor Delessarts; whom indeed we have sent to our High Court of Orléans for his sluggishness. War-Minister Narbonne is washed away by the Time-flood;[3] poor Chevalier de Grave, chosen by the Court, is fast

[1] [The attacks of the Girondins on the Court, the death of the Emperor Leopold and the accession of his more warlike brother, Francis II., led the Queen, and even perhaps Louis, to hope that war might end their dangers. They therefore accepted a Girondin Ministry as a last desperate device for assuring war—and deliverance. See Sorel, pt. ii., pp. 400-402; Clapham, pp. 180-182.—ED.]

[2] [Dumouriez (1739-1823) was a soldier of fortune and a restless intriguer, for whom (as Sorel says) "the Revolution was not the regeneration of Humanity, but merely a career." He was a constitutional of a rather democratic type: he was fond of the King and now secretly offered to serve him, playing thus the *rôle* of a Mirabeau.—ED.]

[3] [The Queen on one side and the Girondins on the other undermined Narbonne's influence, and Louis replaced him by De Grave on March 9th.—ED.]

washing away: then shall austere Servan, able Engineer-Officer, mount suddenly to the War Department. Genevese Clavière sees an omen realised: passing the Finance Hôtel, long years ago, as a poor Genevese exile, it was borne wondrously on his mind that *he* was to be Finance-Minister; and now he is it;—and his poor Wife, given up by the Doctors, rises and walks, not the victim of nerves but their vanquisher.[1] And above all, our Minister of the Interior? Roland de la Platrière, he of Lyons! So have the Brissotins, public or private Opinion, and breakfasts in the Place Vendôme, decided it. Strict Roland, compared to a *Quaker endimanché*, or Sunday Quaker, goes to kiss hands at the Tuileries, in round hat and sleek hair, his shoes tied with mere riband or ferrat. The Supreme Usher twitches Dumouriez aside: "*Quoi, Monsieur!* No buckles to his shoes?"—"Ah, Monsieur," answers Dumouriez, glancing towards the ferrat: "All is lost, *Tout est perdu*."[2]

And so our fair Roland removes from her upper-floor in the Rue Saint-Jacques, to the sumptuous saloons once occupied by Madame Necker. Nay still earlier, it was Calonne that did all this gilding; it was he who ground these lustres, Venetian mirrors; who polished this inlaying, this veneering and or-moulu; and made it, by rubbing of the proper *lamp*, an Aladdin's Palace:—and now behold, he wanders dim-flitting over Europe; half-drowned in the Rhine-stream, scarcely saving his Papers! *Vos non vobis.*—The fair Roland, equal to either fortune, has her public Dinner on Fridays, the Ministers all there in a body: she withdraws to her desk (the cloth once removed), and seems busy writing; nevertheless loses no word: if, for example, Deputy Brissot and Minister Clavière get too hot in argument, she, not without timidity, yet with a cunning gracefulness, will interpose. Deputy Brissot's head, they say, is getting giddy, in this sudden height; as feeble heads do.

Envious men insinuate that the Wife Roland is

[1] Dumont, c. 20, 21.

[2] Madame Roland, ii. 80-115.

Minister, and not the Husband: it is happily the worst they have to charge her with. For the rest, let whose head soever be getting giddy, it is not this brave woman's. Serene and queenly here, as she was of old in her own hired garret of the Ursulines Convent! She who has quietly shelled French-beans for her dinner; being led to that, as a young maiden, by quiet insight and computation; and knowing what that was, and what she was: such a one will also look quietly on or-moulu and veneering, not ignorant of these either. Calonne did the veneering: he gave dinners here, old Besenval diplomatically whispering to him; and was great: yet Calonne we saw at last "walk with long strides." Necker next; and where now is Necker? Us also a swift change has brought hither; a swift change will send us hence. Not a Palace but a Caravansera!

So wags and wavers this unrestful World, day after day, month after month. The streets of Paris, and all Cities, roll daily their oscillatory flood of men; which flood does nightly disappear, and lie hidden horizontal in beds and truckle-beds; and awakes on the morrow to new perpendicularity and movement. Men go their roads, foolish or wise;—Engineer Goguelat to and fro, bearing Queen's cipher. A Madame de Staël is busy; cannot clutch her Narbonne from the Time-flood: a Princess de Lamballe is busy; cannot help her Queen. Barnave, seeing the Feuillants dispersed, and Coblentz so brisk, begs by way of final recompense to kiss her Majesty's hand; "augurs not well of her new course"; and retires home to Grenoble, to wed an heiress there.[1] The Café Valois and Méot the Restaurateur's hear daily gasconade; loud babble of Half-pay Royalists, with or without poniards. Remnants of Aristocrat saloons call the new Ministry *Ministère-Sansculotte*. A Louvet, of the Romance "Faublas," is busy in the Jacobins. A

[1] [He retired in January. After this the two Lameths were the parliamentary leaders of the Feuillant party.—ED.]

Cazotte, of the Romance "Diable Amoureux," is busy elsewhere: better wert thou quiet, old Cazotte; it is a world, this, of magic become *real*! All men are busy; doing they only half guess what:—flinging seeds, of tares mostly, into the "Seed-field of TIME": this, by and by, will declare wholly what.

But Social Explosions have in them something dread, and as it were mad and magical; which indeed Life always secretly has: thus the dumb Earth (says Fable), if you pull her mandrake-roots, will give a daemonic mad-making *moan*. These Explosions and Revolts ripen, break forth like dumb dread Forces of Nature; and yet they are Men's forces; and yet *we* are part of them: the Daemonic that is in man's life has burst out on us, will sweep us too away!—One day here is like another, and yet it is not like but different. How much is growing, silently resistless, at all moments! Thoughts are growing; forms of Speech are growing, and Customs and even Costumes; still more visibly are actions and transactions growing, and that doomed Strife of France with herself and with the whole world.

The word *Liberty* is never named now except in conjunction with another; *Liberty* and *Equality*. In like manner, what, in a reign of Liberty and Equality, can these words, "Sir," "Obedient Servant," "Honour to be," and suchlike, signify? Tatters and fibres of old Feudality; which, were it only in the Grammatical province, ought to be rooted out! The Mother Society has long since had proposals to that effect: these she could not entertain; not, at the moment. Note too how the Jacobin Brethren are mounting new Symbolical head-gear: the Woollen Cap or Nightcap, *bonnet de laine*, better known as *bonnet rouge*, the colour being *red*. A thing one wears not only by way of Phrygian Cap-of-Liberty, but also for convenience-sake, and then also in compliment to the Lower-class Patriots and Bastille Heroes; for the Red Nightcap combines all the three properties. Nay cockades themselves begin to be made of wool, of tricolor yarn: the riband-cockade, as a symptom of

Feuillant Upper-class temper, is becoming suspicious. Signs of the times.

Still more, note the travail-throes of Europe: or rather, note the birth she brings; for the successive throes and shrieks, of Austrian and Prussian Alliance, of Kaunitz Anti-Jacobin Despatch, of French Ambassadors cast out, and so forth, were long to note. Dumouriez corresponds with Kaunitz, Metternich, or Cobentzel, in another style than Delessarts did.[1] Strict becomes stricter; categorical answer, as to this Coblentz work and much else, shall be given. Failing which? Failing which, on the 20th day of April 1792, King and Ministers step over to the Salle de Manége; promulgate how the matter stands; and poor Louis, "with tears in his eyes," proposes that the Assembly do now decree War. After due eloquence, War is decreed that night.[2]

War, indeed! Paris came all crowding, full of expectancy, to the morning, and still more to the evening, session. D'Orléans with his two sons is there; looks on, wide-eyed, from the opposite gallery.[3] Thou canst look, O Philippe: it is a War big with issues, for thee and for all men. Cimmerian Obscurantism and this thrice-glorious Revolution shall wrestle for it, then: some Four-and-Twenty years;[4] in immeasurable Briareus

[1] [Kaunitz was Chancellor, Cobenzl was Vice-Chancellor at Vienna; but Metternich had not yet taken any important post. Ambassadors had only been "cast out" by Sweden and Russia. —Ed.]

[2] [Dumouriez' pert demand for an immediate disarmament of Austria and a repudiation of any "concert" with the other Powers against France was ignored at Vienna. This meant war. M. Sorel well says: "The Emperor could not leave on the ground the glove which this adventurer flung down to him." The National Assembly, on its side, voted the declaration of war with only seven dissentients. Mme. de Staël says of Louis' demeanour: "A mixture of resignation and dignity repressed in him all outward signs of his feelings. He proposed war in the same tone of voice with which he would have ordered the most insignificant decree to be law."—Ed.]

[3] "Deux Amis," vii. 146-166.

[4] [This is incorrect. The renewal of war between England and France in 1803, after the Peace of Amiens, was due to the conflict

wrestle; trampling and tearing; before they can come to any, not agreement, but compromise, and approximate ascertainment each of what is in the other.

Let our Three Generals on the Frontiers look to it, therefore; and poor Chevalier de Grave, the War-Minister, consider what he will do. What is in the three Generals and Armies we may guess. As for poor Chevalier de Grave, he, in this whirl of things all coming to a press and pinch upon him, loses head, and merely whirls with them, in a totally distracted manner; signing himself at last, "De Grave, *Mayor of Paris*"; whereupon he demits, returns over the Channel, to walk in Kensington Gardens;[1] and austere Servan, the able Engineer-Officer, is elevated in his stead. To the post of Honour? To that of Difficulty, at least.

of Napoleon's colonial plans with those of Britain. No question of political principle was involved. See my "Life of Napoleon," vol. i., chaps. xv.-xvii.—ED.]

[1] Dumont, c. 19, 21.

CHAPTER X

PÉTION-NATIONAL-PIQUE

AND yet, how, on dark bottomless Cataracts there plays the foolishest fantastic-coloured spray and shadow; hiding the Abyss under vapoury rainbows! Alongside of this discussion as to Austrian-Prussian War, there goes on not less but more vehemently a discussion, Whether the Forty or Two-and-forty Swiss of Château-Vieux shall be liberated from the Brest Galleys? And then, Whether, being liberated, they shall have a public Festival, or only private ones?

Théroigne, as we saw, spoke; and Collot took up the tale. Has not Bouillé's final display of himself, in that final Night of Spurs, stamped your so-called "Revolt of Nanci" into a "Massacre of Nanci," for all Patriot judgments? Hateful is that massacre; hateful the Lafayette-Feuillant "public thanks" given for it! For indeed, Jacobin Patriotism and dispersed Feuillantism are now at death-grips; and do fight with all weapons, even with scenic shows. The walls of Paris, accordingly, are covered with Placard and Counter-Placard, on the subject of Forty Swiss blockheads. Journal responds to Journal; Player Collot to Poetaster Roucher; Joseph Chénier the Jacobin, squire of Théroigne, to his Brother André the Feuillant;[1] Mayor Pétion to Dupont de Nemours: and for the space of two months, there is nowhere peace for the thought of man,—till this thing be settled.

[1] [Andre Chénier, the poet, was a moderate royalist; was guillotined in 1794 with the last victims of the Terror at Paris.—ED.]

Gloria in excelsis! The Forty Swiss are at last got "amnestied." Rejoice, ye Forty; doff your greasy wool Bonnets, which shall become Caps of Liberty. The Brest Daughter Society welcomes you from on board, with kisses on each cheek: your iron Handcuffs are disputed as Relics of Saints; the Brest Society indeed can have one portion, which it will beat into Pikes, a sort of Sacred Pikes; but the other portion must belong to Paris, and be suspended from the dome there, along with the Flags of the Three Free Peoples! Such a goose is man; and cackles over plush-velvet Grand Monarques and woollen Galley-slaves; over everything and over nothing,—and will cackle with his whole soul, merely if others cackle!

On the ninth morning of April, these Forty Swiss blockheads arrive. From Versailles; with *vivats* heaven-high; with the affluence of men and women. To the Townhall we conduct them; nay to the Legislative itself, though not without difficulty. They are harangued, bedinnered, begifted,—the very Court, *not* for conscience-sake, contributing something; and their Public Festival shall be next Sunday. Next Sunday accordingly it is.[1] They are mounted into a "triumphal Car resembling a ship"; are carted over Paris, with the clang of cymbals and drums, all mortals assisting applausive; carted to the Champ-de-Mars and Fatherland's Altar; and finally carted, for Time always brings deliverance,—into invisibility forevermore.

Whereupon dispersed Feuillantism, or that party which loves Liberty yet *not* more than Monarchy, will likewise have its Festival: Festival of Simoneau, unfortunate Mayor of Etampes, who died for the Law; most surely for the Law, though Jacobinism disputes; being trampled down with his Red Flag in the riot about grains. At which Festival the Public again assists, *un*-applausive: not we.

[1] Newspapers of February, March, April 1792; Iambe d'André Chénier "sur la Fête des Suisses"; etc., etc. (in "Hist. Parl.," xiii. xiv.).

On the whole, Festivals are not wanting; beautiful rainbow-spray when all is now rushing treble-quick towards its Niagara Fall. National Repasts there are; countenanced by Mayor Pétion; Saint-Antoine, and the Strong Ones of the Halles defiling through Jacobin Club, "their felicity," according to Santerre, "not perfect otherwise"; singing many-voiced their *ça-ira*, dancing their *ronde patriotique*. Among whom one is glad to discern Saint-Huruge, expressly "in white hat," the Saint-Christopher of the Carmagnole. Nay a certain *Tambour*, or National Drummer, having just been presented with a little daughter, determines to have the new Frenchwoman christened, on Fatherland's Altar, then and there. Repast once over, he accordingly has her christened; Fauchet the Te-Deum Bishop acting in chief, Thuriot and honourable persons standing gossips: by the name, Pétion-National-Pique![1] Does this remarkable Citizeness, now past the meridian of life, still walk the Earth? Or did she die perhaps of teething? Universal History is not indifferent.

[1] "Patriote-Français" (Brissot's Newspaper), in "Hist. Parl.," xiii. 451

CHAPTER XI

THE HEREDITARY REPRESENTATIVE

AND yet it is not by carmagnole-dances, and singing of *ça-ira*, that the work can be done. Duke Brunswick is not dancing carmagnoles, but has his drill-sergeants busy.

On the Frontiers, our Armies, be it treason or not, behave in the worst way. Troops badly commanded, shall we say? Or troops intrinsically bad? Unappointed, undisciplined, mutinous; that, in a thirty-years peace, have never seen fire? In any case, Lafayette's and Rochambeau's little clutch, which they made at Austrian Flanders, has prospered as badly as clutch need do: soldiers starting at their own shadow; suddenly shrieking, "*On nous trahit*," and flying off in wild panic, at or before the first shot;—managing only to hang some two or three prisoners they had picked up, and massacre their own Commander, poor Theobald Dillon, driven into a granary by them in the Town of Lille.

And poor Gouvion: he who sat shiftless in that Insurrection of Women! Gouvion quitted the Legislative Hall and Parliamentary duties, in disgust and despair, when those Galley-slaves of Château-Vieux were admitted there. He said, "Between the Austrians and the Jacobins there is nothing but a soldier's death for it";[1] and so, "in the dark stormy night," he has flung himself into the throat of the Austrian cannon, and perished in the skirmish at Maubeuge on the ninth of June. Whom

[1] Toulongeon, ii. 149.

Legislative Patriotism shall mourn, with black mortcloths and melody in the Champ-de-Mars: many a Patriot shiftier, truer none. Lafayette himself is looking altogether dubious; in place of beating the Austrians, is about writing to denounce the Jacobins. Rochambeau, all disconsolate, quits the service: there remains only Lückner, the babbling old Prussian Grenadier.

Without Armies, without Generals! And the Cimmerian Night *has* gathered itself; Brunswick preparing his proclamation; just about to march! Let a Patriot Ministry and Legislative say, what in these circumstances it will do? Suppress internal enemies, for one thing, answers the Patriot Legislative; and proposes, on the 24th of May, its Decree for the Banishment of Priests.[1] Collect also some nucleus of determined internal friends, adds War-Minister Servan; and proposes, on the 7th of June, his Camp of Twenty-thousand. Twenty-thousand National Volunteers; Five out of each Canton, picked Patriots, for Roland has charge of the Interior: they shall assemble here in Paris; and be for a defence, cunningly devised, against foreign Austrians and domestic *Austrian Committee* alike. So much can a Patriot Ministry and Legislative do.

Reasonable and cunningly devised as such Camp may, to Servan and Patriotism, appear, it appears not so to Feuillantism; to that Feuillant-Aristocrat Staff of the Paris Guard; a Staff, one would say again, which will need to be *dissolved*. These men see, in this proposed Camp of Servan's, an offence; and even, as they pretend to say, an insult. Petitions there come, in consequence, from blue Feuillants in epaulettes; ill received. Nay, in the end, there comes one Petition, called "of the Eight-thousand National Guards": so many names are on it, including women and children. Which famed Petition of the Eight-thousand is indeed received: and

[1] [This was on the 27th of May: on the 29th it discharged the King's Constitutional Guard. It was known that Louis would veto the decree of banishment; and the Camp of Volunteers was to be the means of overthrowing the Monarchy.—ED.]

the Petitioners, all under arms, are admitted to the honours of the sitting,—if honours or even if sitting there be; for the instant their bayonets appear at the one door, the Assembly "adjourns," and begins to flow out at the other.[1]

Also, in these same days, it is lamentable to see how National Guards, escorting *Fête-Dieu* or *Corpus-Christi* ceremonial, do collar and smite down any Patriot that does not uncover as the Hostie passes. They clap their bayonets to the breast of Cattle-butcher Legendre, a known Patriot ever since the Bastille days; and threaten to butcher him; though he sat quite respectfully, he says, in his Gig, at a distance of fifty paces, waiting till the thing were by. Nay orthodox females were shrieking to have down the *Lanterne* on him.[2]

To such height has Feuillantism gone in this Corps. For indeed, are not their Officers creatures of the chief Feuillant, Lafayette? The Court too has, very naturally, been tampering with them; caressing them, ever since that dissolution of the so-called Constitutional Guard. Some Battalions are altogether "*pétris*, kneaded full" of Feuillantism, mere Aristocrats at bottom: for instance, the Battalion of the *Filles-Saint-Thomas*,[3] made up of your Bankers, Stockbrokers, and other Full-purses of the Rue Vivienne. Our worthy old Friend Weber, Queen's Foster-brother Weber, carries a musket in that Battalion,—one may judge with what degree of Patriotic intention.

Heedless of all which, or rather heedful of all which, the Legislative, backed by Patriot France and the feeling of Necessity, decrees this Camp of Twenty-thousand. Decisive though conditional Banishment of malign Priests it has already decreed.

It will now be seen, therefore, Whether the Hereditary Representative is for us or against us? Whether or not, to all our other woes, this intolerablest one is to be

[1] "Moniteur," Séance du 10 Juin 1792.
[2] "Débats des Jacobins" (in "Hist. Parl.," xiv. 429).
[3] [This was the name of a rich central "section."—ED.]

added; which renders us not a menaced Nation in extreme jeopardy and need, but a paralytic Solecism of a Nation; sitting wrapped as in dead cerements, of a Constitutional-Vesture that were no other than a winding-sheet; our right hand glued to our left: to wait there, writhing and wriggling, unable to stir from the spot, till in Prussian rope we mount to the gallows? Let the Hereditary Representative consider it well: The Decree of Priests? The Camp of Twenty-thousand?—By Heaven, he answers, *Veto! Veto!*—Strict Roland hands-in his "Letter to the King"; or rather it was Madame's Letter, who wrote it all at a sitting; one of the plainest-spoken Letters ever handed-in to any King. This plain-spoken Letter King Louis has the benefit of reading overnight. He reads, inwardly digests; and next morning, the whole Patriot Ministry finds itself turned out. It is the 13th of June 1792.[1]

Dumouriez the many-counselled, he, with one Duranthon called Minister of Justice,[2] does indeed linger for a day or two; in rather suspicious circumstances; speaks with the Queen, almost weeps with her: but in the end, he too sets off for the Army; leaving what Un-Patriot or Semi-Patriot Ministry and Ministries can now accept the helm, to accept it. Name them not; new quick-changing Phantasms, which shift like magic-lantern figures; more spectral than ever!

Unhappy Queen, unhappy Louis! The two *Vetos* were so natural:[3] are not the Priests martyrs; also

[1] Madame Roland, ii. 115. [The letter ended thus: "La Révolution est faite dans les esprits: elle s'achèvera au prix du sang et sera cimentée par le sang, si la sagesse ne prévient pas des malheurs qu'il est encore possible d'éviter."—ED.]

[2] [Dumouriez, who had advised Louis to dismiss Roland, Clavière, and Servan (*not* the whole Ministry), now took the Ministry for War, being succeeded by Naillac for Foreign Affairs. Like Mirabeau he advised Louis to accept the hostile decrees, but was not trusted, and therefore resigned on June 15th.—ED.]

[3] [Louis did not definitely announce his veto on these decrees until June 19th. This did much to provoke the armed demonstration of the next day. The King expected it: on the 19th he wrote

friends? This Camp of Twenty-thousand, could it be other than of stormfulest Sansculottes? Natural; and yet, to France, unendurable. Priests that coöperate with Coblentz must go elsewhither with their martyrdom: stormful Sansculottes, these and no other kind of creatures will drive back the Austrians. If thou prefer the Austrians, then, for the love of Heaven, go join them. If not, join frankly with what will oppose them to the death. Middle course is none.

Or, alas, what extreme course was there left now for a man like Louis? Underhand Royalists, Ex-Minister Bertrand-Moleville, Ex-Constituent Malouet, and all manner of unhelpful individuals, advise and advise. With face of hope turned now on the Legislative Assembly, and now on Austria and Coblentz, and round generally on the Chapter of Chances, an ancient Kingship is reeling and spinning, one knows not whitherward, on the flood of things.

these pathetic words: "J'ai fini avec les hommes; je dois me tourner vers Dieu."—ED.]

CHAPTER XII

PROCESSION OF THE BLACK BREECHES

BUT is there a thinking man in France who, in these circumstances, can persuade himself that the Constitution will march? Brunswick is stirring; *he*, in few days now, will march. Shall France sit still, wrapped in dead cerements and grave-clothes, its right hand glued to its left, till the Brunswick Saint-Bartholomew arrive; till France be as Poland, and its Rights of Man become a Prussian Gibbet?

Verily it is a moment frightful for all men. National Death; or else some preternatural convulsive outburst of National Life;—that same *daemonic* outburst! Patriots whose audacity has limits had, in truth, better retire like Barnave; court private felicity at Grenoble. Patriots whose audacity has no limits must sink down into the obscure; and, daring and defying all things, seek salvation in stratagem, in Plot of Insurrection. Roland and young Barbaroux have spread out the Map of France before them, Barbaroux says "with tears": they consider what Rivers, what Mountain-ranges are in it: they will retire behind this Loire-stream, defend these Auvergne stone-labyrinths; save some little sacred Territory of the Free; die at least in their last ditch.[1] Lafayette indites his emphatic Letter to the Legislative against Jacobinism;[2] which emphatic Letter will not heal the unhealable.

[1] [Taken from the well-known boast of the Orangemen. The whole idea (as Mme. Roland has shown in her "Mémoires") was to furnish material for the charge of federalising France, which the Jacobins brought against the Girondins.—ED.]

[2] "Moniteur," Séance du 18 Juin 1792.

Forward, ye Patriots whose audacity has no limits; it is you now that must either do or die! The Sections of Paris sit in deep counsel; send out Deputation after Deputation to the Salle de Manége, to petition and denounce. Great is their ire against tyrannous *Veto*, *Austrian Committee*, and the combined Cimmerian Kings. What boots it? Legislative listens to the "tocsin in our hearts"; grants us honours of the sitting, sees us defile with jingle and fanfaronade; but the Camp of Twenty-thousand, the Priest-Decree, be-vetoed by Majesty, are become impossible for Legislative. Fiery Isnard says, "We will have Equality, should we descend for it to the tomb." Vergniaud utters, hypothetically, his stern Ezekiel-visions of the fate of Anti-national Kings. But the question is: Will hypothetic prophecies, will jingle and fanfaronade demolish the *Veto*; or will the Veto, secure in its Tuileries Château, remain undemolishable by these? Barbaroux, dashing away his tears, writes to the Marseilles Municipality, that they must send him "Six hundred men who know how to die, *qui savent mourir*."[1] No wet-eyed message this, but a fire-eyed one;—which will be obeyed!

Meanwhile the Twentieth of June is nigh, anniversary of that world-famous Oath of the Tennis-Court: on which day, it is said, certain citizens have in view to plant a *Mai* or Tree of Liberty in the Tuileries Terrace of the Feuillants; perhaps also to petition the Legislative and Hereditary Representative about these Vetos;—with such demonstration, jingle and evolution, as may seem profitable and practicable. Sections have gone singly, and jingled and evolved: but if they all went, or great part of them, and there, planting their *Mai* in these alarming circumstances, sounded the tocsin in their hearts?

Among King's Friends there can be but one opinion as to such a step: among Nation's Friends there may be two. On the one hand, might it not by possibility

[1] Barbaroux, p. 40

scare away these unblessed Vetos? Private Patriots and even Legislative Deputies may have each his own opinion, or own no-opinion: but the hardest task falls evidently on Mayor Pétion and the Municipals, at once Patriots and Guardians of the public Tranquillity. Hushing the matter down with the one hand; tickling it up with the other! Mayor Pétion and Municipality may lean this way; Department-Directory with Procureur-Syndic Rœderer, having a Feuillant tendency, may lean that. On the whole, each man must act according to his one opinion or to his two opinions; and all manner of influences, official representations cross one another in the foolishest way. Perhaps after all, the Project, desirable and yet not desirable, will dissipate itself, being run athwart by so many complexities; and come to nothing?

Not so; on the Twentieth morning of June, a large Tree of Liberty, Lombardy Poplar by kind, lies visibly tied on its car, in the Suburb Saint-Antoine. Suburb Saint-Marceau too, in the uttermost Southeast, and all that remote Oriental region, Pikemen and Pikewomen, National Guards, and the unarmed curious are gathering, —with the peaceablest intentions in the world. A tricolor Municipal arrives; speaks. Tush, it is all peaceable, we tell thee, in the way of Law: are not Petitions allowable, and the Patriotism of *Mais*? The tricolor Municipal returns without effect: your Sansculottic rills continue flowing, combining into brooks: towards noontide, led by tall Santerre in blue uniform, by tall Saint-Huruge in white hat, it moves westward, a respectable river, or complication of still-swelling rivers.

What Processions have we not seen: *Corpus-Christi* and Legendre waiting in his Gig; Bones of Voltaire with bullock-chariots, and goadsmen in Roman Costume; Feasts of Château-Vieux and Simoneau; Gouvion Funerals, Rousseau Sham-funeral, and the Baptism of Pétion-National-Pike! Nevertheless this Procession has a character of its own. Tricolor ribands streaming aloft from Pike-heads; ironshod batons; and emblems not a few; among which see specially these two, of the tragic

and the untragic sort: a Bull's heart transfixed with iron, bearing this epigraph, "*Cœur d'Aristocrate*, Aristocrat's heart"; and, more striking still, properly the standard of the host, a pair of old Black Breeches (silk, they say), extended on cross-staff, high overhead, with these memorable words: "*Tremblez, tyrans; voilà les Sansculottes*, Tremble, tyrants; here are the Sans-indispensables!" Also, the Procession trails two cannons.

Scarfed tricolor Municipals do now again meet it, in the Quai Saint-Bernard, and plead earnestly, having called halt. Peaceable, ye virtuous tricolor Municipals, peaceable are we as the sucking dove. Behold our Tennis-Court *Mai*. Petition is legal; and as for arms, did not an august Legislative receive the so-called Eight-thousand in arms, Feuillants though they were? Our Pikes, are they not of National iron? Law is our father and mother, whom we will not dishonour; but Patriotism is our own soul. Peaceable, ye virtuous Municipals;—and on the whole, limited as to time! Stop we cannot; march ye with us.—The Black Breeches agitate themselves, impatient; the cannon-wheels grumble: the many-footed Host tramps on.

How it reached the Salle de Manége, like an ever-waxing river; got admittance after debate; read its Address; and defiled, dancing and *ça-ira*-ing, led by tall sonorous Santerre and tall sonorous Saint-Huruge: how it flowed, not now a waxing river but a shut Caspian lake, round all Precincts of the Tuileries; the front Patriot squeezed by the rearward against barred iron Grates, like to have the life squeezed out of him, and looking too into the dread throat of cannon, for National Battalions stand ranked within: how tricolor Municipals ran assiduous, and Royalists with Tickets of Entry; and both Majesties sat in the interior surrounded by men in black: all this the human mind shall fancy for itself, or read in old Newspapers, and Syndic Rœderer's "Chronicle of Fifty Days." [1]

[1] Rœderer, etc., etc. (in "Hist. Parl.," xv. 98-194). [The demonstration has often been ascribed to the Gironde party (*e.g.*, by

Our *Mai* is planted; if not in the Feuillants Terrace, whither is no ingate, then in the Garden of the Capuchins, as near as we could get. National Assembly has adjourned till the Evening Session: perhaps this shut lake, finding no ingate, will retire to its sources again; and disappear in peace? Alas, not yet: rearward still presses on; rearward knows little what pressure is in the front. One would wish, at all events, were it possible, to have a word with his Majesty first!

The shadows fall longer, eastward; it is four o'clock: will his Majesty not come out? Hardly he! In that case, Commandant Santerre, Cattle-butcher Legendre, Patriot Huguenin with the tocsin in his heart; they, and others of authority, will enter *in*. Petition and request to wearied uncertain National Guard; louder and louder petition; backed by the rattle of our two cannons! The reluctant Grate opens: endless Sansculottic multitudes flood the stairs; knock at the wooden guardian of your privacy. Knocks, in such case, grow strokes, grow smashings: the wooden guardian flies in shivers. And now ensues a Scene over which the world has long wailed; and not unjustly; for a sorrier spectacle, of Incongruity fronting Incongruity, and as it were recognising themselves incongruous, and staring stupidly in each other's face, the world seldom saw.

King Louis, his door being beaten on, opens it; stands with free bosom; asking, "What do you want?" The Sansculottic flood recoils awestruck; returns however, the rear pressing on the front, with cries of "Veto! Patriot Ministers! Remove Veto!"—which things, Louis valiantly answers, this is not the time to do, nor this the way to ask him to do. Honour what virtue is in a man.

Sergent Marceau in the "Revue Rétrospective" for 1834): but surely the Gironde had too little hold on the workmen to get up so huge a demonstration. It seems clear that men like Santerre had for some days been planning a great demonstration to frighten the King; and the ardent democrats of the Assembly allowed it to come in armed, which was illegal. The invasion of the Tuileries was possibly the result of accident. See Morse Stephens, "Fr. Rev.," vol. ii., chap. iii.—ED.]

Louis does not want courage; he has even the higher kind called moral-courage; though only the passive-half of that. His few National Grenadiers shuffle back with him, into the embrasure of a window: there he stands, with unimpeachable passivity, amid the shouldering and the braying; a spectacle to men. They hand him a red Cap of Liberty; he sets it quietly on his head, forgets it there. He complains of thirst; half-drunk Rascality offers him a bottle, he drinks of it. "Sire, do not fear," says one of his Grenadiers. "Fear?" answers Louis: "feel then," putting the man's hand on his heart. So stands Majesty in Red woollen Cap; black Sansculottism weltering round him, far and wide, aimless, with inarticulate dissonance, with cries of "Veto! Patriot Ministers!"

For the space of three hours or more! The National Assembly is adjourned; tricolor Municipals avail almost nothing: Mayor Pétion tarries absent; Authority is none. The Queen with her Children and Sister Elizabeth, in tears and terror not for themselves only, are sitting behind barricaded tables and Grenadiers, in an inner room. The Men in black have all wisely disappeared. Blind lake of Sansculottism welters stagnant through the King's Château, for the space of three hours.

Nevertheless all things do end. Vergniaud arrives with Legislative Deputation, the Evening Session having now opened. Mayor Pétion has arrived; is haranguing, "lifted on the shoulders of two Grenadiers." In this uneasy attitude and in others, at various places without and within, Mayor Pétion harangues; many men harangue; finally Commandant Santerre defiles; passes out, with his Sansculottism, by the opposite side of the Château. Passing through the room where the Queen, with an air of dignity and sorrowful resignation, sat among the tables and Grenadiers, a woman offers her too a Red Cap; she holds it in her hand, even puts it on the little Prince Royal. "Madame," said Santerre, "this People loves you more than you think."[1]—About eight

[1] Toulongeon, ii. 173; Campan, ii. c. 20. [Earl Gower (Despatches, p. 194—edited by Mr. Oscar Browning) says: "The

o'clock the Royal Family fall into each other's arms amid "torrents of tears." Unhappy family! Who would not weep for it, were there not a whole world to be wept for?

Thus has the Age of Chivalry gone, and that of Hunger come. Thus does all-needing Sansculottism look in the face of its *Roi*, Regulator, King or Able-man; and find that *he* has nothing to give it. Thus do the two Parties, brought face to face after long centuries, stare stupidly at one another, *This, verily, am I; but, good Heaven, is that Thou?*—and depart, not knowing what to make of it. And yet, Incongruities having recognised themselves to be incongruous, something must be made of it. The Fates know what.

This is the world-famous Twentieth of June, more worthy to be called the *Procession of the Black Breeches.* With which, what we had to say of this First French biennial Parliament, and its products and activities, may perhaps fitly enough terminate.[1]

admission of the mob is entirely to be attributed to the infamous conduct of the municipal officers: the commander of the National Guard had in his pocket an order from the administrators of the Department to oppose force by force, but the orders of the Municipality were wanting. A dreadful responsibility would have awaited M. Péthion had any unfortunate event taken place."—ED.]

[1] [Quinet ("La Rév. Franç.," bk. x., chap. i.) says of the 20th June: "The day was more fatal to the Republic than to the Monarchy. The Republic was struck before it was born, and the abortion of the Revolution was brought about."—ED.]

BOOK SIXTH

THE MARSEILLESE

CHAPTER I

EXECUTIVE THAT DOES NOT ACT

HOW could your paralytic National Executive be put "in action," in any measure, by such a Twentieth of June as this? Quite contrariwise: a large sympathy for Majesty so insulted arises everywhere; expresses itself in Addresses, Petitions, "Petition of the Twenty-thousand inhabitants of Paris," and suchlike, among all Constitutional persons; a decided rallying round the throne.

Of which rallying it was thought King Louis might have made something. However, he does make nothing of it, or attempt to make; for indeed his views are lifted beyond domestic sympathy and rallying, over to Coblentz mainly. Neither in itself is this same sympathy worth much. It is sympathy of men who believe still that the Constitution can march. Wherefore the old discord and ferment, of Feuillant sympathy for Royalty, and Jacobin sympathy for Fatherland, acting against each other from within; with terror of Coblentz and Brunswick acting from without:—this discord and ferment must hold on its course, till a catastrophe do ripen and come. One would think, especially as Brunswick is near marching, such catastrophe cannot now be distant. Busy, ye Twenty-five French Millions; ye foreign Potentates, minatory Emigrants, German drill-sergeants;

each do what his hand findeth! Thou, O Reader, at such safe distance, wilt see what they make of it among them.

Consider, therefore, this pitiable Twentieth of June as a futility; no catastrophe, rather a *catastasis*, or heightening. Do not its Black Breeches wave there, in the Historical Imagination, like a melancholy flag of distress; soliciting help, which no mortal can give? Soliciting pity, which thou wert hard-hearted not to give freely, to one and all! Other such flags, or what are called Occurrences, and black or bright symbolic Phenomena will flit through the Historical Imagination; these, one after one, let us note, with extreme brevity.

The first phenomenon is that of Lafayette at the Bar of the Assembly; after a week and day. Promptly, on hearing of this scandalous Twentieth of June, Lafayette has quitted his Command on the North Frontier, in better or worse order; and got hither, on the 28th, to repress the Jacobins: not by letter now; but by oral Petition, and weight of character, face to face. The august Assembly finds the step questionable; invites him meanwhile to the honours of the sitting.[1] Other honour, or advantage, there unhappily came almost none; the Galleries all growling; fiery Isnard glooming; sharp Gaudet not wanting in sarcasms.

And out of doors, when the sitting is over, Sieur Resson, keeper of the Patriot *Café* in these regions, hears in the street a hurlyburly; steps forth to look, he and his Patriot customers: it is Lafayette's carriage, with a tumultuous escort of blue Grenadiers, Cannoneers, even Officers of the Line, hurrahing and capering round it. They make a pause opposite Sieur Resson's door; wag their plumes at him; nay shake their fists, bellowing *A bas les Jacobins!* but happily pass on without onslaught. They pass on, to plant a *Mai* before the

[1] "Moniteur," Séance du 28 Juin 1792.

General's door, and bully considerably. All which the Sieur Resson cannot but report with sorrow, that night, in the Mother Society.[1] But what no Sieur Resson nor Mother Society can do more than guess is this, That a council of rank Feuillants, your unabolished Staff of the Guard and who else has status and weight, is in these very moments privily deliberating at the General's: Can we not put down the Jacobins by force? Next day, a Review shall be held, in the Tuileries Gardens, of such as will turn out, and try. Alas, says Toulongeon, hardly a hundred turned out. Put it off till tomorrow, then, to give better warning. On the morrow, which is Saturday, there turn out "some thirty"; and depart shrugging their shoulders![2] Lafayette promptly takes carriage again; returns musing on many things.

The dust of Paris is hardly off his wheels, the summer Sunday is still young, when Cordeliers in deputation pluck up that *Mai* of his: before sunset, Patriots have burnt him in effigy. Louder doubt and louder rises, in Section, in National Assembly, as to the legality of such unbidden Anti-jacobin visit on the part of a General: doubt swelling and spreading all over France, for six weeks or so; with endless talk about usurping soldiers, about English Monk, nay about Cromwell: O thou poor *Grandison*-Cromwell!—What boots it? King Louis himself looked coldly on the enterprise: colossal Hero of two Worlds, having weighed himself in the balance, finds that he is become a gossamer Colossus, only some thirty turning out.[3]

In a like sense, and with a like issue, works our Department-Directory here at Paris; who, on the 6th of July, take upon them to suspend Mayor Pétion and Procureur Manuel from all civic functions, for their con-

[1] "Débats des Jacobins" ("Hist. Parl.," xv. 235).

[2] Toulongeon, ii. 180. See also Dampmartin, ii. 161.

[3] [Lafayette's failure was largely due to the shortsighted hostility of the Court. The Queen said she would rather die than be saved by him.—ED.]

duct, replete, as is alleged, with omissions and commissions, on that delicate Twentieth of June. Virtuous Pétion sees himself a kind of martyr, or pseudo-martyr, threatened with several things; drawls out due heroical lamentation; to which Patriot Paris and Patriot Legislative duly respond. King Louis and Mayor Pétion have already had an interview on that business of the Twentieth; an interview and dialogue, distinguished by frankness on both sides; ending on King Louis's side with the words "*Taisez-vous*, Hold your peace."

For the rest, this of suspending our Mayor does seem a mistimed measure. By ill chance, it came out precisely on the day of that famous *Baiser de l'amourette*, or miraculous reconciliatory Delilah-Kiss, which we spoke of long ago.[1] Which Delilah-Kiss was thereby quite hindered of effect.[2] For now his Majesty has to write, almost that same night, asking a reconciled Assembly for advice! The reconciled Assembly will not advise; will not interfere. The King confirms the suspension; then perhaps, but not till then will the Assembly interfere, the noise of Patriot Paris getting loud. Whereby your Delilah-Kiss, such was the destiny of Parliament First, becomes a Philistine Battle!

Nay there goes a word that as many as Thirty of our chief Patriot Senators are to be clapped in prison, by mittimus and indictment of Feuillant Justices, *Juges de Paix*; who here in Paris were well capable of such a thing. It was but in May last that *Juge-de-Paix Lari-*

[1] [See p. 247.—ED.]

[2] [This thrilling scene of July 7th shows the strength of the monarchical feeling. The King came to the Assembly, was warmly cheered, and said: ". . . The Nation and the King are one and the same: they march towards the same end, and their united efforts will save France." All the King's words were heartily acclaimed. Disputes arose again chiefly about the decrees of July 5th, 11th and 20th, decreeing the country to be in danger: these were a serious menace to the King, and he vetoed them until the 22nd. It should be noted that Pétion was discharged on July 7th, not by Louis, but by the Department of Paris. The King did not confirm this act till July 12th. The Assembly reversed the King's decision on the 13th.—ED.]

vière, on complaint of Bertrand-Moleville touching that *Austrian Committee*, made bold to launch his mittimus against three heads of the Mountain, Deputies Bazire, Chabot, Merlin, the Cordelier Trio; summoning them to appear before *him*, and show where that Austrian Committee was, or else suffer the consequences. Which mittimus the Trio, on their side, made bold to fling in the fire: and valiantly pleaded privilege of Parliament. So that, for his zeal without knowledge, poor Justice Larivière now sits in the prison of Orléans, waiting trial from the *Haute Cour* there. Whose example, may it not deter other rash Justices; and so this word of the Thirty arrestments continue a word merely?

But on the whole, though Lafayette weighed so light, and has had his *Mai* plucked up, Official Feuillantism falters not a whit; but carries its head high, strong in the letter of the Law. Feuillants all of these men; a Feuillant Directory; founding on high character, and suchlike; with Duke de la Rochefoucault for President, —a thing which may prove dangerous for him! Dim now is the once bright Anglomania of these admired Noblemen. Duke de Liancourt offers, out of Normandy where he is Lord-Lieutenant, not only to receive his Majesty, thinking of flight thither, but to lend him money to enormous amounts. Sire, it is not a revolt, it is a Revolution; and truly no rose-water one! Worthier Noblemen were not in France nor in Europe than those two: but the Time is crooked, quick-shifting, perverse; what straightest course will lead to any goal, in *it*?

Another phasis which we note, in these early July days, is that of certain thin streaks of Federate National Volunteers wending from various points towards Paris, to hold a new Federation-Festival, or Feast of Pikes, on the Fourteenth there. So has the National Assembly wished it, so has the Nation willed it. In this way, perhaps, may we still have our Patriot Camp in spite of *Veto*. For cannot these Fédérés, having celebrated

their Feast of Pikes, march on to Soissons; and, there being drilled and regimented, rush to the Frontiers, or whither we like? Thus were the one *Veto* cunningly eluded!

As indeed the other *Veto*, about Priests, is also like to be eluded; and without much cunning. For Provincial Assemblies, in Calvados as one instance, are proceeding, on their own strength, to judge and banish Antinational Priests. Or still worse, without Provincial Assembly, a desperate People, as at Bourdeaux, can "hang two of them on the Lanterne," on the way towards judgment.[1] Pity for the spoken *Veto*, when it cannot become an acted one!

It is true, some ghost of a War-minister, or Home-minister, for the time being, ghost whom we do not name, does write to Municipalities and King's Commanders, that they shall, by all conceivable methods, obstruct this Federation, and even turn back the Fédérés by force of arms: a message which scatters mere doubt, paralysis and confusion; irritates the poor Legislature; reduces the Fédérés, as we see, to thin streaks. But being questioned, this ghost and the other ghosts, What it is then that they propose to do for saving the country? —they answer, That they cannot tell; that indeed they, for their part, have, this morning, resigned in a body; and do now merely respectfully take leave of the helm altogether. With which words they rapidly walk out of the Hall, *sortent brusquement de la salle*, the "Galleries cheering loudly," the poor Legislature sitting "for a good while in silence"![2] Thus do Cabinet-ministers themselves, in extreme cases, strike work; one of the strangest omens. Other complete Cabinet-ministry there will not be; only fragments, and these changeful, which never get completed; spectral Apparitions that cannot so much as appear! King Louis writes that he now views this Federation Feast with approval; and will himself have the pleasure to take part in the same.

[1] "Hist. Parl.," xvi. 259.
[2] "Moniteur," Séance du Juillet 1792.

And so these thin streaks of Fédérés wend Paris-ward through a paralytic France. Thin grim streaks; not thick joyful ranks, as of old to the first Feast of Pikes! No: these poor Federates march now towards Austria and Austrian Committee, towards jeopardy and forlorn hope; men of hard fortune and temper, not rich in the world's goods. Municipalities, paralysed by War-minister, are shy of affording cash; it may be, your poor Federates cannot arm themselves, cannot march, till the Daughter Society of the place open her pocket and subscribe. There will not have arrived, at the set day, Three-thousand of them in all. And yet, thin and feeble as these streaks of Federates seem, they are the only thing one discerns moving with any clearness of aim in this strange scene. Angry buzz and simmer; uneasy tossing and moaning of a huge France, all enchanted, spellbound by unmarching Constitution, into frightful conscious and unconscious Magnetic-sleep; which frightful Magnetic-sleep must now issue soon in one of two things: Death or Madness! The Fédérés carry mostly in their pocket some earnest cry and Petition, to have the "National Executive put in action"; or as a step towards that, to have the King's *Déchéance*, King's Forfeiture, or at least his Suspension, pronounced. They shall be welcome to the Legislative, to the Mother of Patriotism; and Paris will provide for their lodging.

Déchéance, indeed: and what next? A France spell-free, a Revolution saved; and anything, and all things next! so answer grimly Danton and the unlimited Patriots, down deep in their subterranean region of Plot, whither they have now dived. *Déchéance*, answers Brissot with the limited: and if next the little Prince Royal were crowned, and some Regency of Girondins and recalled Patriot Ministry set over him? Alas, poor Brissot; looking, as indeed poor man does always, on the nearest morrow as his peaceable promised land; deciding what must reach to the world's end, yet with an insight that reaches not beyond his own nose! Wiser

are the unlimited subterranean Patriots, who with light for the hour itself, leave the rest to the gods.[1]

Or were it not, as we now stand, the probablest issue of all, that Brunswick, in Coblentz, just gathering his huge limbs towards him to rise, might arrive first; and stop both *Déchéance*, and theorising on it? Brunswick is on the eve of marching; with Eighty-thousand, they say; fell Prussians, Hessians, feller Emigrants: a General of the Great Frederick, with such an Army. And our Armies? And our Generals? As for Lafayette, on whose late visit a Committee is sitting and all France is jarring and censuring, he seems readier to fight *us* than fight Brunswick. Lückner and Lafayette pretend to be interchanging corps, and are making movements, which Patriotism cannot understand. This only is very clear, that their corps go marching and shuttling, in the interior of the country; much nearer Paris than formerly! Lückner has ordered Dumouriez down to him; down from Maulde, and the Fortified Camp there. Which order the many-counselled Dumouriez, with the Austrians hanging close on him, he busy meanwhile training a few thousands to stand fire and be soldiers, declares that, come of it what will, he cannot obey.[2] Will a poor Legislative, therefore, sanction Dumouriez; who applies to it, "not knowing whether there is any War-ministry"? Or sanction Lückner and these Lafayette movement?

The poor Legislative knows not what to do. It decrees, however, that the Staff of the Paris Guard, and indeed all such Staffs, for they are Feuillants mostly, shall be broken and replaced.[3] It decrees earnestly, in

[1] [M. Aulard has shown ("La Rév. Franç.," pp. 187-211) how slowly even professed republicans like Brissot came to believe that a Republic was possible in France. The 3,000 Fédérés represented most of the extreme clubs of the provinces.—ED.]

[2] Dumouriez, ii. 1, 5.

[3] [The decree ordered the re-election of the Staff of the National Guards in towns of more than 50,000 inhabitants. In the middle of July the Assembly caused three faithful regiments of the line to be sent to the frontiers: thereafter only the Swiss regiment could be relied on by Louis.—ED.]

what manner one can declare, that the *Country is in Danger.* And finally, on the 11th of July, the morrow of that day when the Ministry struck work, it decrees that *the Country be*, with all despatch, *declared in Danger.* Whereupon let the King sanction; let the Municipality take measures: if such Declaration will do service, *it* need not fail.

In Danger truly, if ever Country was! Arise, O Country; or be trodden down to ignominious ruin! Nay, are not the chances a hundred to one that no rising of the Country will save it; Brunswick, the Emigrants, and Feudal Europe drawing nigh?

CHAPTER II

LET US MARCH

BUT, to our minds, the notablest of all these moving phenomena is that of Barbaroux's "Six-hundred Marseillese who know how to die."

Prompt to the request of Barbaroux, the Marseilles Municipality has got these men together: on the fifth morning of July, the Townhall says, "*Marchez, abattez le Tyran*, March, strike down the Tyrant";[1] and they, with grim appropriate "*Marchons*," are marching. Long journey, doubtful errand; *Enfans de la Patrie*, may a good genius guide you! Their own wild heart and what faith it has will guide them: and is not that the monition of some genius, better or worse? Five-hundred and Seventeen able men, with Captains of fifties and tens; well armed all, musket on shoulder, sabre on thigh: nay they drive three pieces of cannon; for who knows what obstacles may occur? Municipalities there are, paralysed by War-minister; Commandants with orders to stop even Federation Volunteers: good, when sound arguments will not open a Towngate, if you have a petard to shiver it! They have left their sunny Phocean City and Sea-haven, with its bustle and its bloom: the thronging *Course*, with high-frondent Avenues, pitchy dockyards, almond and olive groves, orange-trees on house-tops, and white glittering *bastides* that crown the hills, are all behind them. They wend on their wild way, from the extremity of French land, through unknown cities, toward an unknown destiny; with a purpose that they know.

Much wondering at this phenomenon, and how, in a

[1] Dampmartin, ii. 183.

peaceable trading City, so many householders or hearth-holders do severally fling down their crafts and industrial tools; gird themselves with weapons of war, and set out on a journey of six-hundred miles, to "strike down the tyrant,"—you search in all Historical Books, Pamphlets and Newspapers, for some light on it: unhappily without effect. Rumour and Terror precede this march; which still echo on you; the march itself an unknown thing. Weber, in the back-stairs of the Tuileries, has understood that they were *Forçats*, Galley-slaves and mere scoundrels, these Marseillese; that, as they marched through Lyons, the people shut their shops;—also that the number of them was some Four *Thousand.* Equally vague is Blanc Gilli, who likewise murmurs about *Forçats* and danger of plunder.[1] *Forçats* they were not; neither was there plunder or danger of it. Men of regular life, or of the best-filled purse, they could hardly be; the one thing needful in them was that they "knew how to die." Friend Dampmartin saw them, with his own eyes, march "gradually" through his quarters at Villefranche in the Beaujolais: but saw in the vaguest manner; being indeed preoccupied, and himself minded for marching just then—across the Rhine. Deep was his astonishment to think of such a march, without appointment or arrangement, station or ration; for the rest, it was "the same men he had seen formerly" in the troubles of the South; "perfectly civil"; though his soldiers could not be kept from talking a little with them.[2]

[1] See Barbaroux, "Mémoires" (Note in pp. 40, 41). [The Communes of Marseilles and some other towns of Provence were the first bodies in France to pronounce for a Republic. Petitions to this effect were read on July 12th, 1792, to the National Assembly, which reprobated them. Marseilles of its own accord voted (June 29th) the sending of 500 Marseillese patriots: some of them (says M. Aulard, "La Rév. Fr.," p. 199) were of good family. He proves the republican movement to have been at first *municipal*, and chiefly Provençal.—ED.]

[2] Dampmartin, *ubi suprà*.—As to Dampmartin himself and what became of him farther, see "Mémoires de la Comtesse de Lichtenau," écrits par elle-même; traduits de l'Allemand (à Londres 1809), i. 200-207; ii. 78-91.

So vague are all these; "Moniteur," "Histoire Parlementaire" are as good as silent: garrulous History, as is too usual, will say nothing where you most wish her to speak! If enlightened Curiosity ever get sight of the Marseilles Council-Books, will it not perhaps explore this strangest of Municipal procedures; and feel called to fish-up what of the Biographies, creditable or discreditable, of these Five-hundred and Seventeen, the stream of Time has not yet irrevocably swallowed?

As it is, these Marseillese remain inarticulate, undistinguishable in feature; a blackbrowed Mass, full of grim fire, who wend there, in the hot sultry weather: very singular to contemplate. They wend; amid the infinitude of doubt and dim peril; they not doubtful: Fate and Feudal Europe, having decided, come girdling in from without; they, having also decided, do march within. Dusty of face, with frugal refreshment, they prod onwards; unweariable, not to be turned aside. Such march will become famous. The Thought, which works voiceless in this blackbrowed mass, an inspired Tyrtaean Colonel, Rouget de Lille, whom the Earth still holds,[1] has translated into grim melody and rhythm; into his "Hymn" or March "of the Marseillese": luckiest musical-composition ever promulgated. The sound of which will make the blood tingle in men's veins; and whole Armies and Assemblages will sing it, with eyes weeping and burning, with hearts defiant of Death, Despot and Devil.

One sees well, these Marseillese will be too late for the Federation Feast. In fact, it is not Champ-de-Mars Oaths that they have in view. They have quite another feat to do: a paralytic National Executive to set in action. They must "strike down" whatsoever "Tyrant," or Martyr-Fainéant, there may be who paralyses it; strike and be struck; and on the whole prosper, and know how to die.

[1] A.D. 1836. [The stanza "Nous entrerons dans la carrière" was added to the hymn at Vienne on the Rhone.—ED.]

CHAPTER III

SOME CONSOLATION TO MANKIND

OF the Federation Feast itself we shall say almost nothing. There are tents pitched in the Champs-de-Mars; tent for National Assembly; tent for Hereditary Representative,—who indeed is there too early, and has to wait long in it. There are Eighty-three symbolic Departmental Trees-of-Liberty; trees and *mais* enough: beautifulest of all, there is one huge *mai*, hung round with effete Scutcheons, Emblazonries and Genealogy-books, nay better still, with Lawyers'-bags, "*sacs de procédure*"; which shall be burnt. The Thirty seat-rows of that famed Slope are again full; we have a bright Sun; and all is marching, streamering and blaring: but what avails it? Virtuous Mayor Pétion, whom Feuillantism had suspended, was reinstated only last night, by Decree of the Assembly. Men's humour is of the sourest. Men's hats have on them, written in chalk, '*Vive Pétion*"; and even, "Pétion or Death, *Pétion ou la Mort*."

Poor Louis, who has waited till five o'clock before the Assembly would arrive, swears the National Oath this time, with a quilted cuirass under his waistcoat which will turn pistol-bullets.[1] Madame de Staël, from that Royal Tent, stretches out the neck in a kind of agony, lest the waving multitude which received him may not render him back alive. No cry of *Vive le Roi* salutes the ear; cries only of *Vive Pétion; Pétion ou la Mort.* The National Solemnity is as it were huddled

[1] Campan, ii. c. 20; De Staël, ii. c. 7.

by; each cowering off almost before the evolutions are gone through. The very *Mai* with its Scutcheons and Lawyers'-bags is forgotten, stands unburnt; till "certain Patriot Deputies," called by the people, set a torch to it, by way of voluntary after-piece. Sadder Feast of Pikes no man ever saw.

Mayor Pétion, named on hats, is at his zenith in this Federation: Lafayette again is close upon his nadir. Why does the storm-bell of Saint-Roch speak out, next Saturday; why do the citizens shut their shops?[1] It is Sections defiling, it is fear of effervescence. Legislative Committee, long deliberating on Lafayette and that Anti-jacobin visit of his, reports, this day, that there is "*not* ground for Accusation"! Peace, ye Patriots, nevertheless; and let that tocsin cease: the Debate is not finished, nor the Report accepted; but Brissot, Isnard and the Mountain will sift it, and resift it, perhaps for some three weeks longer.

So many bells, storm-bells and noises do ring;—scarcely audible; one drowning the other. For example: in this same Lafayette tocsin, of Saturday, was there not withal some faint bob-minor, and Deputation of Legislative, ringing the Chevalier Paul Jones to his long rest; tocsin or dirge now all one to him![2] Not ten days hence Patriot Brissot, beshouted this day by the Patriot Galleries, shall find himself begroaned by them, on account of his limited Patriotism; nay pelted at while perorating, and "hit with two prunes."[3] It is a distracted empty-sounding world; of bob-minors and bob-majors, of triumph and terror, of rise and fall!

The more touching is this other Solemnity, which happens on the morrow of the Lafayette tocsin: Proclamation that the *Country is in Danger*. Not till the present Sunday could such Solemnity be. The Legislative decreed it almost a fortnight ago; but Royalty

[1] "Moniteur," Séance du 21 Juillet 1792.
[2] [Paul Jones died of dropsy at Paris.—ED.]
[3] "Hist. Parl.," xvi. 185.

and the ghost of a Ministry held back as they could. Now however, on this Sunday, 22d day of July 1792, it will hold back no longer; and the Solemnity in very deed is. Touching to behold! Municipality and Mayor have on their scarfs; cannon-salvo booms alarm from the Pont-Neuf, and single-gun at intervals all day. Guards are mounted, scarfed Notabilities, Halberdiers, and a Cavalcade; with streamers, emblematic flags; especially with one huge Flag, flapping mournfully: *Citoyens, la Patrie est en Danger.* They roll through the streets, with stern-sounding music, and slow rattle of hoofs; pausing at set stations, and with doleful blast of trumpet singing out through Herald's throat, what the Flag says to the eye: "Citizens, our Country is in Danger!"[1]

Is there a man's heart that hears it without a thrill? The many-voiced responsive hum or bellow of these multitudes is not of triumph; and yet it is a sound deeper than triumph. But when the long Cavalcade and Proclamation ended; and our huge Flag was fixed on the Pont-Neuf, another like it on the Hôtel-de-Ville, to wave there till better days; and each Municipal sat in the centre of his Section, in a Tent raised in some open square, Tents surmounted with flags of *Patrie en Danger*, and topmost of all a Pike and *Bonnet Rouge*; and, on two drums in front of him, there lay a plank-table, and on this an open Book, and a Clerk sat, like recording-angel, ready to write the lists, or as we say to enlist! O, then, it seems, the very gods might have looked down on it. Young Patriotism, Culottic and Sansculottic, rushes forward emulous: That is my name; name, blood and life is all my country's; why have I nothing more! Youths of short stature weep that they are below

[1] [Sergent Marceau says ("Reminiscences," p. 192) there were several places of enrolment, and, in all, sixty bands of music: "As each volunteer enrolled himself, a venerable officer embraced him, presented him with a laurel leaf, and a roll of drums proclaimed the enlistment. This went on for two days, and 5,000 were enrolled at Paris."—ED.]

size. Old men come forward, a son in each hand. Mothers themselves will grant the son of their travail; send him, though with tears. And the multitude bellows *Vive la Patrie*, far reverberating. And fire flashes in the eyes of men;—and at eventide, your Municipal returns to the Townhall followed by his long train of Volunteer valour; hands-in his List; says proudly, looking round, This is my day's harvest.[1] They will march, on the morrow, to Soissons; small bundle holding all their chattels.

So, with *Vive la Patrie*, *Vive la Liberté*, stone Paris reverberates like Ocean in his caves; day after day, Municipals enlisting in tricolor Tent; the Flag flapping on Pont-Neuf and Townhall, *Citoyens, la Patrie est en Danger*. Some Ten-thousand fighters, without discipline but full of heart, are on march in few days. The like is doing in every Town of France.—Consider, therefore, whether the Country will want defenders, had we but a National Executive? Let the Sections and Primary Assemblies, at any rate, become Permanent! They do become Permanent, and sit continually in Paris, and over France, by Legislative Decree, dated Wednesday the 25th.[2]

Mark contrariwise how, in these very hours, dated the 25th, Brunswick "shakes himself, *s'ébranle*," in Coblentz; and takes the road! Shakes himself indeed; one spoken word becomes such a shaking. Successive, simultaneous *dirl* of thirty-thousand muskets shouldered; prance and jingle of ten-thousand horsemen, fanfaronading Emigrants in the van; drum, kettle-drum; noise of weeping, swearing; and the immeasurable lumbering clank of baggage-wagons and camp-kettles that groan into motion: all this is Brunswick shaking himself; not without all this does the one man march, "covering a

[1] "Tableau de la Révolution," § Patrie en Danger.

[2] "Moniteur," Séance du 25 Juillet 1792. [Every man who had arms was bound to notify the fact: all arms were requisitioned. All this was to help the democrats in the overthrow of the monarchy.—ED.]

space of forty miles." Still less without his Manifesto, dated, as we say, the 25th; a State-Paper worthy of attention!

By this Document, it would seem great things are in store for France. The universal French People shall now have permission to rally round Brunswick and his Emigrant Seigneurs; tyranny of a Jacobin Faction shall oppress them no more; but they shall return, and find favour with their own good King; who, by Royal Declaration (three years ago) of the Twenty-third of June, said that he would himself make them happy. As for National Assembly, and other Bodies of Men invested with some temporary shadow of authority, they are charged to maintain the King's Cities and Strong Places intact, till Brunswick arrive to take delivery of them. Indeed, quick submission may extenuate many things; but to this end it must be quick. Any National Guard or other unmilitary person found resisting in arms shall be "treated as a traitor"; that is to say, hanged with promptitude. For the rest, if Paris, before Brunswick gets thither, offer any insult to the King; or, for example, suffer a Faction to carry the King away elsewhither; in that case, Paris shall be blasted asunder with cannon-shot and "military execution." Likewise all other Cities, which may witness, and not resist to the uttermost, such forced-march of his Majesty, shall be blasted asunder; and Paris and every City of them, starting-place, course and goal of said sacrilegious forced-march, shall, as rubbish and smoking ruin, lie there for a sign. Such vengeance were indeed signal, "an *insigne vengeance*":—O Brunswick, what words thou writest and blusterest! In this Paris, as in old Nineveh, are so many score thousands that know not the right hand from the left, and also much cattle. Shall the very milk-cows, hard-living cadgers'-asses, and poor little canary-birds die?[1]

[1] [Brunswick issued this declaration against his own better judgment. It was not the work of Louis XVI., as has sometimes been wrongly stated. Louis sent Mallet du Pan, a Swiss publicist

Nor is Royal and Imperial Prussian-Austrian Declaration wanting: setting forth, in the amplest manner, their Sans-souci-Schönbrunn version of this whole French Revolution, since the first beginning of it; and with what grief these high heads have seen such things done under the Sun. However, "as some small consolation to mankind,"[1] they do now despatch Brunswick; regardless of expense, as one might say, or of sacrifices on their own part; for is it not the first duty to console men?

Serene Highnesses, who sit there protocolling and manifestoing, and consoling mankind! how were it if, for once in the thousand years, your parchments, formularies and reasons of State were blown to the four winds; and Reality Sans-indispensables stared you, even you, in the face; and Mankind said for itself what the thing was that would console it?—

in his confidence, to the allied headquarters to urge that (1) the two Powers should confine themselves to complaints about breaches of international law by the revolutionists: (2) they should leave to Louis entire freedom in the arrangement of French affairs: (3) they should declare that the Feudal System would not be revived in France. Unluckily these wise proposals were altered by one of the French *émigrés* who had the ear of the Emperor Francis, and the declaration took the blustering tone which every far-seeing man among the allies deplored. It swept away any chances that Louis still had left. A royalist journal at Paris, "Le Journal de la Cour et de la Ville," boasted that the declaration was but the flash that preceded the crash of the thunderbolt.—ED.]

[1] "Annual Register" (1792), p. 236.

CHAPTER IV

SUBTERRANEAN

BUT judge if there was comfort in this to the Sections all sitting permanent; deliberating how a National Executive could be put in action!

High rises the response, not of cackling terror but of crowing counter-defiance, and *Vive la Nation*;[1] young Valour streaming towards the Frontiers; *Patrie en Danger* mutely beckoning on the Pont-Neuf. Sections are busy, in their permanent Deep; and down, lower still, works unlimited Patriotism, seeking salvation in plot. Insurrection, you would say, becomes once more the sacredest of duties? Committee, self-chosen, is sitting at the Sign of the Golden Sun; Journalist Carra, Camille Desmoulins, Alsatian Westermann friend of Danton, American Fournier of Martinique;—a Committee not unknown to Mayor Pétion, who, as an official person, must sleep with one eye open. Not unknown to Procureur Manuel; least of all to Procureur-Substitute Danton! He, wrapped in darkness, being also official, bears it on his giant shoulders; cloudy invisible Atlas of the whole.

Much is invisible; the very Jacobins have their reticences. Insurrection is to be: but when? This only we can discern, that such Fédérés as are not yet gone to Soissons, as indeed are not inclined to go yet,

[1] [Lord Gower, however, reported from Paris (August 3rd) that the declaration "has produced very little sensation here. The *aristocrates* are dissatisfied with it and the *démocrates* affect to despise it." So too Mallet du Pan, "Mémoires," vol. i., p. 322.—ED.]

"for reasons," says the Jacobin President, "which it may be interesting not to state,"—have got a *Central Committee* sitting close by, under the roof of the Mother Society herself. Also, what in such ferment and danger of effervescence is surely proper, the Forty-eight Sections have got their Central Committee; intended "for prompt communication." To which Central Committee the Municipality, anxious to have it at hand, could not refuse an Apartment in the Hôtel-de-Ville.

Singular City! For overhead of all this, there is the customary baking and brewing; Labour hammers and grinds. Frilled promenaders saunter under the trees; white-muslin promenaderess, in green parasol, leaning on your arm. Dogs dance, and shoeblacks polish, on that Pont-Neuf itself, where Fatherland is in danger. So much goes its course; and yet the course of all things is nigh altering and ending.

Look at that Tuileries and Tuileries Garden. Silent all as Sahara; none entering save by ticket! They shut their Gates, after the Day of the Black Breeches; a thing they had the liberty to do. However, the National Assembly grumbled something about Terrace of the Feuillants, how said Terrace lay contiguous to the back-entrance to their Salle, and was partly *National* Property; and so now National Justice has stretched a Tricolor Riband athwart it, by way of boundary-line; respected with splenetic strictness by all Patriots.[1] It hangs there, that Tricolor boundary-line; carries "satirical inscriptions on cards," generally in verse; and all beyond this is called *Coblentz*, and remains vacant; silent as a faithful Golgotha; sunshine and umbrage alternating on it in vain. Fateful Circuit: what hope can dwell in it? Mysterious Tickets of Entry introduce themselves; speak of Insurrection very imminent. Rivarol's Staff of Genius had better purchase blunderbusses; Grenadier bonnets, red Swiss uniforms may be useful. Insurrec-

[1] [Not that they kept the peace there. D'Espréménil while walking there was set upon by some *fédérés* and nearly beaten to death.—ED.]

tion will come; but likewise will it not be met? Staved off, one may hope, till Brunswick arrive?

But consider withal if the Bourne-stones and Portable-chairs remain silent; if the Herald's College of Bill-Stickers sleep! Louvet's "Sentinel" warns gratis on all walls; Sulleau is busy; "People's-Friend" Marat and "King's Friend" Royou croak and counter-croak. For the man Marat, though long hidden since that Champ-de-Mars Massacre, is still alive. He has lain, who knows in what cellars; perhaps in Legendre's; fed by a steak of Legendre's killing: but, since April, the bull-frog voice of him sounds again; hoarsest of earthly cries. For the present, black terror haunts him: O brave Barbaroux, wilt thou not smuggle me to Marseilles, "disguised as a jockey"?[1] In Palais Royal and all public places, as we read, there is sharp activity; private individuals haranguing that Valour may enlist; haranguing that the Executive may be put in action. Royalist Journals ought to be solemnly burnt: argument thereupon; debates, which generally end in single-stick, *coups de cannes*.[2] Or think of this; the hour midnight; place Salle de Manége; august Assembly just adjourning; "Citizens of both sexes enter in a rush, exclaiming, *Vengeance; they are poisoning our Brothers*";—baking brayed-glass among their bread at Soissons! Vergniaud has to speak soothing words, How Commissioners are already sent to investigate this brayed-glass, and do what is needful therein;—till the rush of Citizens "makes profound silence"; and goes home to its bed.

Such is Paris; the heart of a France like to it. Preternatural suspicion, doubt, disquietude, nameless anticipation, from shore to shore:—and those blackbrowed Marseillese marching, dusty, unwearied, through the midst of it; not doubtful they. Marching to the grim music of their hearts, they consume continually the long road, these three weeks and more; heralded by Terror

[1] Barbaroux, p. 60.

[2] Newspapers, Narratives and Documents ("Hist. Parl.," xv. 240; xvi. 399).

and Rumour. The Brest Fédérés arrive on the 26th; through hurrahing streets. Determined men are these also,[1] bearing or not bearing the Sacred Pikes of Château-Vieux; and on the whole decidedly disinclined for Soissons as yet. Surely the Marseillese Brethren do draw nigher all days.

[1] [After partaking of a civic banquet "on the ruins of the Bastille, they seized upon some cannon in a neighbouring church and were proceeding to the palace, but M. Péthion and M. Santerre harangued the mob and dissuaded them from their wicked purpose" (Despatches of Earl Gower, p. 203).—Ed.]

CHAPTER V

AT DINNER

IT was a bright day for Charenton, that 29th of the month, when the Marseillese Brethren actually came in sight. Barbaroux, Santerre and Patriots have gone out to meet the grim Wayfarers. Patriot clasps dusty Patriot to his bosom; there is footwashing and refection: "dinner of twelve-hundred covers at the Blue Dial, *Cadran Bleu*"; and deep interior consultation, that one wots not of.[1] Consultation indeed which comes to little; for Santerre, with an open purse, with a loud voice, has almost no head. Here, however, we repose this night: on the morrow is public entry into Paris.

Of which public entry the Day-Historians, *Diurnalists*, or Journalists as they call themselves, have preserved record enough. How Saint-Antoine male and female, and Paris generally, gave brotherly welcome, with bravo and hand-clapping, in crowded streets; and all passed in the peaceablest manner;—except it might be our Marseillese pointed out here and there a riband-cockade, and beckoned that it should be snatched away, and exchanged for a wool one; which was done. How the Mother Society in a body has come as far as the Bastille-ground, to embrace you. How you then wend onwards, triumphant, to the Townhall, to be embraced by Mayor Pétion; to put down your muskets in the Barracks of Nouvelle France, not far off;—then towards the appointed Tavern in the Champs Elysées, to enjoy a frugal Patriot repast.[2]

[1] "Deux Amis," viii. 90-101.
[2] "Hist. Parl.," xvi. 196. See Barbaroux, pp. 51-55.

Of all which the indignant Tuileries may, by its Tickets of Entry, have warning. Red Swiss look doubly sharp to their Château-Grates;—though surely there is no danger? Blue Grenadiers of the Filles-Saint-Thomas Section are on duty there this day: men of Agio, as we have seen; with stuffed purses, riband-cockades; among whom serves Weber. A party of these latter, with Captains, with sundry Feuillant Notabilities, Moreau de Saint-Méry of the three-thousand orders, and others, have been dining, much more respectably, in a Tavern hard by. They have dined, and are now drinking Loyal-Patriotic toasts; while the Marseillese, *National*-Patriotic merely, are about sitting down to their frugal covers of delf. How it happened remains to this day undemonstrable; but the external fact is, certain of these Filles-Saint-Thomas Grenadiers do issue from their Tavern; perhaps touched, surely not yet muddled with any liquor they have had;—issue in the professed intention of testifying to the Marseillese, or to the multitude of Paris Patriots who stroll in these spaces, That they, the Filles-Saint-Thomas men, if well seen into, are not a whit less Patriotic than any other class of men whatever.

It was a rash errand! For how can the strolling multitude credit such a thing; or do other indeed than hoot at it, provoking and provoked?—till Grenadier sabres stir in the scabbard, and thereupon a sharp shriek rises: *A nous, Marseillais*, Help, Marseillese!" Quick as lightning, for the frugal repast is not yet served, that Marseillese Tavern flings itself open: by door, by window; running, bounding, vault forth the Five-hundred and Seventeen undined Patriots; and, sabre flashing from thigh, are on the scene of controversy. Will ye parley, ye Grenadier Captains and Official Persons; "with faces grown suddenly pale," the Deponents say?[1] Advisabler were instant moderately swift retreat! The Filles-Saint-Thomas men retreat, back foremost; then, alas, face foremost at treble-quick time; the Marseillese, accord-

[1] "Moniteur," Séances du 30, du 31 Juillet 1792 ("Hist. Parl.," xvi. 197-210).

ing to a Deponent, "clearing the fences and ditches after them, like lions: Messieurs, it was an imposing spectacle."

Thus they retreat, the Marseillese following. Swift and swifter, towards the Tuileries: where the Drawbridge receives the bulk of the fugitives; and, then suddenly drawn up, saves them; or else the green mud of the Ditch does it. The bulk of them; not all; ah, no! Moreau de Saint-Méry, for example, being too fat, could not fly fast; he got a stroke, *flat*-stroke only, over the shoulder-blades, and fell prone;—and disappears there from the History of the Revolution. Cuts also there were, pricks in the posterior fleshy parts; much rending of skirts, and other discrepant waste. But poor Sub-lieutenant Duhamel, innocent Change-broker, what a lot for him! He turned on his pursuer, or pursuers, with a pistol; he fired and missed; drew a second pistol, and again fired and missed; then ran; unhappily in vain. In the Rue Saint-Florentin, they clutched him; thrust him through, in red rage: that was the end of the New Era, and of all Eras, to poor Duhamel.

Pacific readers can fancy what sort of grace-before-meat this was to frugal Patriotism. Also how the Battalion of the Filles-Saint-Thomas "drew out in arms," luckily without farther result; how there was accusation at the Bar of the Assembly, and counter-accusation and defence; Marseillese challenging the sentence of a free jury-court,—which never got empanneled. We ask rather, What the upshot of all these distracted wildly-accumulating things may, by probability, be? Some upshot; and the time draws nigh! Busy are Central Committees, of Fédérés at the Jacobins Church, of Sections at the Townhall; Reunion of Carra, Camille and Company at the Golden Sun. Busy; like submarine deities, or call them mud-gods, working there in deep murk of waters; till the thing be ready.

And how your National Assembly, like a ship water-logged, helmless, lies tumbling; the Galleries, of shrill Women, of Fédérés with sabres, bellowing down on it,

not unfrightful;—and waits where the waves of chance may please to strand it; suspicious, nay on the Left-side, conscious, what submarine Explosion is meanwhile a-charging! Petition for King's Forfeiture rises often there: Petition from Paris Section, from Provincial Patriot Towns; "from Alençon, Briançon, and the Traders at the Fair of Beaucaire." Or what of these? On the 3d of August, Mayor Pétion and the Municipality come petitioning for Forfeiture: they openly, in their tricolor Municipal scarfs. Forfeiture is what all Patriots now want and expect. All Brissotins want Forfeiture; with the little Prince Royal for King, and us for Protector over him. Emphatic Fédérés ask the Legislature: "Can you save us, or not?" Forty-seven Sections have agreed to Forfeiture; only that of the Filles-Saint-Thomas pretending to disagree.[1] Nay Section Mauconseil declares Forfeiture to be, properly speaking, come; Mauconseil, for one, "does from this day," the last of July, "cease allegiance to Louis," and take minute of the same before all men.[2] A thing blamed aloud; but which will be praised aloud; and the name *Mauconseil*, of Ill-counsel, be thenceforth changed to *Bonconseil*, of Good-counsel.

President Danton, in the Cordeliers Section, does another thing: invites all Passive Citizens to take place among the Active in Section-business, one peril threatening all. Thus he, though an official person; cloudy Atlas of the whole. Likewise he manages to have that black-browed Battalion of Marseillese shifted to new Barracks, in his own region of the remote Southeast. Sleek Chaumette, cruel Billaud, Deputy Chabot the Disfrocked, Huguenin with the tocsin in his heart, will welcome

[1] [This is inexact. Mortimer-Ternaux has shown ("Hist. de la Terreur," vol. ii., pp. 393 *et seq.*) that "commissaires" claiming to represent forty-seven sections, many of whom were irregularly chosen, made such a motion: but when the Mauconseil motion to a similar effect came before the sections, sixteen rejected it, fourteen accepted it, and ten took no notice of it.—ED.]

[2] [The Legislative Assembly annulled this decree of the "section." —ED.]

them there. Wherefore again and again, "O Legislators, can you save us or not?" Poor Legislators; with their Legislature water-logged, volcanic Explosion charging under it! Forfeiture shall be debated on the ninth of August; that miserable business of Lafayette may be expected to terminate on the eighth.

Or will the humane Reader glance into the Levee-day of Sunday the fifth? The last Levee! Not for a long time, "never," says Bertrand-Moleville, had a Levee been so brilliant, at least so crowded. A sad presaging interest sat on every face; Bertrand's own eyes were filled with tears. For indeed, outside of that Tricolor Riband on the Feuillants Terrace, Legislature is debating, Sections are defiling, all Paris is astir this very Sunday, demanding *Déchéance*.[1] Here, however, within the riband, a grand proposal is on foot, for the hundredth time, of carrying his Majesty to Rouen and the Castle of Gaillon. Swiss at Courbevoye are in readiness; much is ready; Majesty himself seems almost ready. Nevertheless, for the hundredth time, Majesty, when near the point of action, draws back; writes, after one has waited, palpitating, an endless summer day, that "he has reason to believe the Insurrection is not so ripe as you suppose." Whereat Bertrand-Moleville breaks forth "into extremity at once of spleen and despair, *d'humeur et de désespoir*."[2]

[1] "Hist. Parl.," xvi. 337-339.

[2] Bertrand-Moleville, "Mémoires," ii. 129. [The King's inaction was due, not to apathy, but to his conscientiousness. He had given his word that he would stay in Paris, and he would not break his word!—ED.]

CHAPTER VI

THE STEEPLES AT MIDNIGHT

FOR, in truth, the Insurrection is just about ripe. Thursday is the ninth of the month August: if Forfeiture be not pronounced by the Legislature that day, we must pronounce it ourselves.

Legislature? A poor water-logged Legislature can pronounce nothing. On Wednesday the eighth, after endless oratory once again, they cannot even pronounce Accusation against Lafayette; but absolve him,—hear it, Patriotism!—by a majority of two to one.[1] Patriotism hears it; Patriotism, hounded-on by Prussian Terror, by Preternatural Suspicion, roars tumultuous round the Salle de Manége, all day; insults many leading Deputies, of the absolvent Right-side; nay chases them, collars them with loud menace: Deputy Vaublanc, and others of the like, are glad to take refuge in Guardhouses, and escape by the back window. And so, next day, there is infinite complaint; Letter after Letter from insulted Deputy; mere complaint, debate and self-cancelling jargon: the sun of Thursday sets like the others, and no Forfeiture pronounced. Wherefore in fine, To your tents, O Israel!

The Mother Society ceases speaking; groups cease haranguing: Patriots, with closed lips now, "take one another's arm"; walk off, in rows, two and two, at a brisk

[1] [This acquittal of Lafayette exasperated the Jacobins. The "section" of Quinze-Vingts (the Ste. Antoine quarter) voted that it would begin the insurrection at midnight of the 9th if the Assembly did not dethrone Louis. The Assembly did nothing.—ED.]

business-pace; and vanish afar in the obscure places of the East.[1] Santerre is ready; or we will make him ready. Forty-seven of the Forty-eight Sections are ready; nay, Filles-Saint-Thomas itself turns up the Jacobin side of it, turns down the Feuillant side of it, and is ready too. Let the unlimited Patriot look to his weapon, be it pike, be it firelock; and the Brest brethren,—above all, the blackbrowed Marseillese prepare themselves for the extreme hour! Syndic Rœderer knows, and laments or not as the issue may turn, that "five-thousand ball-cartridges, within these few days, have been distributed to Fédérés, at the Hôtel-de-Ville."[2]

And ye likewise, gallant gentlemen, defenders of Royalty, crowd ye on your side to the Tuileries. Not to a Levee: no, to a Couchée; where much will be put to bed. Your Tickets of Entry are needful; needfuler your blunderbusses!—They come and crowd, like gallant men who also know how to die: old Maillé the Camp-Marshal has come, his eyes gleaming once again, though dimmed by the rheum of almost fourscore years. Courage, Brothers! We have a thousand red Swiss; men stanch of heart, stedfast as the granite of their Alps. National Grenadiers are at least friends of Order; Commandant Mandat breathes loyal ardour, will "answer for it on his head." Mandat will, and his Staff; for the Staff, though there stands a doom and Decree to that effect, is happily never yet dissolved.

Commandant Mandat has corresponded with Mayor Pétion; carries a written Order from him these three days, to repel force by force. A squadron on the Pont-Neuf with cannon shall turn back these Marseillese coming across the River: a squadron at the Townhall shall cut Saint-Antoine in two, "as it issues from the Arcade Saint-Jean"; drive one-half back to the obscure East, drive the other half forward "through the Wickets of the Louvre." Squadrons not a few, and mounted

1 "Deux Amis," viii. 129-188.

2 Rœderer à la Barre (Séance du 9 Août, in "Hist. Parl.," xvi. 393).

squadrons; squadrons in the Palais Royal, in the Place Vendôme: all these shall charge, at the right moment; sweep this street, and then sweep that. Some new Twentieth of June we shall have; only still more ineffectual? Or probably the Insurrection will not dare to rise at all? Mandat's Squadrons, Horse-gendarmerie and blue Guards march, clattering, tramping; Mandat's Cannoneers rumble. Under cloud of night; to the sound of his *générale*, which begins drumming when men should go to bed. It is the ninth night of August 1792.

On the other hand, the Forty-eight Sections correspond by swift messengers; are choosing each their "three Delegates with full powers."[1] Syndic Rœderer, Mayor Pétion are sent for to the Tuileries: courageous Legislators, when the drum beats danger, should repair to their Salle. Demoiselle Théroigne has on her grenadier-bonnet, short-skirted riding-habit; two pistols garnish her small waist, and sabre hangs in baldric by her side.

Such a game is playing in this Paris Pandemonium, or City of All the Devils!—And yet the Night, as Mayor Pétion walks here in the Tuileries Garden, "is beautiful and calm"; Orion and the Pleiades glitter down quite serene. Pétion has come forth, the "heat" inside was so oppressive.[2] Indeed, his Majesty's reception of him was of the roughest; as it well might be. And now there is no outgate; Mandat's blue Squadrons turn you back at every Grate; nay the Filles-Saint-Thomas Grenadiers give themselves liberties of tongue, How a virtuous Mayor "shall pay for it, if there be mischief," and the like; though others again are full of civility. Surely if any man in France is in straits this night, it is Mayor Pétion: bound, under pain of death, one may say, to smile dexterously with the one side of his face,

[1] [This again was on the vote of the Quinze-Vingts "section" on August 9th; but only twenty-eight out of the forty-eight responded at present.—ED.]

[2] Rœderer, "Chronique de Cinquante Jours"; "Récit de Pétion"; Townhall Records, etc. (in "Hist. Parl.," xvi. 399-466)

and weep with the other;—death if he do it not dexterously enough! Not till four in the morning does a National Assembly, hearing of his plight, summon him over "to give account of Paris"; of which he knows nothing: whereby, however, he shall get home to bed, and only his gilt coach be left. Scarcely less delicate is Syndic Rœderer's task; who must wait, whether he will lament or not, till he see the issue. Janus Bifrons, or *Mr. Facing-both-ways*, as vernacular Bunyan has it! They walk there, in the meanwhile, these two Januses, with others of the like double conformation; and "talk of indifferent matters."

Rœderer, from time to time, steps in; to listen, to speak; to send for the Department-Directory itself, he their Procureur Syndic not seeing how to act. The Apartments are all crowded; some seven-hundred gentlemen in black elbowing, bustling; red Swiss standing like rocks; ghost, or partial-ghost of a Ministry, with Rœderer and advisers, hovering round their Majesties; old Marshal Maillé kneeling at the King's feet to say, He and these gallant gentlemen are come to die for him. List! through the placid midnight; clang of the distant storm-bell! So, in very sooth: steeple after steeple takes up the wondrous tale. Black Courtiers listen at the windows, opened for air; discriminate the steeple-bells:[1] this is the tocsin of Saint-Roch; that again, is it not Saint-Jacques, named *de la Boucherie*? Yes, Messieurs! Or even Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois, hear yet *it* not? The same metal that rang storm, two hundred and twenty years ago; but by a Majesty's order then; on Saint-Bartholomew's Eve![2]—So go the steeple-bells; which Courtiers can discriminate. Nay, meseems, there is the Townhall itself; we know it by its sound! Yes, Friends, that is the Townhall; discoursing *so*, to the Night. Miraculously; by miraculous metal-tongue and man's-arm: Marat himself, if you knew it, is pulling at the rope there! Marat is pulling; Robespierre lies deep,

[1] Rœderer, *ubi suprà.*

[2] August 24th, 1572.

invisible for the next forty hours; and some men have heart, and some have as good as none, and not even frenzy will give them any.[1]

What struggling confusion, as the issue slowly draws on; and the doubtful Hour, with pain and blind struggle, brings forth its Certainty, never to be abolished!—The Full-power Delegates, three from each Section, a Hundred and forty-four in all, got gathered at the Townhall, about midnight.[2] Mandat's Squadron, stationed there, did not hinder their entering: are they not the "Central Committee of the Sections" who sit here usually; though in greater number tonight? They are there: presided by Confusion, Irresolution, and the Clack of Tongues. Swift scouts fly; Rumour buzzes, of black Courtiers, red Swiss, of Mandat and his Squadrons that shall charge. Better put off the Insurrection? Yes, put it off. Ha, hark! Saint-Antoine booming out eloquent tocsin, of its own accord!—Friends, no: ye cannot put off the Insurrection: but must put it on, and live with it, or die with it.

Swift now, therefore: let these actual Old Municipals, on sight of the Full-powers, and mandate of the Sovereign elective People, lay down their functions; and this New Hundred and Forty-four take them up! Will ye nill ye, worthy Old Municipals, go ye must. Nay is it not a happiness for many a Municipal that he can wash his hands of such a business; and sit there paralysed, unaccountable, till the hour do bring forth; or even go home to his night's rest?[3] Two only of the Old, or at most

[1] [M. Aulard has proved ("La Rév. Fr.," p. 201) that Robespierre's speeches were *not* republican up to the close of July, 1792: but then he began slowly to follow the lead given by the *fédérés* and the Cordeliers' Club (Danton's).—ED.]

[2] [This is incorrect. Only eighty-two commissioners, nearly all obscure persons, were present at this first sitting. For their names see Mortimer-Ternaux, "Hist. de la Terreur," vol. ii., pp. 444-450: eleven of them perished with Robespierre in Thermidor, an II.—ED.]

[3] Section Documents, Townhall Documents ("Hist. Parl.," *ubi suprà*).

three, we retain: Mayor Pétion, for the present walking in the Tuileries; Procureur Manuel; Procureur-Substitute Danton, invisible Atlas of the whole. And so, with our Hundred and Forty-four, among whom are a Tocsin-Huguenin, a Billaud, a Chaumette; and Editor-Talliens, and Fabre d'Eglantines, Sergents, Panises; and in brief, either emergent or else emerged and full-blown, the entire Flower of unlimited Patriotism: have we not, as by magic, made a new Municipality; ready to act in the unlimited manner; and declare itself roundly, "in a state of Insurrection"!—First of all, then, be Commandant Mandat sent for, with that Mayor's-Order of his; also let the New Municipals visit those Squadrons that were to charge; and let the storm-bell ring its loudest;—and, on the whole, Forward, ye Hundred and Forty-four; retreat is now none for you!

Reader, fancy not, in thy languid way, that Insurrection is easy. Insurrection is difficult: each individual uncertain even of his next neighbour; totally uncertain of his distant neighbours, what strength is with him, what strength is against him; certain only that, in case of failure, his individual portion is the gallows! Eight hundred thousand heads, and in each of them a separate estimate of these uncertainties, a separate theorem of action conformable to that: out of so many uncertainties, does the certainty, and inevitable net-result never to be abolished, go on, at all moments, bodying itself forth;—leading thee also towards civic crowns or an ignominious noose.

Could the Reader take an Asmodeus' Flight, and waving open all roofs and privacies, look down from the Tower of Notre-Dame, what a Paris were it! Of treble-voice whimperings or vehemence, of bass-voice growlings, dubitations; Courage screwing itself to desperate defiance; Cowardice trembling silent within barred doors;—and all round, Dulness calmly snoring; for much Dulness, flung on its mattresses, always sleeps. O, between the clangour of these high-storming tocsins and that snore of Dulness, what a gamut: of trepidation,

excitation, desperation; and above it mere Doubt, Danger, Atropos and Nox!

Fighters of this Section draw out; hear that the next Section does not; and thereupon draw in. Saint-Antoine, on this side the River, is uncertain of Saint-Marceau on that. Steady only is the snore of Dulness, are the Six-hundred Marseillese that know how to die. Mandat, twice summoned to the Townhall, has not come. Scouts fly incessant, in distracted haste; and the many-whispering voices of Rumour. Théroigne and unofficial Patriots flit, dim-visible, exploratory, far and wide; like Night-birds on the wing. Of Nationals some Three-thousand have followed Mandat and his *générale*; the rest follow each his own theorem of the uncertainties: theorem, that one should march rather with Saint-Antoine: innumerable theorems, that in such a case the wholesomest were *sleep*. And so the drums beat, in mad fits, and the storm-bells peal. Saint-Antoine itself does but draw out and draw in: Commandant Santerre, over there, cannot believe that the Marseillese and Saint-Marceau will march. Thou laggard sonorous Beervat, with the loud voice and timber-head, is it time now to palter? Alsatian Westermann clutches him by the throat with drawn sabre: whereupon the Timber-headed believes. In this manner wanes the slow night; amid fret, uncertainty and tocsin; all men's humour rising to the hysterical pitch; and nothing done.

However, Mandat, on the third summons, does come;—come, unguarded; astonished to find the Municipality *new*. They question him straitly on that Mayor's-Order to resist force by force; on that strategic scheme of cutting Saint-Antoine in two halves: he answers what he can: they think it were right to send this strategic National Commandant to the Abbaye Prison, and let a Court of Law decide on him. Alas, a Court of Law, not Book-Law but primeval Club-Law, crowds and jostles out of doors; all fretted to the hysterical pitch; cruel as Fear, blind as the Night: such Court of Law, and no other, clutches poor Mandat from his constables;

beats him down, massacres him, on the steps of the Townhall.[1] Look to it, ye new Municipals; ye People, in a state of Insurrection! Blood is shed, blood must be answered for;—alas, in such hysterical humour, more blood will flow: for it is as with the Tiger in that; he has only to begin.

Seventeen Individuals have been seized in the Champs Elysées, by exploratory Patriotism; they flitting dim-visible, by it flitting dim-visible. Ye have pistols, rapiers, ye Seventeen? One of those accursed "false Patrols"; that go marauding, with Anti-National intent; seeking what they can spy, what they can spill! The Seventeen are carried to the nearest Guardhouse; eleven of them escape by back passages. "How is this?" Demoiselle Théroigne appears at the front entrance, with sabre, pistols and a train; denounces treasonous connivance; demands, seizes, the remaining six, that the justice of the People be not trifled with. Of which six two more escape in the whirl and debate of the Club-Law Court; the last unhappy Four are massacred, as Mandat was; Two Ex-Bodyguards; one dissipated Abbé; one Royalist Pamphleteer, Sulleau, known to us by name, Able Editor and wit of all work. Poor Sulleau: his "Acts of the Apostles," and brisk Placard-Journals (for he was an able man) come to *Finis*, in this manner; and questionable jesting issues suddenly in horrid earnest! Such doings usher-in the dawn of the Tenth of August 1792.

Or think what a night the poor National Assembly has had: sitting there, "in great paucity,"[2] attempting to de-

[1] [Mortimer-Ternaux (vol. ii., p. 280) proves that he was shot on the steps of the Hôtel de Ville. It was probably on Danton's instigation: it is said that he ordered him to be sent away—"pour sa plus grande sûreté." As Mandat was a brave man, faithful to the King, and popular with his men, this probably decided the course of events. The National Guards began to desert when commanded by another less known leader.—ED.]

[2] [Only 285 deputies out of 745 were present—nearly all Girondins or Jacobins: the royalists had been bullied by the mob on August 9th, and the Assembly then declared that it was not free (Lafayette, "Méms.," vol. i., p. 467).—ED.]

bate; quivering and shivering; pointing towards all the thirty-two azimuths at once, as the magnet-needle does when thunderstorm is in the air! If the Insurrection come? If it come, and fail? Alas, in that case, may not black Courtiers with blunderbusses, red Swiss with bayonets rush over, flushed with victory, and ask us: Thou undefinable, water-logged, self-distractive, self-destructive Legislative, what dost thou here *unsunk*?—Or figure the poor National Guards, bivouacking in "temporary tents" there; or standing ranked, shifting from leg to leg, all through the weary night; New tricolor Municipals ordering one thing, old Mandat Captains ordering another. Procureur Manuel has ordered the cannons to be withdrawn from the Pont-Neuf; none ventured to disobey him. It seems certain, then, the old Staff, so long doomed, has finally been dissolved, in these hours; and Mandat is not our Commandant now, but Santerre? Yes, friends: Santerre henceforth,—surely Mandat no more! The Squadrons that were to charge see nothing certain, except that they are cold, hungry, worn down with watching; that it were sad to slay French brothers; sadder to be slain by them. Without the Tuileries Circuit, and within it, sour uncertain humour sways these men: only the red Swiss stand stedfast. Them their officers refresh now with a slight wetting of brandy; wherein the Nationals, too far gone for brandy, refuse to participate.

King Louis meanwhile had laid him down for a little sleep; his wig when he reappeared had lost the powder on one side.[1] Old Marshal Maillé and the gentlemen in black rise always in spirits, as the Insurrection does not rise: there goes a witty saying now, "*Le tocsin ne rend pas*," The tocsin, like a dry milk-cow, does not yield. For the rest, could not one proclaim Martial Law? Not easily; for now, it seems, Mayor Pétion is gone. On the other hand, our Interim Commandant, poor Mandat being off "to the Hôtel-de-Ville," complains that so many

[1] Rœderer, *ubi suprà*.

Courtiers in black encumber the service, are an eyesorrow to the National Guards. To which her Majesty answers with emphasis, That they will obey all, will suffer all, that they are sure men these.

And so the yellow lamplight dies out in the gray of morning, in the King's Palace, over such a scene. Scene of jostling, elbowing, of confusion, and indeed conclusion, for the thing is about to end. Rœderer and spectral Ministers jostle in the press; consult, in side-cabinets, with one or with both Majesties. Sister Elizabeth takes the Queen to the window: "Sister, see what a beautiful sunrise," right over the Jacobins Church and that quarter! How happy if the tocsin did not yield! But Mandat returns not; Pétion is gone: much hangs wavering in the invisible Balance. About five o'clock, there rises from the Garden a kind of sound; as of a shout which had become a howl, and instead of *Vive le Roi* were ending in *Vive la Nation.* "*Mon Dieu!*" ejaculates a spectral Minister, "what is he doing down there?" For it is his Majesty, gone down with old Marshal Maillé to review the troops; and the nearest companies of them answer *so.*[1] Her Majesty bursts into a stream of tears. Yet on stepping from the cabinet, her eyes are dry and calm, her look is even cheerful. "The Austrian lip, and the aquiline nose, fuller than usual, gave to her countenance," says Peltier,[2] "something of majesty, which they that did not see her in these moments cannot well have an idea of." O thou Theresa's Daughter!

King Louis enters, much blown with the fatigue; but for the rest with his old air of indifference. Of all hopes now, surely the joyfulest were, that the tocsin did not yield.

[1] [Lavalette, who then served in a loyal regiment of National Guards, says in his "Memoirs" (chap. v.): "At 5 a.m. we learned that the King was about to review us. He soon appeared. . . . His cold tranquillity and apathy under such terrible circumstances produced a painful impression. He addressed to us, as he was passing by, a few words that we did not hear, and returned to the palace."—ED.]

[2] In Toulongeon, ii. 241.

CHAPTER VII

THE SWISS

UNHAPPY Friends, the tocsin does yield, has yielded! Lo ye, how with the first sunrays its Ocean-tide, of pikes and fusils, flows glittering from the far East;—immeasurable; born of the Night! They march there, the grim host; Saint-Antoine on this side the River; Saint-Marceau on that, the blackbrowed Marseillese in the van. With hum, and grim murmur, far-heard; like the Ocean-tide, as we say: drawn up, as if by Luna and Influences, from the great Deep of Waters, they roll gleaming on; no King, Canute or Louis, can bid them roll back. Wide-eddying side-currents, of on-lookers, roll hither and thither, unarmed, not voiceless; they, the steel host, roll on. New-Commandant Santerre, indeed, has taken seat at the Townhall; rests there, in his halfway-house. Alsatian Westermann, with flashing sabre, does not rest; nor the Sections, nor the Marseillese, nor Demoiselle Théroigne; but roll continually on.

And now, where are Mandat's Squadrons that were to charge? Not a Squadron of them stirs: or they stir in the wrong direction, out of the way; their officers glad that they will do even that. It is to this hour uncertain whether the Squadron on the Pont-Neuf made the shadow of resistance, or did not make the shadow: enough, the blackbrowed Marseillese, and Saint-Marceau following them, do cross without let; do cross, in sure hope now of Saint-Antoine and the rest; do billow on, towards the Tuileries, where their errand is. The

Tuileries, at sound of them, rustles responsive: the red Swiss look to their priming; Courtiers in black draw their blunderbusses, rapiers, poniards, some have even fire-shovels; every man his weapon of war.

Judge if, in these circumstances, Syndic Rœderer felt easy! Will the kind Heavens open no middle-course of refuge for a poor Syndic who halts between two? If indeed his Majesty would consent to go over to the Assembly! His Majesty, above all her Majesty, cannot agree to that. Did her Majesty answer the proposal with a "*Fi donc*"; did she say even, she would be nailed to the walls sooner? Apparently not. It is written also that she offered the King a pistol; saying, Now or else never was the time to show himself. Close eye-witnesses did not see it, nor do we. They saw only that she was queen-like, quiet; that she argued not, upbraided not, with the Inexorable; but, like Caesar in the Capitol, wrapped her mantle, as it beseems Queens and Sons of Adam to do. But thou, O Louis! of what stuff art thou at all? Is there no stroke in thee, then, for Life and Crown? The silliest hunted deer dies not so. Art thou the languidest of all mortals; or the mildest-minded? Thou art the worst-starred.

The tide advances; Syndic Rœderer's and all men's straits grow straiter and straiter. Fremescent clangour comes from the armed Nationals in the Court; far and wide is the infinite hubbub of tongues. What counsel? And the tide is now nigh! Messengers, forerunners speak hastily through the outer Grates; hold parley sitting astride the walls. Syndic Rœderer goes out and comes in. Cannoneers ask him: Are we to fire against the people? King's Ministers ask him: Shall the King's House be forced? Syndic Rœderer has a hard game to play. He speaks to the Cannoneers with eloquence, with fervour; such fervour as a man can, who has to blow hot and cold in one breath. Hot and cold, O Rœderer? We, for our part, cannot live *and* die! The Cannoneers, by way of answer, fling down their linstocks.—Think of this answer, O King Louis, and King's Ministers; and

take a poor Syndic's safe middle-course, towards the Salle de Manége. King Louis sits, his hands leant on his knees, body bent forward; gazes for a space fixedly on Syndic Rœderer; then answers, looking over his shoulder to the Queen: *Marchons!*[1] They march; King Louis, Queen, Sister Elizabeth, the two royal children and governess: these, with Syndic Rœderer, and Officials of the Department; amid a double rank of National Guards. The men with blunderbusses, the steady red Swiss gaze mournfully, reproachfully; but hear only these words from Syndic Rœderer: "The King is going to the Assembly; make way." It has struck eight, on all clocks, some minutes ago: the King has left the Tuileries—forever.

O ye stanch Swiss, ye gallant gentlemen in black, for what a cause are ye to spend and be spent! Look out from the western windows, ye may see King Louis placidly hold on his way; the poor little Prince Royal "sportfully kicking the fallen leaves."[2] Fremescent multitude on the Terrace of the Feuillants whirls parallel to him; one man in it, very noisy, with a long pole: will they not obstruct the outer Staircase, and back-entrance of the Salle, when it comes to that? King's Guards can go no farther than the bottom step there. Lo, Deputation of Legislators come out; he of the long pole is stilled by oratory; Assembly's Guards join themselves to King's Guards, and all may mount in this case of necessity; the outer Staircase is free, or passable. See, Royalty ascends; a blue Grenadier lifts the poor

[1] [According to the Duchesse de Tourzel, the Queen observed to Roederer that it was impossible to abandon their brave defenders: whereupon he said curtly that if she opposed this proposal she would be responsible for the lives of the King and their children. Louis's surrender is not to be viewed as an act of cowardice, but as a last token of his determination to avoid civil war. The Minister, Joly, who was by him, asserts that he raised his right hand and said: "Let us go: let us give, as it is necessary, this last mark of our devotion."—ED.]

[2] [According to Roederer, Louis said: "See how many leaves there are: they fall early this year."—ED.]

little Prince Royal from the press; Royalty has entered in. Royalty has vanished forever from your eyes.—And ye? Left standing there, amid the yawning abysses, and earthquake of Insurrection; without course; without command: if ye perish, it must be as more than martyrs, as martyrs who are now without a cause! The black Courtiers disappear mostly; through such issues as they can. The poor Swiss know not how to act: one duty only is clear to them, that of standing by their post; and they will perform that.

But the glittering steel tide has arrived; it beats now against the Château barriers and eastern Courts; irresistible, loud-surging far and wide;—breaks in, fills the Court of the Carrousel, blackbrowed Marseillese in the van. King Louis gone, say you; over to the Assembly! Well and good: but till the Assembly pronounce Forfeiture of him, what boots it? Our post is in that Château or stronghold of his; there till then must we continue. Think, ye stanch Swiss, whether it were good that grim murder began, and brothers blasted one another in pieces for a stone edifice?—Poor Swiss! they know not how to act: from the southern windows, some fling cartridges, in sign of brotherhood; on the eastern outer staircase, and within through long stairs and corridors, they stand firm-ranked, peaceable and yet refusing to stir. Westermann speaks to them in Alsatian German; Marseillese plead, in hot Provençal speech and pantomime; stunning hubbub pleads and threatens, infinite, around. The Swiss stand fast, peaceable and yet immovable; red granite pier in that waste-flashing sea of steel.

Who can help the inevitable issue; Marseillese and all France on this side; granite Swiss on that? The pantomime grows hotter and hotter; Marseillese sabres flourishing by way of action; the Swiss brow also clouding itself, the Swiss thumb bringing its firelock to the cock. And hark! high thundering above all the din, three Marseillese cannon from the Carrousel, pointed by a gunner of bad aim, come rattling over the roofs! Ye

Swiss, therefore: *Fire!* The Swiss fire; by volley, by platoon, in rolling-fire: Marseillese men not a few, and "a tall man that was louder than any," lie silent, smashed upon the pavement;—not a few Marseillese, after the long dusty march, have made halt *here.* The Carrousel is void; the black tide recoiling; "fugitives rushing as far as Saint-Antoine before they stop." The Cannoneers without linstock have squatted invisible, and left their cannon; which the Swiss seize.[1]

Think what a volley: reverberating doomful to the four corners of Paris, and through all hearts; like the clang of Bellona's thongs! The blackbrowed Marseillese, rallying on the instant, have become black Demons that know how to die. Nor is Brest behindhand; nor Alsatian Westermann; Demoiselle Théroigne is Sibyl Théroigne: Vengeance, *Victoire ou la Mort!* From all Patriot artillery, great and small; from Feuillants Terrace, and all terraces and places of the widespread Insurrectionary sea, there roars responsive a red-blazing whirlwind. Blue Nationals, ranked in the Garden, cannot help their muskets going off, *against* Foreign murderers. For there is a sympathy in muskets, in heaped masses of men: nay, are not Mankind, in whole, like tuned strings, and a cunning infinite concordance and unity; you smite one string, and all strings will begin sounding,—in soft sphere-melody, in deafening screech of madness! Mounted Gendarmerie gallop distracted; are fired on merely as a thing running; galloping over the Pont Royal; or one knows not whither. The brain of Paris, brain-fevered in the centre of it here, has gone mad; what you call, taken fire.

Behold, the fire slackens not; nor does the Swiss rolling-fire slacken from within. Nay they clutched cannon, as we saw; and now, from the other side, they clutch three pieces more; alas, cannon without linstock;

[1] [Lavalette asserts positively that the Swiss were the first to fire, when pushed back by Marseillais forcing an entrance to the palace. This is uncertain.—ED.]

nor will the steel-and-flint answer, though they try it.[1] Had it chanced to answer! Patriot onlookers have their misgivings; one strangest Patriot onlooker thinks that the Swiss, had they a commander, would beat. He is a man not unqualified to judge; the name of him Napoleon Buonaparte.[2] And onlookers, and women, stand gazing, and the witty Dr. Moore of Glasgow among them, on the other side of the river: cannon rush rumbling past them; pause on the Pont Royal; belch out their iron entrails there, against the Tuileries; and at every new belch, the women and onlookers "shout and clap hands."[3] City of all the Devils! In remote streets, men are drinking breakfast-coffee; following their affairs; with a start now and then, as some dull echo reverberates a note louder. And here? Marseillese fall wounded; but Barbaroux has surgeons; Barbaroux is close by, managing, though underhand and under cover. Marseillese fall death-struck; bequeath their firelock, specify in which pocket are the cartridges; and die murmuring, "Revenge me, Revenge thy country!" Brest Fédéré Officers, galloping in red coats, are shot as Swiss. Lo you, the Carrousel has burst into flame!—Paris Pandemonium! Nay the poor city, as we said, is in fever-fit and convulsion: such crisis has lasted for the space of some half hour.

But what is this that, with Legislative Insignia, ventures through the hubbub and death-hail, from the back-entrance of the Manége? Towards the Tuileries and Swiss: written Order from his Majesty to cease firing! O ye hapless Swiss, why was there no order not to begin it? Gladly would the Swiss cease firing: but who will bid mad Insurrection cease firing? To Insur-

[1] "Deux Amis," viii. 179-188.

[2] See "Hist. Parl.," xvii. 56; Las Cases, etc. [So too Barbaroux said in his "Mémoires': "Everything betokened the victory of the Court, if the King had not left his post. . . . If he had shown himself, mounted on horseback, the great majority of the battalions of Paris would have declared for him.—ED.]

[3] Moore, "Journal during a Residence in France" (Dublin 1793), i. 26.

rection you cannot speak; neither can it, hydra-headed, hear. The dead and dying, by the hundred, lie all around; are borne bleeding through the streets, towards help; the sight of them, like a torch of the Furies, kindling Madness. Patriot Paris roars; as the bear bereaved of her whelps. On, ye Patriots: Vengeance! Victory or death! There are men seen, who rush on, armed only with walking-sticks.[1] Terror and Fury rule the hour.

The Swiss, pressed on from without, paralysed from within, have ceased to shoot; but not to be shot. What shall they do? Desperate is the moment. Shelter or instant death: yet How, Where? One party flies out by the Rue de l'Echelle; is destroyed utterly, "*en entier.*" A second, by the other side, throws itself into the Garden; "hurrying across a keen fusillade"; rushes suppliant into the National Assembly; finds pity and refuge in the back benches there. The third, and largest, darts out in column, three hundred strong, towards the Champs Elysées: "Ah, could we but reach Courbevoye, where other Swiss are!" Wo! see, in such fusillade the column "soon breaks itself by diversity of opinion," into distracted segments, this way and that;—to escape in holes, to die fighting from street to street. The firing and murdering will not cease; not yet for long. The red Porters of Hôtels are shot at, be they *Suisse* by nature, or *Suisse* only in name. The very Firemen, who pump and labour on that smoking Carrousel, are shot at: why should the Carrousel *not* burn? Some Swiss take refuge in private houses; find that mercy too does still dwell in the heart of man. The brave Marseillese are merciful, late so wroth; and labour to save. Journalist Gorsas pleads hard with infuriated groups. Clemence, the Wine-merchant, stumbles forward to the Bar of the Assembly, a rescued Swiss in his hand; tells passionately how he rescued him with pain and peril, how he will henceforth support him, being childless

[1] "Hist. Parl.," *ubi suprà.* "Rapport du Capitaine des Canonniers," "Rapport du Commandant," etc. (*Ibid.*, xvii. 300-318).

himself; and falls a-swoon round the poor Swiss's neck: amid plaudits. But the most are butchered, and even mangled. Fifty (some say Fourscore) were marched as prisoners, by National Guards, to the Hôtel-de-Ville: the ferocious people bursts through on them, in the Place-de-Grève; massacres them to the last man. "*O Peuple*, envy of the universe!" *Peuple*, in mad Gaelic effervescence!

Surely few things in the history of carnage are painfuler. What ineffaceable red streak, flickering so sad in the memory, is that, of this poor column of red Swiss "breaking itself in the confusion of opinions"; dispersing, into blackness and death! Honour to you, brave men; honourable pity, through long times! Not martyrs were ye; and yet almost more. He was no King of yours, this Louis; and he forsook you like a King of shreds and patches: ye were but sold to him for some poor sixpence a-day; yet would ye work for your wages, keep your plighted word. The work now was to die; and ye did it. Honour to you, O Kinsmen; and may the old Deutsch *Biederkeit* and *Tapferkeit*, and Valour which is *Worth* and *Truth*, be they Swiss, be they Saxon, fail in no age! Not bastards; true-born were these men: sons of the men of Sempach, of Murten, who knelt, but not to thee, O Burgundy!—Let the traveller, as he passes through Lucerne, turn aside to look a little at their monumental Lion; not for Thorwaldsen's sake alone. Hewn out of living rock, the Figure rests there, by the still Lake-waters, in lullaby of distant-tinkling *rance-des-vaches*, the granite Mountains dumbly keeping watch all round; and, though inanimate, speaks.

CHAPTER VIII

CONSTITUTION BURST IN PIECES

THUS is the Tenth of August won and lost. Patriotism reckons its slain by the thousand on thousand, so deadly was the Swiss fire from these windows; but will finally reduce them to some Twelve-hundred.[1] No child's-play was it;—nor is it! Till two in the afternoon the massacring, the breaking and the burning has not ended; nor the loose Bedlam shut itself again.

How deluges of frantic Sansculottism roared through all passages of this Tuileries, ruthless in vengeance; how the Valets were butchered, hewn down; and Dame Campan saw the Marseillese sabre flash over her head, but the Black-browed said, "*Va-t-en*, Get thee gone," and flung her from him unstruck;[2] how in the cellars wine-bottles were broken, wine-butts were staved-in and drunk; and, upwards to the very garrets, all windows tumbled out their precious royal furnitures: and, with gold mirrors, velvet curtains, down of ript feather-beds, and dead bodies of men, the Tuileries was like no

[1] [Even this lower estimate is a wild exaggeration. Mortimer-Ternaux ("Hist. de la Terreur," vol. ii., pp. 491-495) has proved from official sources that the losses were:

Parisians,	50 killed,	34 wounded
Marseillais,	22 "	14 "
Brest *fédérés*,	2 "	5 "

Probably there were a few other losses in the smaller bands of *fédérés*: but 90 killed and 70 wounded is the outside number. The Swiss regiment lost 26 officers and 760 men. The survivors perished, almost all, in the September massacres.—ED.]

[2] Campan, ii. c. 21.

Garden of the Earth :—all this let him who has a taste for it see amply in Mercier, in acrid Montgaillard, or Beaulieu of the "Deux Amis." A hundred and eighty bodies of Swiss lie piled there; naked, unremoved till the second day. Patriotism has torn their red coats into snips; and marches with them at the Pike's point: the ghastly bare corpses lie there, under the sun and under the stars; the curious of both sexes crowding to look. Which let not us do. Above a hundred carts, heaped with Dead, fare towards the Cemetery of Sainte-Madeleine; bewailed, bewept; for all had kindred, all had mothers, if not here, then there. It is one of those Carnage-fields, such as you read of by the name "Glorious Victory," brought home in this case to one's own door.

But the blackbrowed Marseillese have struck down the tyrant of the Château. He is struck down; low, and hardly again to rise. What a moment for an august Legislative was that when the Hereditary Representative entered, under such circumstances; and the Grenadier, carrying the little Prince Royal out of the press, set him down on the Assembly-table! A moment,—which one had to smooth-off with oratory; waiting what the next would bring! Louis said few words: "He was come hither to prevent a great crime; he believed himself safer nowhere than here." President Vergniaud answered briefly, in vague oratory as we say, about "defence of Constituted Authorities," about dying at our post.[1] And so King Louis sat him down; first here, then there; for a difficulty arose, the Constitution not permitting us to debate while the King is present: finally he settles himself with his Family in the "*Loge* of the *Logographe*," in the Reporter's-Box of a Journalist; which is beyond the enchanted Constitutional Circuit, separated from it by a rail. To such Lodge of the *Logographe*, measuring some ten feet square, with a small

[1] "Moniteur Séance du 10 Août 1792.

closet at the entrance of it behind, is the King of broad France now limited: here can he and his sit pent, under the eyes of the world, or retire into their closet at intervals; for the space of sixteen hours. Such quite peculiar moment has the Legislative lived to see.

But also what a moment was that other, few minutes later, when the three Marseillese cannon went off, and the Swiss rolling-fire and universal thunder, like the crack of Doom, began to rattle! Honourable Members start to their feet; stray bullets singing epicedium even here, shivering-in with window-glass and jingle. "No, this is our post; let us die here!" They sit therefore, like stone Legislators. But may not the Loge of the *Logographe* be forced from behind? Tear down the railing that divides it from the enchanted Constitutional Circuit! Ushers tear and tug; his Majesty himself aiding from within: the railing gives way; Majesty and Legislative are united in place, unknown Destiny hovering over both.

Rattle, and again rattle, went the thunder; one breathless wide-eyed messenger rushing in after another: King's order to the Swiss went out. It was a fearful thunder; but, as we know, it ended. Breathless messengers, fugitive Swiss, denunciatory Patriots, trepidation; finally tripudiation!—Before four o'clock much has come and gone.

The New Municipals have come and gone; with Three Flags, *Liberté, Egalité, Patrie*, and the clang of vivats. Vergniaud, he who as President few hours ago talked of dying for Constituted Authorities, has moved, as Committee-Reporter, that the Hereditary Representative *be suspended*; that a NATIONAL CONVENTION do forthwith assemble to say what farther! An able Report; which the President must have had ready in his pocket? A President, in such cases, must have much ready, and yet not ready; and Janus-like look before and after.[1]

[1] [The decree of suspension was provisional until the National Convention should decide: but a second decree passed a few

King Louis listens to all; retires about midnight "to three little rooms on the upper floor"; till the Luxembourg be prepared for him, and "the safeguard of the Nation." Safer if Brunswick were once here! Or, alas, not so safe? Ye hapless discrowned heads! Crowds came, next morning, to catch a glimpse of them, in their three upper rooms. Montgaillard says the august Captives wore an air of cheerfulness, even of gaiety; that the Queen and Princess Lamballe, who had joined her overnight, looked out of the opened window, "shook powder from their hair on the people below, and laughed."[1] He is an acrid distorted man.

For the rest, one may guess that the Legislative, above all that the New Municipality continues busy. Messengers, Municipal or Legislative, and swift despatches rush off to all corners of France; full of triumph, blended with indignant wail, for Twelve-hundred have fallen. France sends up its blended shout responsive; the Tenth of August shall be as the Fourteenth of July, only bloodier and greater. The Court has conspired? Poor Court: the Court has been vanquished; and will have both the scath to bear and the scorn. How the statues of Kings do now all fall! Bronze Henri himself, though he wore a cockade once, jingles down from the Pont Neuf, where *Patrie* floats *in Danger*. Much more does Louis Fourteenth, from the Place Vendôme, jingle down; and even breaks in falling. The curious can remark, written on his horse's shoe: "12 *Août* 1692"; a Century and a Day.

The tenth of August was Friday. The week is not done, when our old Patriot Ministry is recalled, what of it can be got: strict Roland, Genevese Clavière; add heavy Monge the Mathematician, once a stone-hewer; and, for Minister of Justice,—Danton, "led hither," as himself says, in one of his gigantic figures, "through the

minutes after declared that the King and his family should be detained "*as hostages*"! The Civil List was at once to cease.—ED.]

[1] Montgaillard, ii. 135-167.

breach of Patriot cannon!" These, under Legislative Committees, must rule the wreck as they can: confusedly enough; with an old Legislative water-logged, with a new Municipality so brisk.[1] But National Convention will get itself together; and *then*! Without delay, however, let a new Jury-Court and Criminal Tribunal be set up in Paris, to try the crimes and conspiracies of the Tenth. High Court of Orléans is distant, slow: the blood of the Twelve-hundred Patriots, whatever become of other blood, shall be inquired after. Tremble, ye Criminals and Conspirators; the Minister of Justice is Danton! Robespierre too, after the victory, sits in the New Municipality; insurrectionary "improvised Municipality," which calls itself Council General of the Commune.

For three days now, Louis and his Family have heard the Legislative Debates in the Lodge of the *Logographe*; and retired nightly to their small upper rooms. The Luxembourg and safeguard of the Nation could not be got ready: nay, it seems the Luxembourg has too many cellars and issues; no Municipality can undertake to watch it. The compact Prison of the Temple, not so elegant indeed, were much safer. To the Temple, therefore![2] On Monday 13th day of August 1792, in Mayor Pétion's carriage, Louis and his sad suspended Household fare thither; all Paris out to look at them. As they pass through the Place Vendôme, Louis Fourteenth's Statue

[1] [Each Minister in turn was to act as President of the *Conseil Exécutif*, or Cabinet. This arrangement of the executive powers held good till April 19th, 1794, when the Cabinet was replaced by twelve executive commissions.—ED.]

[2] [The Assembly had decided to install the royal family in the residence of the Minister of Justice, in the Place Vendôme, as preferable to the Luxembourg; but Manuel came in the name of the Paris Commune to say that, as that body was charged with their custody, it proposed the Temple as being the safest place. The Queen shuddered when she heard this, and said to the Duchesse de Tourzel: "You will see, they will put us in the tower and make it a regular prison for us"—a presentiment which was only too true. They at first occupied the small tower.—ED.]

lies broken on the ground. Pétion is afraid the Queen's looks may be thought scornful, and produce provocation; she casts down her eyes, and does not look at all. The "press is prodigious," but quiet: here and there, it shouts *Vive la Nation*; but for most part gazes in silence. French Royalty vanishes within the gates of the Temple: these old peaked Towers, like peaked Extinguisher or *Bonsoir*, do cover it up;—from which same Towers, poor Jacques Molay and his Templars were burnt out, by French Royalty, five centuries since. Such are the turns of Fate below. Foreign Ambassadors, English Lord Gower have all demanded passports; are driving indignantly towards their respective homes.

So, then, the Constitution is over? Forever and a day! Gone is that wonder of the Universe; First biennial Parliament, water-logged, waits only till the Convention come; and will then sink to endless depths. One can guess the silent rage of Old-Constituents, Constitution-builders, extinct Feuillants, men who thought the Constitution would march! Lafayette rises to the altitude of the situation; at the head of his Army. Legislative Commissioners are posting towards him and it, on the Northern Frontier, to congratulate and perorate; he orders the Municipality of Sedan to arrest these Commissioners, and keep them strictly in ward as Rebels, till he say farther. The Sedan Municipals obey.

The Sedan Municipals obey; but the Soldiers of the Lafayette Army? The Soldiers of the Lafayette Army have, as all Soldiers have, a kind of dim feeling that they themselves are Sansculottes in buff belts; that the victory of the Tenth of August is also a victory for them. They will not rise and follow Lafayette to Paris; they will rise and *send* him thither! On the 18th, which is but next Saturday, Lafayette, with some two or three indignant Staff-officers, one of whom is Old-Constituent Alexandre de Lameth, having first put his Lines in what order he could,—rides swiftly over the marches towards Holland. Rides, alas, swiftly into the claws of

Austrians! He, long wavering, trembling on the verge of the Horizon, has set, in Olmütz Dungeons;[1] this History knows him no more. Adieu, thou Hero of two Worlds; thinnest, but compact honour-worthy man! Through long rough night of captivity, through other tumults, triumphs and changes, thou wilt swing well, "fast-anchored to the Washington Formula"; and be the Hero and Perfect-character, were it only of one idea. The Sedan Municipals repent and protest; the Soldiers shout *Vive la Nation.* Dumouriez Polymetis, from his Camp at Maulde, sees himself made Commander-in-Chief.

And, O Brunswick! what sort of "military execution" will Paris merit now? Forward, ye well-drilled exterminatory men; with your artillery-wagons, and camp-kettles jingling. Forward, tall chivalrous King of Prussia; fanfaronading Emigrants and wargod Broglie, "for some consolation to mankind," which verily is not without need of some.

[1] [He was kept under restraint by the Austrians until Bonaparte, when he compelled them to sue for peace in 1797, insisted on his release.—ED.]

APPENDIX I

MIRABEAU'S PLANS FOR LOUIS XVI

IN order to understand the relations that subsisted between Mirabeau and the Court, it is well to remember that he firmly believed in the advantages of a constitutional monarchy resembling that of England. His residence in England, as also his firm friendship with Fox and Romilly, confirmed these predilections. (See his panegyric on England in the National Assembly as reported in his "Travaux à l'Assemblée Nat.," vol. i., p. 338.)

In a letter of December 28th, 1788, to the Minister, Montmorin, he hinted at the outline of a constitution "which would save us from the plots of aristocracy, the excesses of democracy, and the excesses into which the kingly power, for having wished to be absolute, is plunged with us." He besought the Minister to show it to the King.

At the close of May, 1789, he sought to come to an understanding with Necker. In his interview with him, he said: "I wish for a free constitution, but a monarchical constitution: I do not at all wish to weaken the monarchy." Necker, however, played the part of virtuous Pharisee so well that Mirabeau came away in a rage, saying to Malouet: "I will go there no more, but they shall hear of me."[1]

This accounts for the violence of his subsequent attacks on absolute power, which were designed to frighten the King and his Ministers into dependence on the nation at large. Nevertheless, he remained at heart a constitutional reformer. The Comte de la Marck (the chief of one of the foreign regiments in the French service, and now a deputy of the *noblesse* in the States-General) had had some connection with the great orator, and now ventured to remonstrate with him on his violence.

[1] "Recueil des Discours de M. Malouet."

To this the orator made the significant rejoinder: "The day when the King's Ministers will consent to reason with me, I shall be found devoted to the royal cause and to the safety of the monarchy."[1] Unfortunately, the resentment of the Queen, the mental dulness of Louis, and the pedantic morality of Necker, prevented any *rapprochement*, such as La Marck now strove to bring about.

When matters were going from bad to worse, in September, 1789, Mirabeau spoke to La Marck words, the substance of which was evidently meant to reach the ears of the King and Queen: "Do they not see the abysses yawning at their feet? All is lost. The King and Queen will perish, and—you will see it—the populace will spurn their bodies." This was clearly designed to frighten the King; but again no reply was forthcoming, even when Mirabeau went so far as to defend the absolute *veto* in the ensuing debates.

After the conquest of the King by Paris in the days of the 5th and 6th of October (in which La Marck shows that Mirabeau had no share, though Dumont hints that he may have had), the orator drew up for "Monsieur" (le Comte de Provence) a "Mémoire" urging Louis XVI. to acquiesce in the abolition of the Feudal System, but also advising the withdrawal of the King and Queen from Paris to Rouen, even if it led to civil war. This war, he said to La Marck, would not be of long duration: "for every Frenchman wants a 'place,' or money: you should promise these, and you would soon see the King's party in the ascendant."[2] All this, however, depended on the King becoming the King of the Revolution, and founding his monarchy on the new social basis.

For a long time Mirabeau made no headway. He was distrusted alike by royalists and progressives, and saw no one at Court whose character and ability might retrieve matters. For the Comte de Provence, after the Favras affair, he felt supreme contempt. "He has the purity of a child, but also its weakness," he wrote to La Marck on December 29th, 1789; and twelve days later he penned the despondent sentence: "Always reduced to give advice, but never able to act, I shall

[1] "Correspondance entre Mirabeau et La Marck (1789-1791)," edited by M. de Bacourt, 3 vols. (1851). This, the most important source of information for Mirabeau's policy, was of course unknown to Carlyle.

[2] *Ibid.*, vol. i., pp. 126, 364-382.

probably experience the fate of Cassandra—'I shall always foretell the truth and never be believed.'"

The absence of La Marck in Belgium increased his difficulties; but after his return he came into direct relations with Louis, to whom he offered his services in a secret note (May 10th, 1790). He therein stated his belief that a counter-revolution (that is, a royalist reaction) would be alike dangerous and criminal, but that any government in France, which had not a chief endowed with the necessary executive power, would be chimerical. He would, therefore, strive to restore the executive functions, confided to the King, to their proper place in the constitution. A little earlier he had made written overtures to Lafayette, with a view to co-operation against the forces of anarchy in the Chamber and the country. But this frank and manly overture met with no return; and thus was lost the chance of strengthening the cause of constitutional monarchy, at the time when the federations were vivifying France with a fresh national enthusiasm.

There are grounds for thinking that Lafayette knew of Mirabeau's acceptance of the King's money. This was a fact. Through La Marck, Louis secretly offered to pay his debts, to grant him 6,000 francs (£240) a month, as well as a million francs at the end of the Constituent Assembly, if he proved himself useful. The King rightly insisted on secrecy; but Mirabeau's vanity and extravagance speedily revealed the fatal truth, which blasted all chances of success. The warmth with which, in June, 1790, the great orator supported the royal prerogative of declaring war seemed a further proof of his having been bought over by the Court. As a matter of fact, his opinions were in no wise changed by these monetary transactions. He wrote with perfect justice to Louis on June 1st, 1790: "I shall be what I have always been—the defender of the monarchical power as regulated by the laws, and the apostle of liberty as guaranteed by monarchical power." But by midsummer his influence was hopelessly impaired.

The King and Queen also never fully trusted him, but looked on him as a demagogue bought over. This accounts for the occasional bitterness of the secret Notes which he drew up for the guidance of the Court. It is impossible fully to describe the plans set forth in these Notes; but the following ideas are fundamental:

(1) Civil liberty had been irreversibly gained by the reforms

of 1789: it now remained to guarantee those reforms by the erection of a durable constitution. ["The Revolution is consummated, but not so the constitution." (Note of September, 28th, 1790.)]

(2) It remained, then, that the King should accept the chief civil and social reforms of the Revolution, form a strong Ministry, and, in concert with the moderate reformers, help to build up a political structure that would be democratic at the base and monarchical at the apex. [" The royal authority will be stronger with a single Legislature than it was in a kingdom broken up by privileged and intermediary bodies." (Note of December 23th, 1790.)]

These being the principles to be aimed at, the means indicated were:

(*a*) The King should support the moderate party, which was actually in the ascendant in the Constituent Assembly, and, if possible, form a Ministry in concert with that party. ["Jacobins, when Ministers, would not be jacobinical Ministers. . . . The most violent demagogue when placed at the helm, and seeing more clearly the evils of the kingdom, would recognise the insufficiency of the royal power." (Note of October 14th, 1790.)]

(*b*) If the Assembly proved to be irreconcilable, the King should assemble faithful troops in a loyal province, such as Normandy, where a union with Brittany and Anjou would weld together great resources. He should summon the Assembly to his side, and in case of refusal dissolve it, call a National Convention, and with its aid (*not* by royal decree alone) reform the constitution. This would probably lead to civil war, but Mirabeau feared it not, provided that the King's side was the national side. But there must be no interference of foreigners, or *émigrés*, on his behalf: this would ruin everything.

Such were the chief proposals set forth in his Notes to the Court, especially in the long and masterly Note 47, of December 23rd, 1790. This Note concluded with various schemes for influencing public opinion in the provinces and Paris, for buying over journalists and demagogues, hurrying on the Assembly to unpopular acts (such as the persecution of orthodox priests), and, in the last resort, setting the provinces against Paris. He saw that the chief danger was that great city—"accustomed for a year to successes and crimes" . . . "a whole mass of decrees has been the result of its influence alone."

In this, as in most parts of these Notes, we recognise the judgment of a statesman—a judgment which is marred, however, by a Macchiavellian latitude in the choice of means.[1] And these *dicta* are set forth with a trenchant energy of expression worthy of Tacitus—as when, in Note 2, he says of the King's *entourage*: "Le roi n'a qu'un homme, c'est sa femme."

But were these plans feasible? Perhaps they would have been, had Louis and Marie Antoinette really trusted Mirabeau, and taken timely steps to carry out his advice. Unfortunately, they never did so. Though, in the autumn of 1790, he gained the confidence of Montmorin, the most influential of the Ministers, yet, at that very time, the anti-clerical conduct of the Assembly (which Mirabeau aided and abetted) filled Louis and his Queen with invincible loathing of the Revolution and all its works. Early in 1791 they began to correspond regularly with Bouillé in order to concert plans of flight to the eastern frontier, where they would come into touch with the *émigrés* and the forces of Austria. Against any such move Mirabeau had most earnestly protested.

Then again it is certain that no part of the regular army could be trusted after the autumn of 1790; and it is very questionable whether the power of the Jacobins' Club, and of its very numerous branches, would not have carried the provinces along with the democrats of Paris in case matters had come to the sword. The enormous influence of the capital was to be seen in the failure of the Girondins in 1793 to rally the provinces against the new central tyranny.

Lastly, Mirabeau was admired by everyone for his genius and eloquence, but he gained the trust of very few, and the adhesion of a mere handful. He had no party; and to be without an organised following is to court failure in political life at all times, especially in a period of popular upheaval.

[1] M. Sorel finely notes this as characteristic of a society that longed for regeneration, but was condemned by its past to effect reforms by corrupt means, and to found liberty by the customs of despotism ("L'Europe et la Rév. Française," pt. ii., p. 37).

APPENDIX II

THE DECLARATION OF PILNITZ

(See p. 269 of this volume.)

CARLYLE'S dislike of diplomatic affairs leads him to treat this important matter far too briefly. The Declaration was a result of three chief causes: (1) the clearing up of the Eastern Question, for the time being, by the Peace of Sistova (July, 1791); the desire of the Emperor Leopold to go no further than diplomatic menaces against the French Revolution; (3) the eager desire of the French *émigrés* (warmly shared by Gustavus III. of Sweden, and, in part, by Frederick William II. of Prussia) to crush the Revolution by force of arms.

The forward party failed to persuade Leopold to do more than issue this Declaration: that he and Frederick William regarded the situation of the King of France "as an object of interest to all the sovereigns of Europe." They expressed the hope "that they will not refuse to employ, conjointly with their Majesties, the most efficacious means, relatively to their power. . . . Then, and in that case, their Majesties, the Emperor and the King of Prussia, are resolved to act promptly and by mutual accord, with the forces necessary to attain the proposed common aim."

Leopold said of this last sentence: "These words 'Then, and in that case,' are for me the law and the prophets: if England fails us, the case does not exist." Now, he *knew* that England intended to keep strict neutrality; therefore the whole declaration was only an imposing but empty threat: it was recognised as such by the well-informed, even in France. The only secret article that related to France was that she should be requested, or required, to observe treaties—a reference to Avignon and the rights of the German princes in Alsace.

The annoyance caused in France was because the Comtes de Provence and d'Artois were at Pilnitz during the conference,

and, when the "Declaration" was made known at Paris, they published a manifesto urging Louis XVI. not to sign away the rights of the French monarchy, but to refuse his assent to the new Constitution. (See Sybel, bk. ii., chap. vi.; Sorel, "L'Europe et la Rév. Française," pt. ii., pp. 236-258; Clapham, "The Causes of the War of 1792," chap. iv.)

END OF VOL. II.

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